The Spring Fashion Number

PICTORIAL REVIEW

MARCH 1915
FIFTEEN CENTS

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THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY NEW YORK

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VOL. XVI
No. 6

PICTORIAL REVIEW

MARCH
1915

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March—By Bessie Pease Gutmann
Winner of the First Prize of $500

The Winners in the Prize Cover Contest

In announcing the awards of the 1914 Cover Contest, PICTORIAL REVIEW is more than pleased by the unprecedented interest on the part of our readers as shown by the many thousands of votes received. It was unquestionably the most successful voting contest of its kind ever held by any magazine.

The March cover, the Boy and the Puppy Dog, by Bessie Pease Gutmann, received by far the greatest number of votes, and wins the first prize of $500.00.

May—By Philip Boileau
Winner of the Second Prize of $350

The May cover, the Mother and Child picture, by Philip Boileau, was easily the second choice, and is awarded the second prize of $350.00.

June and August ran neck and neck until the last few days, when June drew ahead, and to Clarence F. Underwood is awarded the third prize of $250.00.

The August cover, the Summer Girl, by C. Allan Gilbert, wins the fourth prize of $150.00.

The successful contestants are already at work on more beautiful cover pictures for PICTORIAL REVIEW.

June—By Clarence F. Underwood, Winner of the Third Prize of $250

August—By C. Allan Gilbert, Winner of the Fourth Prize of $150

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Price going up!

After holding down the price of PICTORIAL REVIEW for several years in the face of the advancing cost of everything which goes to make up this magazine, we are reluctantly compelled to announce that

we must increase the price of Pictorial Review to $1.50 a year

The cost of white paper, printing, illustrations, fiction stories and all the special articles, departments and other features in our magazine has moved upward slowly but surely during these past few years, yet the magazine has remained at the same low price of one dollar a year.

For a long time we have been giving our readers a magazine at one dollar a year which costs as much to produce as any dollar and a half magazine published. We knew that the time must come for raising the price but so long as possible we postponed that day.

Now we must either stand still in the improvement of our editorial quality or charge $1.50 a year, and we do not wish to stand still on quality. We wish to make PICTORIAL REVIEW continually better and better and constantly approaching our ideal of what a great home magazine should be.

Our Editorial Department alone spends over $200,000 a year to make the magazine we sell you for one dollar

$50,000 for Serial Stories

IN PICTORIAL REVIEW this year you will find at least four regular novels which, when published in book form, would cost you $1.50 each. These four stories cost us nearly $50,000 and they occupy only seven or eight pages in each issue of our large magazine.

"The Story of Julia Page," by Kathleen Norris, author of "Mother," "Saturday's Child," etc., began in the January number. It will be followed by "The Co-Citizens" by Corra Harris, author of "A Circuit Rider's Wife," "The Recording Angel," etc. That will be followed by "One of Fame's Little Days," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, author of "The Sick-a-Bed Lady," "Molly Make-Believe," etc. In October begins a smashing new story "The World For Sale," by Sir Gilbert Parker, author of "The Right of Way," "The Seats of the Mighty," etc., etc.

$50,000 more for Short Stories

IN each issue of PICTORIAL REVIEW you will find five to ten short stories by the best-known writers in America—the kind of stories that men as well as women like to read.

These stories cost all the way from $500 to $2,000 each, and most of them hover relentlessly around the thousand dollar mark. None of the so-called all-fiction magazines give you as many good stories by the top-notch writers as you will find making up just one part of PICTORIAL REVIEW.

During 1915 you will read in PICTORIAL REVIEW stories by such widely known authors as Irvin Cobb, Alice Brown, Maximilian Foster, Arthur Train, Gertrude Brooke Hamilton, Irving Bacheller, Ralph Henry Barbour, Zona Gale, Ellis Parker Butler, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Emerson Hough, Larry Evans, Rupert Hughes, Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, Crittenden Marriott, Coningsby Dawson, and many, many more.

Over $40,000 for Illustrations

A GOOD STORY should have good pictures. We all like to look at pictures and a magazine without illustrations would be like meat without salt.

A single illustration in PICTORIAL REVIEW costs all the way from $150 to $1,000.

Among the well-known illustrators whose work will appear in PICTORIAL REVIEW during 1915 are: C. Allan Gilbert, Bessie Pease Gutmann, C. D. Williams, Philip Boileau, Edmund Fredericks, John Cassel, W. B. King, Frank Ver Beck, Franklin Booth, Arthur I. Keller, F. C. Yohn, Will Foster, Will Grefé, Z. P. Nikolaki.

Over $15,000 for Special Articles

A MAGAZINE of all fiction and no substantial, earnest, information-bringing special articles, would be like a dinner of pie and cake with no bread.

Our "fact stories" deal with subjects of particular interest to women and the home. During the last seven months, Mabel Potter Daggett, one of America's foremost writers, has been in Europe upon a mission for PICTORIAL REVIEW. Her articles on the progress of European women toward suffrage, and in housekeeping, in motherhood pensions, in marriage rights, in divorce, etc., etc., will appear in future issues of this magazine and each article will contain much of interest for American women.

Among other widely-known contributors of special articles will be Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Helen Louise Johnson and Dr. Orison Swett Marden.

Over $15,000 for Departments

THEN come the real vital departments on cooking, housekeeping, entertainment, etiquette, the care of babies, home decoration, house building plans, home dressmaking, millinery, and all those other things which make PICTORIAL REVIEW not merely a vehicle of information and entertainment but a real every-day assistant in the kitchen, a money-saver with hundreds of wise suggestions for stretching a dollar bill, and a clearing house for the best ideas from other women's homes.

A Few of the Other Things

WE haven't said anything yet of that big fashion gathering organization scattered throughout Europe constantly on the alert to send the best ideas from the great fashion designers to PICTORIAL REVIEW first.

Each year we buy thousands and thousands of dollars worth of model garments which are never seen by others than the designer and our experts before they appear in PICTORIAL REVIEW.

Many years of training in publishing high-priced fashion periodicals for the leading ladies' tailors, dressmakers and garment manufacturers of America have made our representatives expert in forecasting with unerring accuracy the styles for each coming season.

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ALL this costs you now only one dollar a year. It's worth more, isn't it?

To you and our other good friends who read PICTORIAL REVIEW, and who by your continued support have given us courage to go on with many of our great undertakings, we owe much.

To advance our price instantly and without warning would not be fair to you. You and your friends should be permitted to take advantage of our present prices before the increase is made. Accordingly

For the next few weeks we will accept subscriptions to PICTORIAL REVIEW at the following prices:

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PICTORIAL REVIEW
EDITED BY ARTHUR T. VANCE
VOL. XVI—No. 6 MARCH, 1915

HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL WIFE

THE setting was the girls' club room of an institutional church.

The audience was made up of eager, ambitious young business women, stenographers, salesgirls, bookkeepers.

The speaker was a woman of twenty years' experience in business who had the courage of her convictions and a deep affection for younger women. Said the speaker at one point:

"I have voted and I have worked at the polls in Colorado. I have worked shoulder to shoulder with men in business and drawn the same salary as some of those men did and more than many of them. In politics and in wage-earning, I have felt myself the equal of men. A wife, a homemaker, a mother, a bread-winner, a voter—and the one phase of life in which I never attained equality with the man was in my own home. There the man outstripped me. I was not his equal."

A little gasp passed over her audience. The one place where a woman should surely be the superior of the man, the home! The speaker caught the gasp and smiled.

"Ah, but you see before I went into politics, I studied political economy and the local situation. Before I went into business, I took a course of training at the best business college in our city. But before I entered matrimony, I took no training at all. I thought intuition, womanliness, natural ability would transform me overnight into a successful wife, homemaker and mother.

"The man I married had been trained to be a bread-winner. I had not been trained to spend his earnings wisely. He knew how to support a family, to provide for the maintenance of his home, life-insurance for his family, funds to carry forward his business. I had not been trained to manage a home efficiently. He knew what it would cost to support the children we brought into the world. I did not even know how to take care of their little bodies, no, nor to prepare my body for my precious duties as a mother.

"Not until death forced me to take my place as bread-winner for my children, did I realize that I had not been trained for marriage, that I had been an inefficient wife and mother, that I had not been my husband's equal in that partnership which we call marriage."

Rather plain talk, this, from a successful business woman in an age when women are demanding equality in all relations!

FOR thousands of years philosophers, poets, sociologists and psychologists have tried to define Love, to analyze the attraction which draws men and women together. And one after the other they have died without proving their theories. In this twentieth century of clear-eyed, honest womanhood, however, we are beginning to realize that love and happiness and equality in the home thrive on mutual efficiency, efficiency in the husband as the producer, and efficiency in the wife as the expender and manager. Gradually we are emerging from the era of "born homemakers" and "born mothers" into that of homemakers and mothers equipped and trained for their profession.

Now there was Bill Moore, a promising young lawyer. He had worked his way through college. He had learned to lay aside part of his income and to spend the rest wisely. Through a building and loan association, he was paying for a home. He knew to the penny what it would cost to support that home and the wife he intended to establish therein. Moreover, he intended to be a father and he knew what it would cost to support children, yes, and even how much life-insurance he must leave wife and children if he were overtaken by death.

He was in love with Ruth, a girl of good if not wealthy family, blessed with good health, alluring eyes and a rose-petal complexion. And so they were married!

What preparation had Ruth been given for her new profession?

She knew how to make herself attractive in her husband's eyes, what colors were most becoming to her, how to set out a cold supper the night the maid went out, how to fix flowers and how to hemstitch towels. Bill had seen her serve many a Sunday night supper. He did not dream that she could not cook the food nor tell what the supper had cost. He did not dream that her mother planned her clothes and had old materials dyed, laces freshened. Ruth did not know how to keep accounts or handle a bank-book or write a check. She did not know how to guard her health as a wife. From the birth of their first baby, her beauty failed and she became a semi-invalid. There was no peace or quiet in the home for Bill, because she did not know how to care for their baby. The baby had a right to cry. Its mother was inefficient.

And yet to the day she died, Ruth always felt that she had done Bill a favor in marrying him. She never realized that he had done his part and that she had failed.

There can be no happiness in failure, whether you work in an office or preside over your own home. There can be no equality in the home unless the wife is as efficient in her line as the husband is in his.

A MAN knows that each department of his business has its demands which must be met. The woman's ultimate profession, marriage, may be divided into three distinct departments, each of which must be efficiently handled or directed —home economics, household administration, the rearing of children. If the man is trained to make money, to administer his business, to support his home, why should not the woman be trained to spend the money thus earned, to administer the home which he supports, to raise the children they bring into the world?

We view with contempt the man who does not support his family. Why, in this age of equality between men and women, should we respect the wife who misuses his money, abuses his home, and is ignorant of the simplest laws of hygiene and sanitation by which his children should be reared?

The time when a woman does a favor in marrying a man, when she is utterly incompetent to do her part in the partnership of homemaking and parenthood is past. Equality is a matter of give and take, fairly, honestly, not of favor on either side.

Women have tested equality and efficiency in business and they like it. They have found that the moment they do their work as well as the men at the next desk, the next counter, the next machine, they are paid as much as the men. Many of them have learned that if they do better work than the men, they will be paid more. They have found that there are inefficient men as well as inefficient women, and that recompense is not a matter of sex but of results turned in to employers.

Thousands of women in this country have voted. They have learned that they are quite as capable of understanding political issues as men, quite as competent to mark ballots, quite as competent to fight graft and bossism, and all this without neglecting their work or their children.

Their final lesson is that of equality and efficiency in the home. The average woman who has tasted economic and political equality is beginning to realize that she and her sisters should also attain equality in the home. Not legal equality in controlling her own earnings if she has any, her inheritance, and her children, but equality in efficiency, whether that consists of directing servants or performing her own household duties, of supervising the trained nurse who cares for her child or caring for that child herself.

These are the women who will bring up a new race of daughters who in their turn will realize true equality in the home, the respect of their husbands and their children, and their self-respect, growing out of efficiency.

MARRIAGE is no longer a profession for women in which all other interests die and woman is the toy and slave of her husband, dependent upon his whims and his generosity. Woman has attained that position for which she has yearned, equality—if she can realize it through efficiency. She is her husband's partner if she knows how to spend his earnings, manage his home, rear his children—his partner financially, mentally and spiritually. But having made this demand and having brought man to realize her right to such a position in his life, she must do her part by preparing herself to be an efficient partner. Then there is no talk of marriage conferring a favor on either side.

And no woman who is unprepared for her work can be efficient.

Not long ago, a member of PICTORIAL REVIEW editorial staff was visiting in a family where the baby was subject to colds. There had been much talk about inheritance, much complaint about doctor's bills, much loss of sleep for both parents, when suddenly a throat specialist distantly related to the mother dropped into town and during his visit suggested that the baby might have adenoids. And adenoids it had had, practically since birth. All the colds could be traced to these diseased spots. The baby was dull, mentally backward, and quite deaf in one ear.

The adenoids had been removed and the baby was recuperating when the father suddenly voiced his sense of injustice to his wife:

"Why didn't you know that Fred had adenoids in his throat? Why didn't you know that there was something really wrong with him? You kept saying he was a delicate baby, why didn't you find out why he was delicate? It's your business to know what condition that boy is in."

"Why shouldn't it be father knows this, too?" demand some of our readers.

Because it was not his business. He works ten hours a day in a great electrical plant, improving the equipment, increasing his own earning capacity through efficiency. His daylight hours belong to his employer. He sees his child a few minutes before breakfast and a few more minutes before the baby retires in the evening. On Sundays he had listened mainly to his wife's anxieties about the child. And many nights he had walked the floor with that baby and wondered how he and his wife, two perfectly healthy individuals, had brought a weakling into the world.

WE are outgrowing two platitudes, "maternal instinct" and "mother-love." We are learning that neither is effective without training and efficiency.

At a recent dinner, a progressive woman was talking of the importance of training for motherhood, when her neighbor sneered:

"My mother raised seven children without the help of any book or half-baked school-teacher. I'm against these fads in raising girls. You don't have to tell born mothers what to do."

By the grace of God, almost any one can raise a baby. The test is to raise it properly, to give the country a healthy, normal desirable citizen. And to accomplish this, the average woman must be trained for her task. She must know how to take care of her own body in preparation for motherhood and to care for that exquisitely delicate bit of mechanism entrusted to her care—her new-born baby.

Mother-love is a wonderful power for good, but unbalanced by preparation or efficiency, it cannot work miracles. It glorifies the home, renders sacrifice a joy, but it does not save lives nor cut down the cost of living.

We do not have born stenographers, born saleswomen, born artists, born writers. Then why should we expect women to succeed in that most exacting of professions, wifehood and motherhood, without any training? Why should we expect a girl of twenty or more, facing marriage, to secure her knowledge by merely observing the successes and failures of her relatives and neighbors? Why should we demand efficient motherhood without proper training? We claim that this is a practical age for women. Then why not practical preparation for wifehood and motherhood?

Mingling in business with men, is teaching our young women something of the work which men must do to support a family. It is teaching them more of the masculine nature. It is making women more reasonable with husbands. Wage-earning is teaching women the value of a dollar, and how to make it go the farthest.

We are rapidly emerging from that dark age of social relations in which a mother is ashamed to talk to her daughter or to ask her family physician to explain to this prospective wife and mother the mystery of life, the reproduction of the human race. We no longer indulge in the barbarity of decking our daughters in glistening raiment and then sending them forth unarmed into the bewildering field of wifehood.

Efficiency and self-denial are two distinct qualifications in a woman, and we are teaching our girls this fact. Girls are beginning to understand that if they are efficient, they will not have to be self-sacrificing.

And as one by one the daughters of to-day are led skilfully and delicately through a knowledge of the human relations into the surer, firmer ground of honest, fair preparation for wifehood and motherhood, training in home economics, household administration and the intelligent care and feeding of infants, they come more closely to the realization of that wonderful ideal—equality in the home.

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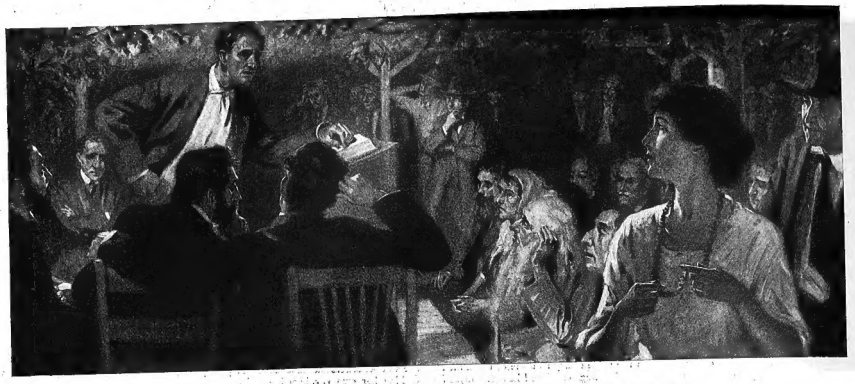

THE BABYLONISH ONE

Wherein a Man Almost Loses His Sweetheart by Being Too Good

By Elmore Elliott Peake

Author of "The Darlingtons," "The House of Hawley," etc.

Illustrations by Stockton Mulford

IT was the last night of the camp-meeting at Big Bethel church. The arbor of stout, unbarked uprights, held plank seats for perhaps two hundred, and every seat was occupied. But the arbor sheltered only the nucleus of the audience. Around its edges was a wide border of people who preferred a position rather out of the preacher's line of fire. Chief among these were swains and sweethearts, who whispered, snickered and stealthily squeezed hands.

Half a dozen preachers—grim, grizzled men, fitting exponents of total depravity and infant damnation—occupied chairs on the platform. But the speaker of the evening, Gavin Link, pastor of Big Bethel church, was a mere youth—lithe, gaunt as a hound, hollow-eyed, with a voice as penetrating as an oboe. He wore a knee-length, black "Prince Albert" and a blue, cravatless flannel shirt set off with pearl buttons.

He preached a sermon of marvelous power, judged by mountain standards; and at its close, when he extended the usual invitation to the sin-sick to come forward and kneel at the mourners' bench, there was a gratifying response.

It was eleven o'clock before the benediction was pronounced. But late as it was, Link lingered in the arbor still later. He lingered on his knees, for his soul was troubled. He had labored for humanity that night. Yet, in the forefront of his mind, throughout sermon, prayer and devotional work at the altar, a single figure had bulked larger than all the rest; and it was, alas, the figure of a woman, a young mountain Hebe, dark-haired, full-lipped, laughing-eyed; in short, Cosybelle Huntress.

Since their broken engagement of a year before, close on the heels of his conversion, he had seen her occasionally. She had passed him now and then on the road—without troubling to speak. But to-night she had appeared for the first time in one of his audiences, standing on the edge of the crowd with another girl and three or four young blades.

THE unexpected sight made his heart thump. When he ventured a second glance in her direction, she was gone—doubtless back to the dance at her home, from which she had momentarily stolen away.

Impious thoughts beaded his brow. He flogged his recalcitrant spirit with the cat-o'-nine-tails of Holy Writ. He denounced himself as a hypocrite before men, a renegade to his faith. He rehearsed his high and holy resolves, his ministerial vows, of only a twelvemonth before. In vain. The face of the Babylonish one would not out.

The way to Sister Rhoda Blue's, where he was to spend the night, took him past the Huntress home. He paused in the road. Through the open windows he glimpsed the moving figures in the dance and heard the whine of the fiddles.

Saddle-horses, with a sprinkling of buggies, lined the fence. His eye happened to fall upon a piebald of Arabian antecedents which he had once owned and had sold to pay for his Winter in the theological seminary. At the same instant the horse nickered, as if in recognition.

The sound had a peculiar effect on the young man. It was like an echo of his former life. Once he, too, had danced. Once, like those gay young fellows inside, he had raced horses, shot at turkey matches, frolicked with the girls. He had attended the very revival meeting in which he was converted, for the purpose of turning a pet skunk loose under the pews.

Suddenly, with that blind obedience to impulse which constituted at once his weakness and his strength, he passed through the gate with a quick, elastic step and hurried down the familiar flagged walk to the open front door.

As he lifted his hand to rap he detected a figure in the

"She Eyed Him an Instant and Said: 'You Will When I Marry Butch Disbald'"

black shadow of a vine, at the other end of the veranda—Fletcher Huntress, Cosybelle's father.

"Evenin', Gav," said he, as if the young man's last appearance had been the day, instead of the year, before.

"Evenin', Fletch," answered Link, in the same vein. "I'll speak to Cosy a minute, if you'll hail her out." Huntress knocked the ashes from his pipe, deliberately. "Don't know as she'd keer to see you, Gav. Don't know as I keer to have her see you, after the wallopin' you give we-uns up to the sarvice to-night, about this hyer dance."

"Suppose you let Cosy decide for herself," suggested Link, with a blandness bordering on insolence. "What you want or don't want, Fletch, cuts no figger with her. If it did I allow Butch Disbald, whose grandfather kilt your uncle, wouldn't be sweetheartin' her right under your nose to-night. You better call her out."

"Keep in the shadder, then. The boys air right waspish to'ds you, 'count of the wallopin' you give 'em, and if they see you they might cut up some didoes, spite of your peaceable intentions."

"I'll risk the didoes," observed Link coolly.

Nevertheless, he took Fletcher's chair and sat there until the perfumed whisper of soft draperies announced Cosybelle's presence. He did not turn his head until she was quite close but his heart, could she have heard it, would have given his feigned calm away. She paused near a window and the light from within illuminated her dark, rich mass of hair and the low, budding curves of maidenhood, curiously superimposed upon the slim figure of a boy.

"GOOD evening—Mr. Link," said she, and smiled fleeringly, as if at her decorous form of address.

"Cosy," said he soberly, "will you walk out to the horseblock with me, where we can talk uninterrupted? I have somethin' important to say."

"I doubt that. I can't imagine anything you could say bein' important to me. But I'll go—for five minutes. I am entertaining friends inside."

She grasped her white skirts in one hand, revealing a pair of white shoes and an inch or so of smooth, white-vestured ankle, and led the way with a quick business-like step. He peeled his coat, Sir Walter Raleigh-like, and spread it over the dusty block of limestone.

"To begin with," said he, nervously plucking a grass stem, "I ain't sure whether God or the devil stopped me here to-night."

"I thought you and the devil had parted company some time since."

"I thought so, too; but I've noticed he's often a silent partner in a firm long after his name's been painted off the sign-board. Cosy, I'm lonesome."

"The good always are, I've heard," she observed with velvety irony.

"I ain't good—though I try to be," he reflected moodily. "I've been lonesome for quite a spell back. I ought to be happy, havin' turned aside from my old wayward life. But I ain't. My heart's as heavy as if it was weighted down with a flat-iron. For some inscrutable reason God withholds His blessin'."

"Mebbe He don't like the way you whack your old friends."

"I don't whack them," he demurred. "I only whack their sins. Mebbe you think it's easy to do that. Mebbe you think it don't hurt to turn your back on your old friends, 'specially when you haven't any new ones to take their place."

"Why, you have plenty of new ones, patting you on the back and setting out fried chicken every Sunday."

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"I have not! Right in that pulpit there air times when the faces below me seem like so many balls of putty, they're that cold and sour. And I say to myself—Gavin Link, these people ain't your kind—never was, never will be.' Sometimes they seem to be watchin' me like a cat, waitin' for my foot to slip, so they can holler 'Backslider!' And I allow if they seen me actin' here talkin' to you, they'd judge the time had come to holler—which mebbe it has. But I can't talk nothin' but religion to 'em, and that's all they talk to me. Other things—every-day, common little things that make up the sap of life and that a feller thirsts for—don't seem to come nachal. I'm dryin' up under it like leaves on a broken limb. Why, there ain't a girl in that church that I can talk to like I used to talk to you."

She burst into a laugh. "I should hope not."

"Why?" he demanded with a flush.

"Well, in the old days you were something of a flirt—if you'll allow me to remind you of it. But I never got burnt. I knew what you told me one night you'd probably tell another girl the next. Those little Sunday school girls might not be so wise."

She rolled a pebble, carelessly, under her slipper toe but out of the tail of her dark, gleaming eye she saw the man wince under her stab. A lull came in the dance music, and for a moment the only sound was the stamping of hoofs and the creak of saddle leather.

"That's a lie!" he broke out angrily. "I told you things I never told another woman and never will. And I meant 'em. You know it well." When the call come, I put you away along with other worldly things; not because you were bad, for you weren't, but because you danced and played cards and never went to church. As a minister I had to. God's hand seemed to point the way, like a finger-post, and I thought in His own good time He'd pour balm in my wounds. But He hasn't. I don't joy in my work. Somethin' gnaws my vitals day and night, and poisons the very sweets of my life. And I know what it is—it's you. I see your pretty face, sleepin' or wakin'. I hear your voice when I'm hoeing corn or trampin' my circuit. Yes," he exclaimed wildly, "I hear it when I stand at the sacred desk, expounding the word of Jesus Christ, and if that ain't blasphemy I don't know what is. Now tell me what to do."

Her slipper toe ceased its motion; her head lost its jaunty poise. "There's only one thing for you to do—brace up and be a man," said she steadily.

"I've tried it; I can't do it without help."

"No one can help you in that but yourself."

"You could help me, Cosy."

"How?"

"By joining the church and—marrying me."

SHE caught her breath at the proposal, then laughed scornfully. "A fine thing that would be—for me to take a lot of false vows to ease you. What would I get out of it?"

He did not answer at once, but, nursing one knee in his clasped hands, gazed up at the stars with far-away, mystic eyes.

"You'd get the man you love," said he.

He brought his face close to hers, searching out her eyes in the darkness; but she veiled them against him with her lashes and clenched her hands.

"I'd scorn to lie to you," she answered, thickly. "I do love you though why, before God, I don't know. But you could tear my heart out with a grapplin' iron before I'd marry you. You did tear it out once. You tossed me aside like a shoe that pinched your foot. Do you think you can come back now and put it on again, because your famous 'call' doesn't sound so loud?"

"I done what I thought was right. And I suffered, too."

"Suffered! No doubt. But listen! *You* made the choice; I accepted it. *You* had your calling left; I had nothing. *You* gave up the lesser, as you thought, for a greater; I gave up all. Pshaw!" She dabbed her handkerchief half angrily at her wet eyes. "I thought I'd cried my tears all out long ago. Let's cut this short—I'm not going back to the house with red eyes. You're a little wild to-night. In the morning you'll be sorry you stopped here, and if you had my promise to marry you, you'd hate it worse'n you would a bullet to hang yourself with. Keep a-going. You'll find there's more to life than love, I have."

"I don't believe it," he answered with an incredulous laugh.

She turned, eyed him an instant and said swiftly: "You will when I marry Butch Disbald."

She leaped to her feet, but he swept her back into his arms. "If you do you'll sign his death warrant," he cried furiously.

For a swooning, breathless interval she lay against his breast, her lips to his, without resistance. Then she wrenched herself free with a warning cry.

"You Remember What You Told Me the Last Time We Set Here?"

Gavin, turning catlike, saw Butch Disbald's huge form bearing down upon him. He was scarcely more than half the weight of his antagonist, but he did not flinch. Always a notorious fighter, he had learned a few tricks with the gloves from a railroad construction gang. He nimbly side-stepped Butch's lumbering charge, giving him a ringing blow on the ear as he passed.

When Butch, with a low muttered oath, returned to the attack, Link warded him off with an upraised guard of two fists as hard as rocks. They circled a moment and then the preacher, after a few false passes with his left, landed a right upon Butch's chin that cracked like a barrel stave against the ribs of a mule.

Butch went down with a squeal and Link, with no sentimental fölly about fair play, leaped upon his foe with the fury of a catamount. Then a strong arm—the arm of Fletcher Huntress—intervened and hauled him to his feet again.

"No unpleasantness, boys," said Fletch coolly, though grinning with delight. "Git on your hoss, Butch, if your head air stiddy enough, and put out for home."

Butch, after some bluster, obeyed. Gavin retired to the pump to wash off the stains of conflict. Cosybelle, with a mischievous smile, handed him a towel; and then, with briefest adieus, she set off for Widow Blue's.

For three days he hoed doggedly in his corn patch, keeping out of sight of any chance passer-by. Then, on the morning of the fourth day, simple Cy Southard appeared with the news that Butch Disbald, having gone bear-hunting on the Bald, had been missing forty-eight hours.

"I told the folkies at the store," Cy maundered on, with his foolish, drooling mouth spread in a grin, "that you'd be the feller to find him, fer pappy says you know the upper mounting like a weasel knows a wood-pile. But the folkies on'y larfed and said 'You go tell him that, Cy.' And, by jicky, I have."

Gavin hoed an hour longer, with thoughts swarming like bees. Then sticking a small loaf of his own baking in his pocket, he set out.

UP, up, up he climbed; across a bench of scattered beeches, along laurel-choked ravines, through jungles of tree-like rhododendrons, and finally into a zone of balsam firs.

Occasional rifle shots apprised him of the presence of other searchers, but they were far off to the right, on another peak. He had his own theory of Butch's whereabouts, based on an intimate knowledge of the latter's hunting habits. Therefore, as he approached the base of a cliff, from whose brow a stream leaped as white as milk, he was scarcely startled to find the object of his search, moaning with pain and nursing a broken leg that had swollen to twice its normal size.

Butch blubbered for joy at sight of his deliverer.

"You come down through the huckleberry patch in a fog and walked over the cliff," said Gavin.

"That's the fool trick I done."

"Just like we both come within an ace of doin' two years ago. Well, you're found now; so cheer up. Got any tobacco?"

Butch fumbled for his plug. "I dang near et it all up, 'tween misery and hunger, but there's a nibble left."

"It's my first chew since the night I was converted," said Link, "but I'd never get you down the side without it. Nor with it, I'm a-thinkin', less'n God lends a hand, for you're consid'able of a chunk and you haven't fell away a noticeable sight in spite of short rations. . . . Now, listen, Butch, so I can get it off my mind. I didn't do this for your sake, nor yet for Cosybelle's. I done it for a penance."

"A penance fer what?" asked Butch suspiciously.

"Never mind that part of it. Now brace yourself while I swing you up to my shoulder."

Gavin lay in bed over a month. The seeds of disease may have already been sown in his system, but it was generally believed that the prodigious feat of carrying big Butch down the side toppled over his physical equilibrium.

As the delirium ebbed he became conscious of a hand that smoothed his pillow or held a spoon to his lips. The rest of the figure was blurred. But there came a morning when he recognized Cosybelle sitting at his bedside with some kind of sewing in her lap. Over by the window sat old Granny Hartsop, knitting.

Cosy smiled at him cheerily and he intended to smile back; but something twisted his mouth pitifully and filled his eyes with tears.

"Have I been sick long?" he asked weakly.

"About three weeks."

"You been here all that time?"

"Yes."

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EDITOR PARKIN'S DEFEAT

Another Man Tackles the Domestic Problem and Burns His Fingers

By Elliott Flower

Author of "Policeman Flynn," "The Spoilsman," etc.

Illustrations by Robert A. Graef

THE fact that he was not the autocrat in his own home that he was in the office of *The Beacon* vexed Timothy Parkin. Except occasionally, when some outsider came in with a grievance and a club, no one in the office ever disputed any of his conclusions, but in the home his wife did not hesitate to take issue with him upon any subject concerning which she had views of her own.

This was distinctly annoying. All day long he settled the affairs of the world—or told his editorial writers how to settle them—and no one, with the negligible exception of a few foolish contemporaries and an occasional "Vox Pop" or "Old Subscriber," ever told him that he did not settle them wisely; but it was about an even chance that any assertion he made in the house would be contradicted—amiably, not offensively, contradicted, but contradicted just the same.

In consequence, there grew up within him a very earnest desire to put his wife in her place as the junior member of the matrimonial firm, but it was a difficult thing to do, for it frequently happened when she took issue with him upon any subject that she proved to be right. He did not admit this, of course, for he had his masculine dignity to maintain, but he knew it and she knew it and he knew that she knew it, which made an extremely awkward situation. Just when he thought he was clearly demonstrating the superiority of the masculine intellect, something always seemed to go wrong.

There was the domestic service problem, for instance. Mrs. Parkin herself was having no trouble when Editor Parkin applied his masculine intellect to that subject, for she then had "a perfect gem" in the kitchen, but she had had trouble in the past, expected to have trouble in the future, and knew all about the troubles of others. Indeed, it was a casual reference to the plight of a neighbor that gave Editor Parkin his opportunity.

"The domestic service problem," he declared, "has been exclusively woman's problem from the beginning of time, and she is a little farther from the solution of it now than she was at the start. She is clamoring for greater responsibilities, insisting that the really great problems of the world will disappear when she applies her wonderful mind to them, and yet she has so far merely made a mess of the one minor problem that has been hers ever since Eve began to cut fig-leaves into fancy patterns."

"I presume man would have solved it," she suggested.

"Surely he would," he declared.

"He has been so successful in solving his own labor problems!"

EDITOR PARKIN sat up at that remark, but he maintained that man had made progress toward the solution of his problems, while woman had progressed like a crab—backward.

"Well, yes," agreed Mrs. Parkin, "I suppose we are rather unprogressive, for we haven't got to the point of blowing up kitchens with dynamite yet. However, we may get to that in time. Meanwhile, if the problem is so easy, why don't you take hold of it?"

There was deference rather than challenge in the question, but Mrs. Parkin, when she chose, could be flatteringly deferential and still create situations that were unpleasant, not to say difficult, for the editor.

"That is mere persiflage, of course," he returned with a disapproving frown. "It begs the question by suggesting an impossibility. To accomplish anything, I should have to take entire charge of what I may term your department—feminine impracticality would checkmate my efforts otherwise—and I haven't time for that."

"No doubt," admitted Mrs. Parkins, "but your advice might help, you know. What is needed for the solution of the problem?"

This was surprising. Editor Parkin's mental attitude in dealing with domestic questions was critical rather than advisory, and such advice as he gave was usually ignored. Yet now he was asked for it.

"Analysis," he answered impressively. "There is a problem—analyze it. What is it and why is it? When you analyze the trouble, get right down to the basic reason for it—you will have no difficulty in finding a remedy. But unfortunately," he deplored, "woman is not analytical, so I fear there is little hope of a solution until desperation forces man to take up the problem himself. Woman, in the centuries that she has been busy with it, has merely made it considerably worse than it was in the first place."

Then, feeling that he had scored, and fearing that he might be forced into deep water if he pursued the subject further, he took his hat and cane and left for the office with such haste as his dignity would permit.

None too soon either, for Mrs. Parkin, following with her eyes from the window, smiled ruefully as she mused, "Slipped away before I could pin him down! Such a lovely chance, too! . . . Analysis!" She was scornful now. "Basic facts! No progress since Eve! I'm going to make him do the analyzing himself, and then see what happens to the analysis!"

"'Did You Write That Article on the Domestic Service Problem in This Morning's Paper?' She Asked"

But Editor Parkin was already doing it. What he said to her was said on the spur of the moment, but it was so convincing that he convinced himself with his own words. Analysis! Precisely what was needed, of course. He would analyze this problem himself as a mere diversion from the weightier affairs demanding his attention.

He sent for Miss Atwell as soon as he reached the office. Miss Atwell had charge of the woman's page of *The Beacon*. Editor Parkin ordinarily had very little use for the woman's page, considering it a rather silly and frivolous necessity of modern journalism, but this problem was clearly one that should be handled in that department.

"Miss Atwell," said Editor Parkin, "have we ever given serious attention to the domestic service problem?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," replied Miss Atwell.

"Have we solved it?" asked Editor Parkin.

"Why, no, I can't say that we have," Miss Atwell admitted regretfully. "Many valuable suggestions have been made in our columns, but we have not altogether disposed of the problem."

"Let us do so now," said Editor Parkin. "Let us analyze it and see where the trouble lies. What, in your opinion, is the basis of the trouble, Miss Atwell? Why is domestic service considered so objectionable? Why does a girl prefer to work in a department store at five or six dollars a week and board herself when she can get as much money, and much better board in addition, as a cook or a housemaid? Why is it so hard to get domestic servants at all, and why are those we do get usually of the dull and stupid class?"

Miss Atwell, finding flattery in this request for her views, explained as best she could. There was a caste feature in it, she said; the domestic servant for some reason, was held in less esteem than any other worker. The shop girl, for instance, felt that she was upon a much higher social plane.

"All wrong," declared Editor Parkin; "not at all as it should be."

IT followed, according to Miss Atwell, that those who could get other employment would take it even at a considerable financial sacrifice, and thus only the ignorant and stupid were left for housework.

"All wrong," repeated Editor Parkin; "not at all as it should be."

Then, pursued Miss Atwell, there were the lack of freedom, the long and irregular hours, the loneliness, and the many unpleasant evidences of her inferior station. She had to use the back door herself, and, what was worse, her friends had to use the back door. This was a humiliation the shop girl and the factory girl escaped, for, however lowly their homes, they at least went in and out the front way like real people. Then the domestic servant had to receive her friends, when she was allowed to have any, in the kitchen, which was another humiliation. She had no place but the kitchen or her two-by-four room in which to pass her leisure time, when she had any. There was no minute of the day, except on Thursdays, that she could definitely call her own; and she was held under as stringent rules as any boarding-school girl.

"Wrong, all wrong," asserted Editor Parkin again; "not at all as it should be, so let us now see what can be done to remedy matters. You observe, Miss Atwell, that when a problem is analyzed it usually becomes quite simple. However intricate and perplexing it may seem as a whole, analysis shows where the trouble lies and what occasions it—especially what occasions it. That discovered, what has previously seemed complicated and difficult becomes childishly simple and easy.

"I am glad to see, Miss Atwell, that you are capable of analysis. It is a rare gift in a woman, but the causes you find for the domestic service problem are precisely the ones that I have found in a hasty review of conditions. And what a commentary on woman! Her one great and exclusive problem still unsolved and growing worse! Give her a rap on that in your article, Miss Atwell."

"You want me to write another article——"

"Another?" interrupted Editor Parkin. "No! This is the first."

"But——"

"Forget what you may have written before; it is of no consequence. This will be your first real article on the subject. You have the right idea, or at least will get it from your own analysis of the problem. The house servant must not be set apart as an inferior being; she must be accepted as an equal in this world of work and received the more warmly now to atone for the slights of the past. The old medieval idea of associating dependence and servility with personal service must go! You see that, don't you?"

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Miss Atwell said she did, but she looked as if she didn't.

"Some time during the day," concluded Editor Parkin, "I will prepare a summary of the main points I wish covered, and I shall then look to you to prepare a strong and comprehensive article on the subject."

Editor Parkin prepared the summary, Miss Atwell wrote the article, Editor Parkin read and O. K.'d the proof, incidentally complimenting Miss Atwell upon her work, and Mrs. Parkin read the article.

Many others also read the article, of course, but only Mrs. Parkin's perusal of it concerns this story. She read it twice—once rather hastily and once with painstaking deliberation. Then she went to the office of *The Beacon*, whither Editor Parkin had preceded her, but she did not look for the editor in his sanctum. Indeed, she did not look for him at all, but sought out Miss Atwell instead, and there was amusement in her smile when she found that young woman—amusement and also a suggestion of something quite serious. Editor Parkin, had he seen that smile, would have been—or at least should have been—much perturbed.

Mrs. Parkin was sufficiently familiar with office affairs to know that Miss Atwell had charge of the woman's page, and she was well enough acquainted with the young woman to proceed at once to the point.

"Did you write that article on the domestic service problem in this morning's paper?" she asked.

"Why, yes," replied Miss Atwell, "I wrote it, but I can't claim credit for all the ideas embodied in it."

"I imagine not," returned Mrs. Parkin. Miss Atwell flushed, and Mrs. Parkin hastened to explain that she did not mean to intimate any lack of ability. "But," she added, "I fancy I know whose ideas they are."

"Mr. Parkin's," said Miss Atwell.

"All of them?" asked Mrs. Parkin.

"All of them," replied Miss Atwell. "He outlined every point made."

MRS. PARKIN thanked her. "That is what I wanted to know," she said. There was even more amusement in her smile now, but also the suggestion of a serious purpose still lay behind it.

Miss Atwell decided that there was trouble ahead for Editor Parkin, and took no great credit to herself for perspicacity in foreseeing it. Nor did she see any reason why she should involve herself in the affair by saying anything to him.

Mrs. Parkin returned home, still smiling. The Parkins, having a small house and no children, kept but one maid—the "gem" previously mentioned. To this "gem" Mrs. Parkin read the article on the domestic service problem, incidentally outlining a course of action. Then she pasted the article on the pantry door for future reference.

"But, please, Mrs. Parkin," objected the maid, when she found what was expected of her, "I'd rather not."

"Nonsense!" urged Mrs. Parkin. "It is merely a long-delayed recognition of the dignity of labor."

"I shall be so uncomfortable," pleaded the maid. "What can I talk about?"

"Talk about art," replied Mrs. Parkin, "or griddle cakes—anything you please. You will find it all quite diverting, I'm sure."

The maid doubted this, but she was a loyal maid who was willing to make some sacrifices for her mistress.

Editor Parkin, entering his home that evening, heard some one at the piano. Editor Parkin was not a good judge of music, but he was a very fair judge of what was not music, and he looked to see who was assassinating a popular air.

"That's Delia at the piano," he informed his wife a moment later.

"Miss Lang," corrected Mrs. Parkin.

"Miss what!" exclaimed Editor Parkin.

"Miss Lang," repeated Mrs. Parkin. "Miss Delia Lang. How are we to make domestic service attractive unless we give workers in that field the same evidence of respect that we give workers in any other field?"

"Oh!" said Editor Parkin uncertainly. "But she was annihilating the piano when I came in," he added.

"We must take the maid into the home, you know, and we must give her the warmer welcome now to atone for previous slights," explained Mrs. Parkin.

"Oh!" said Editor Parkin again.

"We would not bar any one else under our roof from using the piano, would we?"

"No," admitted Editor Parkin reluctantly; "no, I suppose not."

"Of course not," asserted Mrs. Parkin; "and we can't make housework attractive as a vocation, you know, if we set the worker in that field apart as an inferior person. I have informed Miss Lang that while she is here she is one of us——"

"Which one?" interrupted Editor Parkin with a feeble attempt at humor.

Mrs. Parkin ignored the question. "She is naturally at liberty to entertain herself as she pleases in her leisure time," she declared.

"Oh!" said Editor Parkin, and he said no more, for at that moment the maid entered the library where he and Mrs. Parkin were seated.

He naturally expected her to deliver some message or ask some question about housework and retire. Instead, she went to a bookcase and glanced idly over the titles of the books.

"Is 'Puddle's Predicament' a good story?" she asked.

Editor Parkin was too surprised to reply, but Mrs. Parkin explained that it was quite a thrilling story of adventure.

The maid thanked her, took down the book, and settled herself comfortably in a chair to read.

Editor Parkin found the situation rather awkward. It was his habit, when he and Mrs. Parkin were alone in the evening, to comment freely upon whatever might come to his mind as he perused his newspapers and magazines, and now there was an unpleasant feeling of restraint. The freedom of expression, especially with regard to intimate family matters, that a man should have in the privacy of his own home was now quite out of the question. So far as he could see, the maid was wholly at ease, but he was only a man with all of a man's blindness in such matters. Mrs. Parkin could have told him that the maid was more uncomfortable than he was, but she didn't. To let him know that would have been a sad blunder.

The maid was more self-possessed anyhow. She even addressed an occasional remark to Editor Parkin, to which he was so discourteous as to reply with a mere grunt. At last, however, he evolved a plan to secure at least temporary relief from a situation that was fast becoming intolerable. He had dined up-town, as he usually did when his editorial work delayed him, but that was no reason why he could not be hungry now.

"Delia," he began; after a preparatory cough.

"Miss Lang," corrected the maid.

That was when Editor Parkin almost blew up—almost, but not quite. He remembered in time some of the points made in that article on the domestic service problem.

"Quite right," commended Mrs. Parkin. "It is a small matter, but important."

Editor Parkin discreetly dodged, using no name at all. "I'm a bit hungry," he said. "I think I could dispose of a sandwich and a glass of milk nicely."

The maid rose. "I shall be glad to get them for you as a matter of personal accommodation," she said, "but of course it is after hours."

"Quite right," acquiesced Mrs. Parkin. "It is a personal favor and does not establish a precedent."

Editor Parkin turned to Mrs. Parkin as soon as the maid had left the room. "After hours!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Parkin. "You see, we are systematizing the work—perhaps standardizing would be the better word. One great objection to domestic service has been the uncertainty and irregularity of the hours. A girl has had no time that she could definitely call her own. We are changing that by giving her an eight-hour day. Of course we can't make it a consecutive eight hours, as they do in stores and factories, but she works only eight hours, and the hours of work are definitely specified. Thus she gets some time to herself in the afternoon and pretty much all of the evening."

"Oh!" murmured Editor Parkin. "But when you entertain——"

"Time and a half for overtime," explained Mrs. Parkin.

"Oh!" murmured Editor Parkin again. "Oh, I see."

"OF course the real problem," pursued Mrs. Parkin, "is to systematize our habits so that we can systematize our work. We have no business to want anything except at the particular time that it is arranged for us to have it."

"And are we to have the pleasure of the maid's company every evening?" asked Editor Parkin.

"Probably not," replied Mrs. Parkin, "but she must feel that she is welcome. Nothing else will so effectively dispel the caste idea that has done so much to make domestic service unpopular. However, now that she is in the spare room——"

"The spare room!"

"Of course," said Mrs. Parkin calmly. "A light and airy room—a cheerful room—is more essential for the maid than for almost any one else, for she is so much alone in her leisure time."

"Will she—or—dine with us?" queried Editor Parkin.

Mrs. Parkin frowned. "Theoretically, she should," she asserted, "but practically, it is difficult to arrange. Nothing could put greater emphasis on the caste idea than for one person to take the scraps from the table of another, but, on the other hand, service that she is employed to give is required during the meal. The best we can do, I think, is to make it clear that we shall be glad to have her at table with us when her duties make it possible."

The maid brought the sandwich and the glass of milk and he disposed of them in the absent-minded way of one who is deeply troubled. For he saw that Mrs. Parkin had specifically applied to his home the broad general principles that had been laid down in the article in *The Beacon*. Moreover, Mrs. Parkin, in justifying her course, had quoted freely from that article. It did not seem to be a time for Editor Parkin to say much, and he was discreetly and thoughtfully silent.

A GREAT many things occurred to irritate Editor Parkin during the next few days, but he remained silent. Twice he and his wife had the pleasure of the maid's company at luncheon, and nearly every evening she joined them for a while in the library.

A friend from out of town, previously always taken into Editor Parkin's own home, was now put up at Editor Parkin's club, and an ingenious lie was invented to explain this. For how could Editor Parkin confess to his friend that he could now give him nothing but a two-by-four back room, as what had been the spare chamber was in possession of the maid? And how could he further confess that he had to carry a schedule of the maid's hours on duty and then look at his watch before he dared ask her to do anything?

Editor Parkin found the maid, the maid's sister and two young men in the parlor one evening, and still he gave an excellent imitation of the clam. He could not say that they were unduly noisy, for, with the editor and his wife in the next room, they were as uncomfortable as they well could be, but their mere presence made him feel about as much at home as he would in a boarding-house. And he naturally did not know that it had required much persuasion on the part of Mrs. Parkin to arrange this little gathering.

Editor Parkin likewise discovered that the maid now carried a latch-key and came and went as she chose in her leisure time, and Mrs. Parkin once reproached him for not being more cordial to Miss Lang's friends.

These and many other little irritations did Editor Parkin endure in silence, but he was thinking all the time. He knew that he was no aristocrat, that he did not look down on the maid and her friends, but they somehow lacked common interests and could not meet on common ground, and until they could so meet there must be constraint in existing relations.

Thus matters stood when Editor Parkin, uncertain whether it was a time when he might properly call upon the maid to do something that he wished done, wandered into the kitchen to do it himself and came upon the maid viciously jabbing a knife into some printed matter that was pasted on the pantry door. Looking closely, Editor Parkin perceived that this printed matter was *The Beacon's* article on the solution of the domestic service problem. Thereupon he took the knife from the maid and slashed the article a few times himself.

"I'm glad you feel that way about it, Delia," he said, brazenly emphasizing the nomenclatorial evidence of servitude.

"I'm going to quit," declared Delia.

"So am I," returned Editor Parkin.

"Quit what?" asked the astonished girl.

"Quit editorializing at home," replied Editor Parkin.

Editor Parkin, when he reached his office, was busy for a long time with pencil and paper.

"The main idea is right," he was saying; "the principle is correct; but it doesn't work out in practise—not in a modest home anyway. It should, but it doesn't. The analysis is accurate and comprehensive, but the obvious remedy doesn't satisfy even the maid." Then, observing Miss Atwell, he came out of his reverie and handed her the result of his labor with pencil and paper. "There's something for your 'Sapient Sayings' column," he explained. "Box it and run it in full-face."

There was pasted on the pantry door in the Parkin home the next day, just where the article on the domestic service problem once had been, the following clipping from the same department of *The Beacon*:

> A fool is he who does not fear
> To set his foot in woman's sphere;
> A greater fool, if, being in,
> He does not keenly strive to win
> Forgiveness for his seeming doubt
> By very quickly backing out.

Editor Parkin may have put Mrs. Parkin in her place, but, if so, her place was not the place he thought it was.

"'Delia,' He Began. 'Miss Lang,' Corrected the Maid. That Was When Editor Parkin Almost Blew Up—Almost, but Not Quite"

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MOTHERCRAFT IN ENGLAND

How the Government Has Come to Realize That the Conservation of Children Is the Most Important Business in the World

By

Mabel Potter Daggett

Author of "The Third House" Series

Miss Jeanette Halford (At the Left) General Secretary National League for Physical Education and Improvement

Mrs. Alys Russell of London (At the Right) Founder of English Schools for Mothers

The Duchess of Marlborough President of the St. Pancras School for Mothers in the Garden at Ampthill Square

ALICE WEBB knew very well how to make electric light globes. She had been doing it since she was fourteen. At eighteen, she fell in love with Jimmie Gordon, a painter's assistant. And she thought it was going to be the most beautiful thing in the world to give up working and marry him. That was the way she made the mistake, in thinking she was going to give up working. She didn't do anything of the sort. She simply made a change of employment. And for the new and very difficult and complex trade that she took up, she hadn't the least preparation. She couldn't so much as cook a potato, and she never had washed a baby.

England's Chancellor of the Exchequer had been taking stock of the nation's assets. He had balanced the imports and the exports and found that trade was thriving. He had looked over the gold reserve and found the Bank of England as ever of the strength of Gibraltar in the financial world. Then they brought him the birth rate returns. And he wiped his brow as he read them. Lower this year than last. Lower last than the year before. God save the kingdom. Were not the sociologists estimating that the worth of a baby for growing up to enlist in the ranks of industry or to be shot as a soldier was about a thousand pounds? And only this morning a deputation of scientists had waited on the prime minister to discuss the question of infant mortality, bringing with them statistics showing that the nation was losing in England and Wales annually no less than one hundred and twenty thousand infants under one year of age. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, with these figures in mind, went to bed to dream that the Germans were coming. When he awoke from the nightmare, maternity in the British Isles had risen to the distinction of an imperial problem. And Alice Webb and some millions of women facing a task at which already millions had failed, were soon to find first aid for their difficult undertaking.

Beginning with the Mother First

THERE was no doubt about its difficulties. They were the difficulties of cooking and sewing and laundry work and child nursing all combined to be met by one inexperienced girl. And there was a question of finance before which even a captain of industry might have quailed. Is it surprising then that Alice with only schooling up to fourteen, couldn't cope with it? Alice knew, you see, only electric light globes. And when it came to "laying out" Jimmie Gordon's twenty-shilling-a-week wage, to keep a family well and comfortable and happy, she wasn't equal to it.

Perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer might not have cared to tackle the problem. But nevertheless, it is a fact that if you have wisdom and understanding added to your twenty shillings a week, it goes farther than without. Because the meals she tried to prepare, were so bad they couldn't be eaten, Alice got in the way of going out to buy eel pies at the fish shop and pease pudding at the pork shop and beef already boiled. The latter, for instance, cost one shilling fourpence the pound, while she might have purchased it uncooked for fourpence the pound. She and Jimmie went to moving picture shows for months before the baby's arrival, and then didn't know what to do when there wasn't a penny with which to hire a woman to come in to care for the house for a few days while she lay ill. It wasn't cared for as it ought to have been even after she was up and around. There was so much to do for the baby and she didn't at all know how to do it. She was dressing him in a little cotton undervest, when in London's damp climate, he needed wool. Wool would have cost more. But she could have knit a vest if she had only known how. The trouble was she didn't know how. And after a while the baby didn't need undervests any more. A little white hearse took him with those one hundred and twenty thousand others, the loss of which at last alarmed the nation.

Of course Alice had more babies. When there were three surviving children, the Gordons were being slowly submerged below the poverty line. There was a second baby who had died at seven months, because it had been weaned too soon and the change to the family diet included too much strong tea and pickles. Another baby at two months of age was ailing. Alice's milk was failing again. The doctor who was called in, saw what was the matter. He didn't tell the mother that the baby was starving. But that was the way he put it to a great medical convention. What was the matter with the Gordon baby and a great many others, he declared, was maternal exhaustion.

The cabinet ministers and the doctors got together soon after that. The result of their deliberations established a new science of mothercraft throughout the United Kingdom. The government is spending millions of dollars now to put maternity on a really efficient basis. And Mrs. Gordon, together with a great many other British women, knows more than she did before about the business of being a mother. In London last June, she lifted the mosquito netting from a cradle that stood before an open window to exhibit triumphantly the last Gordon baby. It was being "raised right," she proclaimed proudly. "All he's ever had to have of medicine in his life," she asserted, "has been two doses of castor-oil."

And Robbie Gordon, aged one year, certainly looked the picture of the successful child. He really is a winner. He brought his mother the gold sovereign prize in a recent London mothercraft competition. His first money came with his arrival when a grateful government presented Mrs. Gordon with a modest gift of thirty shillings.

A Great Campaign for Healthy Babies

UPON that same day, a like sum was awarded to no less than four thousand, five hundred other women throughout the country. It is the bonus arranged for by the National Insurance Act, to be paid on the birth of a baby to every family with an income of less than one hundred and sixty pounds a year. This is but one feature of the great campaign inaugurated for the conservation of the child. It had begun with the establishment of medical inspection in the public schools. The doctors who examined the children, found so many defects of eyes and ears and nose and teeth and throat: "We will do the best we can to correct these matters," they said. "But all of these things ought never to have been the matter. To have strong children, you must see about them long before they come to school. The way to begin, is with the babies." So then milk depots were tried, and health departments sent out to mothers most careful instructions about the modification of milk.

But after all, it was discovered that not bottle feeding, but breast feeding ought to be promoted. Many workingmen's wives were more than willing. Their social engagements didn't interfere. And mothers' milk was cheaper than buying cows' milk, anyhow. A few women who could, even kept children up to two years of age at the breast to save increasing the family food budget, and thereby frequently nursed themselves into tuberculosis. But more were found so undernourished themselves that they were not able to furnish nourishment for a baby. One of the real national dilemmas was appearing. It was a shortage in the supply of mothers' milk!

The doctor who had diagnosed the case of the Gordon baby, was among a group of medical men who went out after the statistics. Thirty per cent. of the deaths of children under one year of age, they reported, were to be traced to that one cause of maternal exhaustion. Then the way to begin with the babies was to begin with the mothers. And the government took immediate steps, as was announced in the House of Parliament, "for the improvement of the conditions of pregnancy and childbirth and infant rearing throughout the whole country."

Teaching Father His Proper Place

BONUSES of thirty shillings insure that there shall always be money in the house at the critical juncture to pay for some sort of care for mother and child. At the outset, some fathers made the mistake of thinking the money was meant as a reward of merit for them. And so often was it appropriated to purchase a new pair of trousers or to get Father's shoes out of pawn or even passed over the counter at the public house, that the next session of Parliament hastily amended the law. Mother gets the money now. Father can't even collect it for her without a special order signed with her name. It is looked upon by the Englishwomen of the working classes as a great luxury to be able to "lie up in bed" for a week, while another woman comes in to attend to your household and wait on you while you fold your hands and get strong. And if you shouldn't get strong, the government may not want you so much as even to wash your dishes. There is a pregnancy sickness benefit, by which you may receive, if your doctor certifies to your need of it, a sum of seven shillings and sixpence per week for a period of twenty-six weeks, while you are not supposed to lift a finger to any household labor. That's the way the new maternity is appreciated. And the birth of a baby now in England is important enough that the government takes note of it. By the Notification of Births Act, the new arrival must be reported within thirty-six hours at the health department of your borough.

About a week later a "Lady Health Visitor," is sent by the department to inquire if you're all right and how you're getting on. Out of her hand-bag she passes you a pamphlet of instructions on "How to Bring Up a Baby," the first paragraph of which says: "Keep your own health good. The health of your baby depends on your own." She tells you that any time you want her advice about the baby, she'll be glad to come, but that really to learn how, you should go to the School for Mothers. And she directs you to the nearest one.

It is an American woman, Mrs. Russell of London, formerly Mrs. Alys Pearsall Smith, of Philadelphia, a graduate of Bryn Mawr, who started these Schools for Mothers in England. She found them in Belgium, where they had reduced a high death rate of three hundred and twenty-four infants per thousand births to the astonishingly low rate of thirty-five in a thousand. With the aid of Dr. J. F. Sykes, the health officer for the borough of St. Pancras, the first School for Mothers in London, was established under the auspices of private philanthropy.

Now a national organization of which Miss Jeanette Halford is the secretary, is promoting the movement, and England has four hundred of these schools, many of them receiving municipal aid as in London, some of them, at least, like those in Bradford and Birmingham as entirely municipal institutions as are the public schools in the United States. Another American woman is widely known as a prominent patron of the work. The crested automobile of the Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt of New York, is a familiar sight in that smoky, murky London district called Somers Town, where the Gordons live. It was to the St. Pancras School for Mothers, of which she is the president, that the borough health visitor three years ago directed Mrs. Gordon, who found her way there in time to make ready for that last improved baby of the Gordon family.

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The school is located in Ampthill Square, which is a turning off the Hempstead Road. Its purpose is to afford a new outlook on life and new courage to battle with conditions that have overwhelmed mothers with despair. One penny a week is charged for membership at "The Welcome," as the school is known throughout St. Pancras borough. Then you can come for "hospitality," a cup of tea and a chat with the superintendent any afternoon. She finds out very quickly what is the help that you most need. Very likely you begin with the cooking class. Mrs. Gordon did. But wherever you begin, there is soon introduced casually in the course of instruction, a discussion of the cost of living. That's a subject that every woman in Somers Town thinks she knows something about. Oh, dear, if only her husband's wages might be raised to meet it! That, indeed, is beyond the province of the School for Mothers. But there is another way. It would be like a dream come true to find, say twenty-seven shillings in the pay envelope where twenty shillings had been before. Well, the dream does come true, when by careful purchasing and wise preparation of food, you know how to make that same old twenty shillings go seven shillings farther in value received than it ever has before.

Jimmie Gordon's wages, when his wife had learned to "lay them out" on "Welcome lines," went just about one-third farther than when they had been disbursed without system. The rule for the division of the income, as taught at the school, is as follows: rent, one-fifth; food and household articles one-half; clothing and repairs such as mending boots, one-fifth; reserve, one-tenth. With the reserve, you either "join insurance" or you start a bank account. It is specially desirable if possible, to put by at least a shilling a month in the bank. The great housewifely ambition inculcated at the School for Mothers, is the ownership of a sewing-machine. But you are specifically warned against the installment plan of purchase. You can get it for half that price if you wait until there is money in the bank to pay cash. You can even purchase a second-hand machine for perhaps ten shillings.

Mrs. Gordon's is a new one. Nothing less would match up with her new and improved baby and her improved home. The change in environment first made noticeable impression on Jimmie on a day that he would like to have put in red letters on the calendar. As he sat at supper, he stopped suddenly with knife and fork poised on the edge of the table. "Usually it's cannon balls," he ejaculated, "but them's real dumplings." And Mrs. Gordon sitting opposite, dimpled and flushed almost as prettily as in the days when Jimmie's pleasant compliments were not so rare. She knew something more than electric light globes now. Those dumplings were all her own handiwork.

The Making of a Good Housewife

THE "pudding lady" from the "Welcome" had looked on in smiling approval at the success of the undertaking. She is very ingenious, this lady. She can do the most wonderful things with a saucepan. She tells you how to spread a tea cloth on the table for your pastry, when you haven't a molding-board, and how to use a glass bottle for a rolling-pin. She goes out to market with you and makes certain that you know how to select the most nourishing "meat pieces" at little prices, and what vegetables to get for savory stews that cost only a sixpence. Mrs. Gordon's education at last surpassed all this knowledge. She had by heart the motto hung up at the school for the class in housewifery: "A good housewife is known by the cleanliness of her hearth, her doorstep, her scullery and her sink." Her little home of three rooms reflected that teaching. Her floors were swept every day and washed every week. The bed clothes were always aired and the windows were kept open at night. The fresh curtains were drawn back to admit the sunlight. They are casement curtains, because the school teaches that this kind last twice as long as hanging muslin curtains.

Then Mrs. Gordon joined another class. It was the class in prenatal instruction. Thirty women as they knitted baby vests were given simple directions about the care of themselves and the child that was coming. On Wednesday afternoons, they each made a deposit with the Provident Maternity Club. In this club the mothers lay by their money for four distinct purposes: (1) doctor or midwife; (2) baby clothes; (3) extra help during confinement; (4) extra nourishment. And to every shilling that they themselves save, the school adds threepence. The money may be drawn in advance for baby clothes. The materials for these, the school furnishes at wholesale prices while the sewing class is given instructions in the making of the garments. Mrs. Gordon got up her complete outfit including long gown, dress, flannel petticoats, vest, binders, and all the rest for the amazingly moderate sum of eight shillings and sixpence. It is such economies that count. Because of the thrift that she had learned, the Gordon family was well enough nourished now so that the baby on the way would not suffer from maternal exhaustion. If there had been danger of it, Mrs. Gordon would have been invited at noon to the long table in the school dining-room where a warm dinner may be had by nursing or expectant mothers. Those with eight or ten children, even after all the thrift that they can learn, it has been found, are usually too insufficiently fed to bear healthy babies or to nurse them. The scanty meals that a workingman's wage affords, simply cannot be made to go round that size family. Father must have his dinner anyhow. The one to go without is always Mother. The cheapest way to feed the baby, it has been found, is to feed her. That is why the School for Mothers undertakes it.

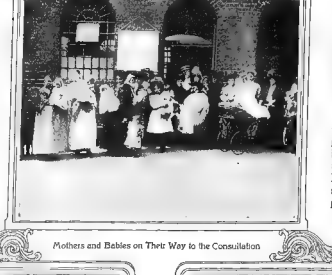
By the time that her new baby arrived, Mrs Gordon had already received a good deal of information about his care. She knew the primary precepts so that she could say them like the multiplication table: that you feed a baby punctually by the clock and not whenever it cries; that you must under no circumstances give a child less than six months old, fried fish, suet, pickles, winkles, or tea; that you should never rock the baby; that he will not thrive without a daily outing, which is equally necessary for a nursing mother; that he should live in clean, airy rooms; that the "comforter" is absolutely prohibited, because the constant exercise of the mouth muscles on it alters the shape of the air passages and causes adenoids.

The evidence of the application of these principles all appears at the baby clinic. The proof of Mrs. Gordon's mothercraft, as of every other woman's, is the baby. Once a fortnight, she takes him to the clinic at the school for a "consultation." There are three hundred babies registered at St. Pancras. On his arrival the baby is undressed. A nurse wraps him in a little red cape and places him on the scales, while the mother anxiously watches the indicator. It will register along with the baby's weight, her own efficiency. Just once Robbie Gordon weighed in at five ounces under standard, and overcome with the disgrace of it, his humiliated mother recalled that on Tuesday little Mary quite against the rules, had fed him ice-cream. Nothing like that has happened since.

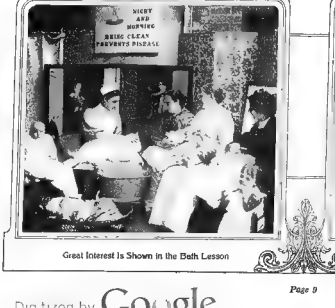
Each month has found him up to scale, gaining from six to eight ounces a week for the first six months and afterward from four to six ounces a week. That was what helped to make him the prize baby in the mothercraft competition of all the London schools. There are less skilled or perhaps the well-nourished mothers who can't show such results. It may be that their milk is giving out so that the baby isn't getting enough to eat. That must be determined by the "test meal." The mother is instructed to feed the baby at home at, say, twelve o'clock. Exactly two hours later, with the baby's stomach quite empty, she will arrive at the consultation, bringing him to be put on the scales and weighed. Under the observation of the nurse, she then feeds him again the test meal and he is once more weighed. If he weighs too little, the mother is invited to the school dinners. But if the indicator shows an increase of two ounces, he has had two ounces of milk, which is exactly right for a meal, and there must be looked for some other cause for his unsatisfactory condition, which the clinic records.

When the weight isn't increasing regularly, the doctor shakes her head. She feels of the baby's stomach, rolls him over in the hollow of her hand, the while he is usually yelling lustily. Does the mother put on his binder too tight, she inquires. Is she bathing him regularly? How about his diet? When he's old enough to be a weaned baby, there are simple foods like barley water and arrow-root that are good. Does the mother know how to prepare them? That thrush on the tongue must be treated by wiping out the mouth several times a day with cotton wool dipped in borax and honey.

Last the mother might lack the training to understand these or more complicated instructions, the school will send a nurse to help her apply them. On this visit to the home, the nurse gathers data for the case sheet. This is the history card kept for every baby registered at the school. It tells everything that has ever happened to the child and all that is known of the family. It shows among other facts how many children there are in the Gordon family and their ages; that two Gordon babies died before their mother learned how; what is the father's occupation and wages; what is the rent paid and how many rooms there are with how many windows. As the months go on, the details increase. Read on Robbie's card that on "April 3, 1914, Mary Gordon aged ten was operated on at the hospital for adenoids; May 10, the three older children had chicken-pox. Tommy is nearly well. Jimmie had it lightly. Mary is poorly and restless. The baby is escaping; July 7, Mrs. Gordon has bought a cot for Mary." Every one of these entries and others like them, are illuminating.



Mothers and Babies on Their Way to the Consultation



Great Interest is Shown in the Bath Lesson

Weighing Baby after the Test Meal

A School for Mothers and the Result

SOME interesting statistics have been gathered by the Birmingham School. The average weight at one year of age for babies entered there in 1911 was 16.75 pounds. By the year 1913 the average for the babies registered had risen to 19.75 pounds. What the mother who has had first aid, is able in turn to do for her baby was exhibited at the mothercraft competition in which thirty London schools engaged. Robbie Gordon was the best baby entered. There were also interesting class competitions. All the London newspapers commented on the extraordinary ingenuity shown in the sewing competition. The first prize went to a Fulham mother for a child's coat made from an old gray skirt. The material had been steamed and pressed. It was trimmed with "revived" green velvet from an old hat, and the lining was silk from a second-hand dress bought for twopence at a jumble sale. The cookery test was the preparation of a shilling dinner for a family of five.

England's schools for mothers are doing very well. But this rearing of the children isn't solely Mother's business after all. Now the schools are cautiously reaching out for Father. There's room for improvement in his education. He's getting keen about that chart card containing the baby's record, that Mother keeps in the bureau drawer. And don't the babies love a baby daddy! When he hurries home from work to inquire eagerly what the baby weighs this week. On the strength of this interest, Fathers' Evenings have been begun at the Mothers' Schools. One has a Fathers' Bureau, which is announced as "a register for investigation, advice and recommendation." Gradually Father is developing a new sense of responsibility about his offspring. That cradle in which the Gordon baby sleeps before the open window, Jimmie Gordon himself made from a banana crate and lined it with muslin and fitted it with a mattress stuffed with bran, all at a cost of just eight pence. In the last mothercraft competition, a special class was arranged and fathers were offered a prize for "a contrivance for the benefit of mother or child, not to cost more than five shillings."

The first prize went to a fireguard and made at a cost of one shilling a baby's larder with a sloping zinc roof, a movable shelf, and a muslin cover for the milk jug. The second prize was awarded for a baby's chair made from a margarin box and a broom handle at a cost of tenpence.

What the Schools for Mothers are primarily aiming at is, of course, the conservation of the child. They brought to the Chancellor of the Exchequer the mortality statistics for the year 1914 and he found that these had declined from a former average of one hundred and fifty-five deaths per thousand babies born, to the much lower average of ninety per thousand. The way to keep babies alive and rising in weight, it is clear, is to get families rising in the standard of living. The housewifery that helps, can come too early. Brides' classes to which bridegrooms are also invited, are being organized in some of the schools and the Swansea school in Wales has summoned school girls of from twelve to fourteen to a class for "apprentice mothers." When Mrs. Gordon registered at "The Welcome" in 1912, she was listed on the books in "Class A—Family in poverty," by which is indicated that they were without the necessaries for physical efficiency. In 1913 they wrote her on the books out of Class A into "Class B—Family above the poverty line." Babies belonging to Class A, it is interesting to note, average in weight at twelve months seventeen pounds fifteen and one-half ounces as compared with the eighteen pounds thirteen and three-quarters ounces recorded as the average for babies from families of Class B. Robbie Gordon last Summer tipped the scales at twenty-two pounds, which was five pounds more than any previous Gordon one-year-old. That's how skilled motherhood counts.

Now what may not the baby weigh when Father, too, gets all the training that's coming to him?

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THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE

Third Instalment of the Great American Novel

By Kathleen Norris

Author of "Mother," "Saturday's Child," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL FOSTER

"'Well, I Declare! I Hadn't Heard a Word of It—Lots of Trouble, but You Know All That! Yes, I Love Children Myself. Used to Be the Most Devoted Mother Alive, Putting 'Em to Bed and All That. Yes, Indeed!'"

THE hideous suddenness of Jim's question "Was it Mark?" struck Julia like a bodily blow; she stood as if she had been turned to ice. A great weight seemed to seize her limbs, a sickening vertigo attacked her. She had a suffocating sense that time was passing, that ages were going by in that bright, glaring room with the sea air coming in a shuttered window, and the two beds, with their smooth white pillows, so neatly turned down. Still she could not speak, not yet——

"Yes, it was Mark," she said tonelessly and gently, after a long silence. "I thought you knew."

"Oh, my God!" Jim said, choking. He flung his hands madly in the air and got on his feet. Then as if ashamed through all the boiling surge of his emotions, at this loss of control, he rammed his hands into the pockets of his light overcoat and began to pace the room. "You—you—you!" he said, in a sort of wail, and in another moment, muttering some incoherency about air, he had snatched up his cap and was gone again.

Julia slowly crossed the room and sat down on her bed. She felt as a person who had swallowed a dose of poison might feel; agonies were soon to begin that would drive the life from her body, but she could not feel them yet. Instead she felt tired,—tired beyond all bearing, and the lights hurt her eyes. She slipped her kimono from her, stepped out of her slippers, and plunged the room into utter darkness. Like a tired child she crept into bed, and with a great sigh dropped her head on the pillow.

She had thought the old dim horror over and done with. Now she knew it never would be that; now she knew there was no escape. The happy little castle she had built for herself fell about her like a house of cards; she was dishonored, she was abased, she was powerless. In telling Jim her whole history, on that terrible night at the settlement house, she had flung down her arms; there was no new extenuating fact to add to the story, it was all stale and unchangeable, it must stand before their eyes forever, a hideous fact. And it seemed to Julia, tossing restlessly in the dark, that a thousand sleeping menaces rose now to terrify her. Perhaps Hannah Palmer knew! Julia's breath stopped, her whole body shook with terror. And if Hannah, why not others? A letter of Mark's to some one—to any one—might be in existence now, waiting its hour to appear and to disgrace her, and Jim, and all who loved them!

And was it for this, she asked herself bitterly, that she had so risen from the past, so studied and struggled and aspired? Had she been mad all these years to forget the danger in which she stood, to imagine that she had buried her tragedy too deep for discovery? Had she been mad to marry Jim, her dear, sweet, protecting old Jim, who was always so good to her——

But at the thought of him and of her bitter need of him in this desolate hour, Julia fell to violent crying, and after her tears she drifted into a deep sleep, her lashes wet, and her breast occasionally rising with a sharp sigh as a child's might.

WHEN she awakened, dawn was breaking, the level waste of the sea was pearl color and rose under a slowly rising mist. Julia bathed and dressed and went out to the deck, where, with a great plaid wrapper about her, she might watch the miracle of the birth of day. And as the warming rays of the sun enveloped her and the newly-washed decks dried under its touch, and as signs of life began to be heard all about, slamming doors and gay greetings, laughter and the crisp echoes of feet, hope and self-confidence crept again into her heart. She was young, after all, and pretty and Jim's very agony of jealousy only proved that he loved her. She had never deceived him, he could not accuse her of one second's weakness there. He had only had a sudden, terrible revelation of the truth he had known so long; it could not affect him permanently——

"Going down?" said a voice gaily.

Julia turned to smile upon a group of cheerful acquaintances.

"Thinking about it," she smiled.

"Where's Himself?" somebody asked.

"Still asleep—the lazybones!" Julia answered calmly. They all went down-stairs together, and Julia was perhaps a little ashamed to find the odors of coffee and bacon delightful, and to thoroughly enjoy her early breakfast.

Afterward she went straight to her room; not at all surprised to find Jim there, flung, dressed as he was, across his bed and breathing heavily. Julia studied him for a moment in silence. Then she set about the somewhat difficult task of rousing him, quite her capable wifely little self when there was something she could do for him.

"Jim! You'll have to get these damp things off, dear! Come, Jim, you can't sleep this way—wake up. Jim!"

Drowsily, heavily, he consented to be partially undressed, and covered with a warm rug. Julia grew quite breathless over her exertion; she tucked him in carefully.

"I'm going to tell the chambermaid not to come in until I ring, Jim. But shall I send you in a cup of coffee?"

"Huh!" Jim said, already asleep.

"Do you want some coffee, Jim?"

"No—no coffee!"

Julia tiptoed about the room a moment more, took her little sewing-basket and a new magazine, and giving a departing look at her husband, found his eyes wide open and watching her. Instantly a rush of tears pressed behind her eyelids and she felt herself grow weak and confused.

"Thank you for fixing me up so nicely, darling," Jim said meekly.

"Oh, you're welcome!" Julia answered, with a desperate effort to appear calm.

"Will you kiss me, Julie?" Jim pursued, and a second later she was on her knees beside him, their arms were locked together, and their lips met as if they had never kissed each other before.

"You little angel," Jim said, "what a beast I am! As if life hadn't been hard enough for you without my adding to it! Oh, but what a night I've had! And you'll forgive me, won't you, sweetheart, for I love you so!"

Julia put her face down and cried stormily, her wet face pressed against his, his arms holding her close. After a while, when the sobs lessened, they began to talk together and then laugh together in the exquisite relief of being reconciled. Then Jim went to sleep and Julia sat beside him, his hand in hers, her eyes idly following the play of broken bright lights that quivered on the wall.

"And life isn't easy and gay, say what you will," thought Julia, philosophically. "There is no use grumbling and groaning, and saying to yourself, 'Oh, if only it wasn't just this or that thing worrying me!' for there is always this or that. Kennedy and Bab think I am the most fortunate girl in the world and yet, to be able to go back ten years, and live a few weeks over again, I'd give up everything I have—even Jim. Just to start *square!* Just to feel that wretched thing wasn't there like a layer of mud under everything I do, making it a farce for me to talk of uplifting girls by settlement work, as people are eternally making me talk! Or if only every one *knew* it, it would be easier, for then I would feel at least that I stood on my own feet! But now of course that's impossible on Jim's account. What a horrible scandal it would be, what a horrible thing it *is*, that any girl can cloud her own life in this way!

"Well, society is very queer, civilization hasn't gotten very far,—sometimes I think virtue is a good deal of an accident, and that people take themselves pretty seriously!"

And so musing, Julia dozed and wakened, and dozed again. But in her heart had been sowed the seed that was never to be uprooted—the little seed of doubt. Doubt of the social structure, doubt of its grave authorities, its awe-inspired interpreters. What were the mummers all so busy about and how little their mummery mattered! This shall be permitted, this shall not be permitted; what is in your heart and brain concerns us not at all; where your soul spends its solitudes is not our affair—so that you keep a certain surface smoothness, so that you dress and talk and spend as we bid you, you, for such time as we please, shall be one of us!

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Nevertheless, the young Studdifords, shortly after their return to San Francisco, entered heartily upon the social joys of the hour. Barbara had been waiting only their arrival to demurely announce her engagement, and Julia's delight immediately took the form of dinners, and theater parties for the handsome Miss Toland and her fiancé. A new and softened sweetness marked Barbara in these days; she was more gentle, and more charming than she had ever been before. Captain Edward Francis Humphry Gunther Fox was an officer in the English army, a blond, silent man of forty, with kind eyes and a delightfully modulated voice. He had a comfortable private income, a "place" in Oxfordshire, and an older sister who had married a lord, so that his credentials were unexceptionable, and Mrs. Toland was nearly as happy as her daughter was.

"It's curious," said Barbara to Julia, in one of their first hours alone, "but there *is* a distinction and an excitement about getting engaged, and you enjoy it just as much at thirty as at twenty—perhaps more. People—or persons, as Francis says—who have never paid me any attention before, are flocking to the front now with presents and good wishes, and some who never have seen Captain Fox congratulate me—it amounts to congratulation—as if *any* marriage were better than none!"

"Well, there is a something about marriage," Julia admitted, "you may not have any reason for feeling so, but you *do* feel superior, way down in your secret heart! And yet, Babbie," and a little shadow darkened her bright face, "and yet, once you *are* married, you see a sort of—well, a sort of uncompromising brightness about girlhood, too! When I go out to the 'Alexander' now, and remember my old busy days there, and walking to chapel with Aunt Sanna in the fresh, early mornings—I don't know—it makes me almost a little sad!"

"Don't speak of it," said Barbara. "When I think of leaving Dad and home, and going off to England, and having to make friends of awful women with high cheekbones and mats of crimps coming down to their eyebrows, it scares me to death!"

And both girls laughed gaily. They were having tea in Julia's drawing-room, on a cold bright afternoon in May.

AFTER Barbara's wedding, the Studdifords went to San Mateo and Julia, who had taken herself seriously in hand, entered upon the social life of the Summer with a perfectly simulated zest. She rode and drove, played golf and tennis and polo, gossiped and spent hours at bridge; she went tirelessly from luncheon to tea, from dinner to supper party and when Jim was detained in town, she went without him; a little piece of self-reliance that pleased him very much. If Society was not extremely popular with Julia, Julia was very popular with Society; her demure beauty made her conspicuous wherever she went.

San Mateo, frankly, bored her, although she could not but admire the beautiful old place, the lovely homes set in enchanting old gardens, the lawns and drives stretching under an endless vista of superb oaks. There, alone with Jim, in a little cottage—ah, there would have been nothing boring about that!

"Happy?" Jim said to his wife one day, when Julia, looking the picture of happiness, had come down-stairs to join him for some expedition.

"Happy 'nuff," Julia said, with her grave smile. She took the deep wicker chair next him, on the porch, and sat looking down the curve of the drive to the roadway beyond a screen of trees. "Heavenly afternoon," she said. "Just what are we doing?"

"Well, as near as I got it from Greg," Jim informed her a little uncertainly, "we go first to his place and then split up into about three cars there; Mrs. Peter and Mrs. Billings will take the cook, Peter will have a whole hamper of cocktails and things, and we go up to the ridge for a sort of English Nursery Tea, I think——"

"Doing it all ourselves," Julia suggested, brightening.

"Well, practically. Although Greg's cook is going along, and a couple of maids in the Peters's car. They're going to troll trout or something; anyway I know Greg has been having fits about seeing that enough plates go, and so on. I know Paula Billings is taking something frozen——"

"Oh, Lord, what a fuss and what a mess!" Julia said, ungratefully.

"Well, you know how the Peters always do things. And then, after tea, if this glorious weather holds, we'll send the maids and the hampers home, and all go on down to Fernand's——"

"Fernand's! Forty miles, Jim?"

"Oh, why not? If we're having a good time?"

"Well, I hope Peter Vane and Alan Gregory keep sober, that's all!" Julia said. "The ride will be lovely, and it's a wonderful day. But Minna Vane always bores me so!"

"Why, you little cat!" Jim laughed, catching her hand as it hung loose over the arm of her chair.

"They've no brains," complained Julia seriously. "They were born doing this sort of thing; they think they like it! buying—buying—buying—eating—dancing—rushing—rushing—rushing—it's no life at all! I'd rather pack a heavy basket, and lug it over a hot hill and carry the water half a mile, when I picnic, instead of rolling a few miles in a motor-car, and then sitting on a nice camp-chair, and having a maid pass me salads and ices and toast and broiled trout!"

"Well, if you would, I wouldn't!" Jim said good-naturedly.

"I wasn't born to this," Julia added, thoughtfully. "My life has always been full of real things, perhaps that's the trouble. I think of all the things that aren't going right in the world, and I can't just turn my back on them, like a child—I get thinking of poor little clerks whose wives have consumption——"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" Jim protested frowningly, biting the end from his cigar with a clip of firm white teeth.

In the First Instalment: Where Julia Breaks Away from Home Ties

THE STORY

Julia Page is brought up in sordid surroundings. She and her mother, vulgar and shiftless, live in rooms over a saloon. Julia is very pretty but overdresses in tawdry finery. She has a devoted admirer, Mark Rotenthal, who continually begs her to marry him. Julia refuses, but continues to receive his attentions. Julia plays in a society amateur theatrical show and meets the wealthy Tolands. Overhearing some disparaging remarks, she awakens to the sordidness of her life. Disgusted, she takes a ride and chances to get off near the "Alexander Toland Neighborhood House." Julia becomes Miss Toland's assistant, and later meets Dr. James Studdiford. He falls in love with Julia who has greatly improved under several years of settlement work. When Mark realizes that Julia likes Dr. Studdiford, he commits suicide. Shortly after Julia and Dr. Studdiford become engaged, Julia confesses to him a youthful love-affair, withholding the man's name. Dr. Studdiford, however, declares it does not matter and they marry. After their marriage they meet Mark's sister on shipboard. Jealousy preys on Dr. Studdiford and in an overwrought moment he asks Julia if Mark was the man.

In the Second Instalment: Where Julia First Meets Her Future Husband

"It isn't as if I had never been poor," Julia pursued, uncertainly, "I know that there are times when a new gown or a paid bill actually would affect a girl's whole life! I think of those poor little girls at St. Anne's——"

"I would like to suggest," Jim said, incisively, "that the less you let your mind run on those little girls from St. Anne's, the better for you! If you have no consideration for my feelings in this matter, Julie, for your own I should think you would consider such topics absolutely—well, absolutely in poor taste!"

Silence. Jim puffed on his cigar. Julia sat without stirring, feeling that every drop of blood in her body had rushed to her head. The muscles of her temples and throat ached, her eyes saw only a green and gold dazzle, her wet little hands gripped the arms of her chair.

"It is all very well to criticize these people," pursued Jim, sententiously, after a long silence, "although they have all been kindness and graciousness itself to you! They may be shallow, they may be silly, I don't hold any brief for Minna Vane and Paula Billings. But I know that Minna is on the Hospital Board and Paula a mighty kind-hearted, good little woman, and they don't sit around pulling long faces, and wishing they were living south of Market Street!"

JULIA sat perfectly still. She could not have battled with the lump in her throat if life had depended upon her speaking. She felt her chest strain with a terrible rush of sobbing, but she held herself stiffly, and only prayed that her tears might be kept back until she was alone.

She felt a hypocrite when they joined the others a little later. And through the jolly afternoon and noisy evening she found herself watching her husband, when she could do so unobserved, with gravely analytical eyes. No barbed sentence of his could long affect her, for Julia had pondered and prayed too long over this matter to find any fresh distress in a reminder of it. Her natural simple honesty very soon adjusted the outraged sensibilities. But Jim could hurt himself with his wife, and this afternoon he had done so. Unconsciously Julia said to herself, over and over, "Oh, he should not have said that! That was not kind!"

And so the Summer drifted by, filled with idle teas and busy dances. And bit by bit some of the aching left Julia's soul and some of the wistfulness left her face—bit by bit some of her ideals of married life were forgotten. Because Julia now had Ellie to dress and undress her and because Jim was usually dressed and gone before she was up in the morning, Julia had a room to herself, now. She would have much preferred to breakfast with her lord and master, but Jim himself forbade it.

Then Winter came and with the opening of her second season in San Francisco's most exclusive social set, Julia had attempted to analyze the whole situation, honestly putting her prejudices on one side, and attempting to get her husband's point of view. It was the harder because she had hoped to be to Jim just what Kennedy Marbury was to Anthony, united by a thousand needs little and big, by the memory of a thousand little comedies and tragedies. Kennedy, who worried about bills and who dreaded the coming of the new baby, could stop making a pie to administer punishment and a lecture to her oldest son, stop again to answer the telephone, stop again to kiss her daughter's little bumped nose, and yet find in her tired soul and body enough love and energy to put a pastry "A, M." on the top of her pie, to amuse the head of the house when he should eat into it that night.

But this mixture of the ridiculous and the sublime was not for Julia. And just as Kennedy had adjusted herself to the life of a poor man's wife, so Julia must adjust herself to her own so different destiny.

And adjust herself she did. Nobody dreamed of the thoughts that went on behind the beautiful blue eyes, nobody found little Mrs. Studdiford anything but charming. With that steadfast, serious resolution that had marked her all her life, Julia set herself to the study of gowns, of dinners, of small talk. She kept a slim little brown Social Register on her dressing-table, and pored over it at odd moments; she listened attentively to the chatter that went on all about her. She drew infinitely less satisfaction from the physical evidences of her success—her beauty, her wealth, her handsome husband, and her popularity—than any one of the women who envied her might have done, yet she did draw some satisfaction, loved her pretty gowns, the freedom of bared white arms and shoulders, the atmosphere of perfumed drawing-rooms, and glittering, dinner-tables.

She wrote long letters to Barbara, was a devoted godmother to Theodora Carleton's tiny son, loved to have Miss Toland with her for an occasional visit, and perhaps once a month went over to Sausalito, to spoil the old doctor with her affectionate attentions, hold long conferences with the girls' mother on the subject of their love-affairs, and fall into deep talks with Richie. These were perhaps the happiest talks in her life—for Richie, whose mind and body had undergone for long years the exquisite discipline of pain, was delightfully unexpected in his views, and his whole lean, ungainly frame vibrated with the eager joy of expressing them.

PERHAPS once a month, too, Julia went to see her own mother; calls which always left her definitely depressed. Emeline was becoming more and more crippled with rheumatism, the old grandmother was now the more brisk of the two. May's two younger girls, Muriel and Geraldine, were living there now, as Marguerite and Evelyn had done; awkward, heavy-faced girls who attended the high school. Julia's astonishing rise in life had necessarily affected her relatives, but much less, she realized in utter sickness of spirit, than might have been imagined. She and Jim were paying for the schooling of May's two boys, and a substantial check, sent to her mother monthly, supposedly covered the main expenses of the entire household.

Julia's mother, Emeline, still lived with her old mother and was more comfortable hugging the dirty kitchen stove than she would have been in Julia's palatial home on Pacific Avenue. Julia came to realize that her own presence in that home and her efforts to pull the family above the dirt and grime were of no avail. So she continued to pay the bills and keep away.

Of all the family, Evelyn alone was the one who had managed to rise above the squalid surroundings. She had made great success of her dressmaking and was now head fitter in the most fashionable shop on the coast.

"They all give me a great big pain!" Evelyn said one day frankly, when Julia was at Madame Carroll's for a fitting, and the cousins—one standing in her French hat and exquisite underlinen, and the other kneeling, her gown severely black, big scissors and pins and a pincushion dangling at her breast—were discussing the family. "Gran'ma isn't so bad, because she's old, but Aunt Emeline and Mama have a right to get next to themselves! Mama had a fit because I wouldn't take a flat over here, and have her and Regina with me. Well, I could do it perfectly well, it isn't the money!" Evelyn stood up; took seven pins separately and rapidly from her mouth, and inserted them in the fussy lining that dangled about Julia's arm. "You want this tight, but not too tight, don't you, Julie?" said she. "That can come in a little still. No—" she resumed aggrievedly, "but I board at a nice place, the Lancasters, the people that keep it are just lovely—Mrs. Lancaster is so motherly and the girls are so jolly; my wash costs me a dollar a week, I belong to the library, I've got a lovely room, I go to the theater when I want to, I buy the clothes I like, and why should I worry? I know the way Mama keeps house, and I've had enough of it!"

"It's awfully hard," Julia mused. "Marguerite's just doing the same thing over again. It's just discouraging!"

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"Well, you got out of it, and I got out of it," Evelyn said briskly, "and they call it our luck! Luck—there ain't any such thing," she went on indignantly. "I'm going to New York for Madame next year,—*me*, to New York, if you please, and stay at a good hotel and put more than twenty thousand dollars into materials and imported wraps and scarfs and so on—is there any luck to that? There's ten years' slavery, that's what there is! How do you suppose you'd have married Jim Studdiford if you hadn't kept yourself a little above the crowd, and worked away at the settlement house for years and years?" she demanded.

"Well, it's true," Julia said sighing. She looked with real admiration at Evelyn. "I must be going. Good night."

Julia always left Evelyn with a certain warmth in her heart. It was good to come in contact now and then with such self-confidence, such capability, such well-earned prosperity. "I could almost envy Evelyn," thought Julia, spinning home in the twilight.

The Studdifords, with some four hundred other San Francisco society folk, regarded the Browning dances as quite the most important of the Winter's social affairs and Julia, who thoroughly liked the host and the brilliant assembly, really enjoyed them more than the smaller and more select affairs. The Brownings were a beloved and revered institution, very few new faces appeared there from year to year, except the very choice of the annual crop of débutantes. Little Mrs. Studdiford had made a sensation when she first came, at her handsome husband's side a year ago, her dazzling prettiness set off by the simplest of milk-white Paris gowns, her wonderful crown of hair wound about with pearls. Now she was a real favorite and at the January ball, in her second Winter in society, a score of admirers assured her that her gown was the prettiest in the room.

"That pleases you, doesn't it, Jim?" she smiled, as he put her into a red velvet armchair, at the end of the long ballroom, and dropped into a chair beside her.

"Well, it's true," Jim assured her, "and what's more, you're the most beautiful woman in the room, too!"

"Oh, Jeemy—what a story! But go get your dances, dear, if we're not going to stay for supper. Here's Mrs. Thayer to amuse me," said Julia, as a magnificent old woman came toward her with a smile.

"Not dancing, dear?" said the dowager, as she sank heavily into the seat Jim left. "Why'n't you dancing with the other girls? I—" she panted and fanned, idly scanning the room. "I tell Browning I don't know how he gets the men!" she added. "Lots of 'em—supper brings 'em, probably! Why'n't you dancing, dear?"

"She's implying that her ankle was sprained," Jim grinned, departing. Julia dimpled. The dowager brought an approving eye to bear upon her.

"Well—well, you don't say so! Now that's very nice indeed," she said comfortably. "Well, I declare! I hadn't heard a word of it—and you're glad, of course?"

"Oh, very glad!" Julia assured her, coloring.

"That's nice, too!" Mrs. Thayer rumbled on, her eyes beginning again to rove the room. "Fuss, of course, and lots of trouble, but you know all that! Yes, I love children myself, used to be the most devoted mother alive, puttin' 'em to bed, and all that. Yes, indeed!"

"Have you heard about Mason Gerald and Paula Billings—oh, haven't you?" a Miss Saunders, who had strolled up to them, asked. "Not about the car breaking down, haven't you? Well, my dear——"

JULIA lost the story, and sat watching the room, a vague little smile curving her lips, her blue eyes moving idly to and fro. She saw Mrs. Toland come in, with her two lovely daughters. Julia had had tea with them that afternoon at the hotel where they would spend the night. The orchestra was silent just now, and the dancers were drifting about the room, a great brilliant circle. Some of the men were clapping their hands, all of them were laughing as they bent their sleek heads toward their partners, and all the girls were laughing too, and talking animatedly as they raised wide-open eyes.

"I wonder if I will be doing this twenty years from now," thought Julia. "I wonder if my daughter will come to the Brownings, then?"

". . . which I call disgraceful, don't you, Mrs. Studdiford?" asked Miss Saunders suddenly.

"I beg your pardon!" Julia said, startled into attention. "I didn't hear you!"

"I know you didn't," the other said laughing. "Nevertheless it was a low trick," she added, to Mrs. Thayer, "and Lelia Orvis can wait a long time before she makes peace with me! Charity's all very well, but when it comes to palming off girls like that upon your friends, it's just a little too *much!*"

"How's it happen ye didn't ask the girl for any references, me dear?" asked Mrs. Thayer.

"Because Lelia told me she knew all about her!" snapped Miss Saunders.

"What was she, a waitress?" Julia asked, amused.

"No, she was nothing!" Miss Saunders said in high scorn. "She'd had no training whatever—not that I mind *that*. She was simply supposed to help with the pantry work and make herself generally useful. Well, one day Carrie, a maid Mother's had for *years*, told Mother that from something this Ada had said she fancied Ada had been in some sort of reform school—imagine! Of course poor Mother collapsed, and Emily telephoned for me—the kid always rises to an emergency, I will say that. So I rushed home and got the whole story out of Ada in five minutes. At first she cried a good deal and pretended it was an orphans' home; orphans' home—ha! Finally I scared her into admitting that it was a place just for girls of her sort——"

"Fancy!" said Mrs. Thayer, fanning. Julia had grown a little pale.

"What did you do, Miss Saunders?" said she.

"Do—I sent her packing, of course!" said that lady, smiling as she bowed to an acquaintance across the large room.

"I wonder where she did go?" pursued Julia.

"I really have no idea!" Miss Saunders said.

"You may be sure she knew just where to go, a creature like that!" old Mrs. Thayer said wisely. "How de do, Peter; Auntie here?" she called to a smiling man who went by.

"Oh, she wouldn't go utterly bad," Julia protested. "You can't tell, she may have been decent for years. It may have been years ago——"

"Still, my dear," old Mrs. Thayer said comfortably, "a person doesn't like the idea—you can't overlook that——"

THE VERDICT ON "JULIA PAGE"

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"Of course it's too bad," Miss Saunders added briskly, "and it's a great pity, and things ought to be different from what they are, and all *that*—but at the same time you couldn't have a girl like that in the house, now could you?"

"Oh, yes, I could!" said Julia, scarlet-cheeked. "I was just thinking how glad I would be to give her a trial!"

She stopped because Jim, very handsome in evening dress, and with his pretty partner beside him, had come up to them.

"Tired, dear?" Jim said, smiling approval of the little figure in white lace, and the earnest eyes under loosened bright hair.

"Just about time you came up, Jim!" Ella Saunders said cheerfully. "Here's your wife championing the cause of unfortunate girls—*she* wouldn't care what they'd done, she'd take them right into her home!"

"And very sweet and nice of her," Mrs. Thayer observed, with a consolatory pat on Julia's arm, "only it isn't quite practical, me dear—is it, Jim?"

"Julia'd like to take in every cat and dog and beggar and newsboy she sees," said Jim, with his bright smile. But Julia knew he was not pleased.

"Do you want to come speak to Mother and the girls, dear, before I take you home?" he added, offering his arm. Julia stood up and said her good nights, and crossed the room a slender and most captivating little figure, at his side. It was not until she was bundled into furs and in the motor-car that she could say, with an appealing hand on his arm:

"Don't blame me, Jimmy. I didn't start that topic. Miss Saunders happened to tell of a poor girl who——"

"I don't care to discuss it," Jim said, removing her hand by the faintest gesture of withdrawing.

Julia sighed and was silent. The limousine ran smoothly past one lighted corner after another; turned into Van Ness Avenue. After a while she said, a little indignation burning through her quiet tone:

"I've said I was not responsible for the conversation, Jim. And it seems to me merely childish in you to let a casual remark affect you in this way!"

"All right then, I'm childish!" Jim said grimly, folding his arms as he leaned back in his seat.

Julia sighed again. Presently Jim burst out:

"I'm affected by a casual remark, yes—I admit it. But, my God, doesn't it mean anything to you that I have my pride, that when I think of my wife I want to feel that she is more perfect in every way—in *every* way—than all the other women in the world!" He stopped, breathing hard, and resumed a little less violently, "All I ask is, Julia, that you let such subjects *alone*. You're not called upon to defend such girls! Surely that's not too much to ask!"

Julia did not answer; she sat silent and sick. And as Jim did not speak again, except to mutter "My God!" once or twice, they reached the house in silence, and separated with a brief "Good night." Ellie was waiting for Julia, eager to hear what Miss Jane wore and Miss Constance wore and how "Miss Teddy" looked.

"I am absolutely *done*, Ellie," said the mistress, when the filmy lace gown was back in its box, and she was comfortably settled on her pillows, "so don't come in until I ring."

"And I hope you'll get a long sleep," Ellie said approvingly. "You've got to take care of yourself, now!"

Julia's little daughter was born on a June day, in the lovely Rose Valley house the Studdifords had taken for the Summer. They had moved into the house in April, because Julia's hopes made a later move unwise and, delighted to get into the sweet green country so early in the year, and to have the best of excuses for leading the quiet life she loved, she bloomed like a rose. She was in splendid health, and in continual good spirits; her exultant confidence indeed lasted until the very day of the baby's birth.

THE day was late and the pretty nurse, Miss Wheaton, had been in the house for nearly two weeks before Julia herself came to her door, in the first pearl dawning to say, still laughingly, that the hour had come. A swift, well-ordered period of excitement ensued; the maids were silent, awed, efficient; Miss Wheaton authoritative, crisp, ready with technical terms, and Jim as nervous and upset as if he were absolutely ignorant of all things physiological, utterly dependent upon the skill and knowledge of the nurse, humbly obedient to her will. The telephone rang and rang. Julia, the center of this whole thrilling drama, wandered about in her great plum-colored silk dressing-gown, commenting cheerfully enough upon the various rapid changes that were being made in her room.

She picked up the little pink blanket that had been hung upon a white-enameled clothes-horse by the fire, and pressed it to her cheek. But now and then she stopped walking and put her hand out toward the back of a chair as if she needed support, and then an expression crossed her face that made Jim's soul sicken within him; an expression of fear and wonderment and childish surprise.

A little later, Julia opened her eyes, looked up into the nurse's face. And with returning consciousness came self-pity.

"I couldn't do it, Miss Wheaton," she whispered pitifully, with trembling lips.

"Hello, little girlie, you're beginning to feel better, aren't you?" Miss Wheaton said. "Here she is, doctor, as fine as silk."

Julia's languid eyes found the doctor's kindly face.

"But the baby?" she faltered, with a rush of tears.

"The baby is a very noisy young woman," said Dr. Lippincott, cheerfully. "I wrapped her in her pink thingumajig, and she's right here in Jim's room, getting her first bath from her granny."

"Really?" Julia whispered. "You wouldn't—fool me?"

"Listen to her!" Miss Wheaton said. "Now, my dear, don't you be nervous. You've got a perfectly lovely little girl, and you've come through *splendidly*, and everything's fine. If you want to go look at that baby, doctor," she added, "ask Dr. Studdiford to send Ellie in here to me and we'll straighten this all out. Then we can let him in here to see this young lady!"

Presently Jim came in to kneel beside Julia's bed, and gather her little limp hands to his lips, and murmur incoherent praise of his brave girl, his darling little mother, his little old sweetheart, dearer than a thousand babies. Julia heard him dreamily, raised languid eyes, and after a little while stroked his hair. She was spent, exhausted, hammered by the agony of a few short hours into this pale ghost of herself, and he was strong and well, the red blood running confident and audacious in his veins. Their spirits could not meet to-night. But she loved his praise, loved to feel his cheek wet against her hand, began to be glad it was all over, that peace at last had found the big pleasant room where firelight and the last soft brightness of the June day mingled so pleasantly on rosy wall-paper and rosy curtains.

"She's a little darling," said Jim. "Mother says she's the prettiest tiny baby she ever saw. Poor Aunt Sanna and Mother had a great old cry together!"

"Ah!" said Julia hungrily. For Miss Toland had come stepping carefully in, the precious pink blanket in her arms.

"I'm to bring her to say 'Good night' to her mother!" said Miss Toland. "How are you, dear? All forgotten now?"

The tiny pink miracle was gently laid beside her, she shifted just a trifle to make room and spread weak fingers to raise the blanket from the baby's face. A little crumpled rose-leaf of a face, a shock of soft black hair, and two tiny hands that curved warmly against Julia's investigating finger. All the rest was delicate lawn and soft wool.

AS the baby wrinkled her little countenance, her tiny mouth opened, and Julia heard for the first time her daughter's rasping, bitter little cry. A passion of ecstasy flooded her heart, she drooped her soft pale cheek close to the little creased one.

"Oh, my darling—my darling!" she breathed. "Oh, you little perfect, helpless, innocent thing! Oh, Jim, she's crying, the angel! Oh, I do thank God for her!" she ended softly.

"I thank God you're so well," said Miss Toland. "Here, you can't keep her!"

"Anna, go with Aunt Sanna," Julia said weakly.

"Anna, eh?" Miss Toland said, wrapping up the pink blanket.

"Anna Toland Studdiford," Jim answered. "Julia had that all fixed up weeks ago!"

"Well, now—you children!" Miss Toland said, looking from one to the other, with her half-vexed and half-approving laugh. "What do you want to name her that for?"

"*I* know what for," Julia smiled, as she watched the pink blanket out of sight.

A little later Mrs. Toland crept in, just for a kiss, and whimpered, "And now you must forget all the pain, dear, and just be happy!"

Then Julia was left to her own thoughts.

After a little while outside interests began to claim

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Julia again, dressmakers and manicures, shopping and the essential letter-writing filled the mornings, luncheons kept her late into the afternoons, there were calls and card-playing and teas. Julia would have only a few minutes in the nursery before it was time to dress for dinner; sometimes Jim came in to feast his eyes on the beautiful serene little Anna, in her beautiful mother's arms; more often he was late, and Julia, trailing her evening gown behind her, would fly for studs, and pull the boot-trees from Jim's shining pumps.

In September they went to Burlingame for the polo tournament and here, on an unseasonably hot day, Jim had an ugly little touch of the sun and for two or three days was very ill. They were terrible days to Julia. Richie came at once, and they took possession of the house of a friend, where Jim had chanced to be carried and sent to San Rafael for Julia's servants; but two splendid nurses kept her out of the sick room, and the baby was in San Rafael, so that Julia wandered about utterly at a loss to occupy heart or hands.

On the third day the fever dropped, and Julia crept in to laugh and cry over her big boy. Jim got well very quickly, and just a week from the day of the accident she and Jim went home to the enchanting Anna, and began to plan for a speedy removal to the Pacific Avenue house, so that the little episode was apparently quite forgotten by the time they were back in the city, and the season opened.

But looking back, months later, Julia knew that she could date a definite change in their lives from that time. Whether the slight sunstroke had really given Jim's mind a little twist, or whether the shock left him unable to throw off oppressing thoughts with his old buoyancy, his wife did not know. But she knew that a certain sullen, unresponsive mood possessed him. He brooded, he looked upon her with a heavy eye, he sighed deeply when she drew his attention to the lovely little Anna.

Julia knew by this time that marriage was not all happiness, all irresponsible joy. She had often wondered why the women she knew did not settle themselves seriously to a study of its phases, when the cloudless days inevitably gave place to something incomprehensible and disturbing. Even lovers like Kennedy and her husband had their times of being wholly out of sympathy with each other, she knew, and she and Jim were not angels, they must only try to be patient and forbearing until the dark hour went by.

HOW had it all come about, she wondered. Her thoughts went back to the honeymoon, and she had an aching memory of Central Park in its fresh green, of Jim laughing at her when she tried to be very matronly in her kimono, over their breakfast tray. Oh, the exquisite happy days—the cloudless, wonderful time!

She left the thought of it for the Winter that followed. That had been happy, too. Not like the New York months, not without its grave misgivings, not without its hours of bitter pain, yet happy on the whole. Then Honolulu, all so bright a memory until that hour on the ship—that first horrible premonition of so much misery that was to follow. The San Mateo Summer had somehow widened the wordless, mysterious gap between them, and the Winter! Julia shuddered as she thought of the Winter. Where was her soul while her body danced and dressed and dined and slept through those hot hours? Where was any one's soul in that desperate whirl of amusement?

But she had found her soul again, on the June day of Anna's coming. And with Anna had come to her what new hopes and fears, what new potentialities and new sensibilities! She had always been silent, reserved, stoical by nature, accepting what life brought her uncomprehendingly, only instinctively and steadily fighting toward that ideal that had so long ago inspired her girlhood. Now she was awake, quivering with exquisite emotions, trembling with eagerness to adjust her lite and taste its full delicious savor. Now she wanted to laugh and to talk, to sit singing to her baby in the firelight, to run to meet husband and fling herself into his arms for pure joy in life and joy that she was beautiful and young and mother of the dearest baby in the world, and wife of the wisest and best of men.

The past was blotted out for Julia now; her place in society was undisputed not only as the wife of the rich young consulting surgeon, but for herself as well, and she could make as little or as much as she pleased of society's claim. From her sickness she felt as if she had learned that there is suffering and sorrow enough in the world without the need of deliberately sustaining the old and long-atoned wrongs. More than that she had come to regard her own fine sense of right as a safer guide than any other, and by this she was absolved of the shadowy sin of her girlhood, the years, the hours she had prayed, the long interval, absolved her. Julia felt as if she had been born again.

In this mood Jim did not join her. As the weeks went by his aspect grew darker and more dark and life in the Pacific Avenue house became a thing of long silences and rare and stilted phrases, and for the brief time daily that they were alone together, husband and wife were wretchedly unhappy; Jim watching his wife gloomily, Julia feeling that his look could chill her happiest mood. She had sometimes suspected that this state of affairs existed between other husbands and wives and marveled that life went smoothly on; there were dinners and dances, there were laughter and light speech. Jim might merely answer her half-timid, half-confident "Good morning" with only a jerk of his head; he might eat his breakfast in silence, and accord to Julia's brief outline of dinner or evening engagements only a scowling monosyllable. Yet the day proceeded, there was Baby to visit, a dressmaker's appointment to keep, luncheon and the afternoon's plans to be gotten through, and then there was the evening again and Jim and herself dressing in adjoining rooms in utter silence, silently descending to welcome their guests, or silently whirling off in the limousine.

Sometimes she fancied that when she resolutely assumed a cheerful tone and determined to fight this unwholesome atmosphere with honest bravery, she merely succeeded in making Jim's mood uglier than ever. Often she tried a shy tenderness, but with no success.

One day when Miss Toland was lunching with her, Julia made some allusion to the subject, in answer to the older woman's comment that she did not look very well.

"I'm not very well, Aunt Sanna," said Julia, pushing her plate away and resting both alim elbows on the table. "I'm worried."

"Not about Anna?" Miss Toland asked quickly.

"No—of Anna, God bless her, is simply six-months-old perfection!" Julia said, with a brief smile. "No—about myself and Jim."

Miss Toland gave her a shrewd glance.

"Quarreled, eh?" she said simply.

"Oh, no!" Julia felt her eyes watering. "No—I almost wish we had. Because then I could go to him, and say 'I'm sorry!'" she stammered.

"Sorry for what?" demanded Miss Toland.

"For whatever I'd done!" elucidated Julia, with her April smile.

"Yes, but suppose he'd done it, what then?" Miss Toland asked.

"Ah, well," Julia hesitated. "Jim doesn't do things!" she said, vaguely.

"Jim's in one of his awful moods, I suppose?" his adopted aunt asked, after a pause.

"Oh, in a dreadful one!" Julia confessed.

"How long—days?"

"Weeks, Aunt Sanna!"

"Weeks! For the Lord's sake, that's awful!" Miss Toland frowned and rubbed the bridge of her nose. "What gets into the boy?" she said impatiently. "You don't know what it's about, I suppose?"

Julia hesitated. "I think it's that he gets to thinking of my old life when I was a little nobody, south of Market Street," she hazarded with as much truth as she could.

"Oh, really!" Miss Toland said, in a tone of cold satire. But her look fell with infinite tenderness and pity upon the drooping little figure opposite. "Yet there's nothing of the snob about Jim," she mused unhappily.

"Oh, no!" Julia breathed earnestly.

"There isn't, eh?" Miss Toland said. "I'm not so sure. I'm not at all sure. He isn't working too hard, is he?"

"He isn't working hard at all," Julia said.

"H'm!" Miss Toland said, absently. "But his father was just another such moody fellow—queer as Dick's hatband!" she added, suddenly, after a pause.

"Jim's father! I didn't know you knew him!"

"Knew him—indeed I did! We all lived in Honolulu in those days. Charming, charming fellow, George Studdiford, but queer. He was very musical, you know—he'd look daggers at you if you happened to sneeze in the middle of one of his Beethoven sonatas. Jim's mother was very sweet, beautiful, too, but spoiled, Julia, spoiled!"

"Too much money!" Julia said, shaking her head.

"Exactly—there you have it!" Miss Toland assented triumphantly. "I've seen too much of it not to know it. There's a sort of dry rot about it, even a fine fellow like Jim can't escape. But, my dear," and her tone became reassuring, "don't let it worry you. He'll get over it. Just bide your time, Julia, I know Jim Studdiford!"

"Well, that's just what I *am* doing," Julia said with a rueful laugh. "But it's like being in a bad dream. There is sorrow that you have to bear, don't you know, Aunt Sanna, like crippled children, or somebody's death, or being poor; and then there are these other unnatural trials, that you just *rebel* against! I say to myself that I'll just be patient and sweet and go on filling my time with Anna and calls and dinner parties, until Jim comes to his senses and tells me what an angel I am, but it's awfully hard to do it! Sometimes the house seems like a vault to me, in the mornings, even the sunshine—" Julia's eyes watered, but she went steadily on, "even the sunshine doesn't seem right and I feel as if I were eating ashes and cotton! I go about looking at other houses, and thinking, 'I wonder what men and women are being wretchedly unhappy behind *your* plate-glass windows!' I watch other men and their wives together," pursued Julia, smiling through tears, "and when women say those casual things they are always saying, about not loving your husband after the first few months and being disillusioned, and meaning less and less to each other, I feel as if it would break my heart!"

"Well," Miss Toland said, somewhat distressed, "of course I'd rather walk into a bull fight than advise—"

"I know you would," Julia hastened to assure her. "That's why I've been talking," she added, "and it's been a real relief! Don't think I'm complaining, Aunt Sanna——"

"No, my dear," Miss Toland said. "I'll never think anything that isn't good of you, Julie," she went on. "If Jim Studdiford is so selfish as to—to make his wife unhappy for those very facts that made him first love her and choose her, well, I think the less of Jim, that's all! Now give me a kiss, and we'll go and pick out something for Barbara's boy!"

Either the confidential chat with Miss Toland had favorably affected Julia's point of view, or the state of affairs between Jim and herself actually brightened from

"'You Little Angel,' Jim Said. 'What a Beast I Am! As if Life Hadn't Been Hard Enough for You Without My Adding to It!'"

that day. Julia noticed in his manner that night a certain awkward hinge of reconciliation, and with it a flood of tenderness and generosity rose in her own heart, and she knew that deeply as he had hurt her, she was ready to forgive him and to be friends again.

So a not unhappy week passed and Julia, with more zest than she had shown in some months, began to plan a real family reunion for Thanksgiving, now only some ten days off. She wrote to the Doctor and Mrs. Toland, to the Carletons and Aunt Sanna and to Richie, who had established himself in a little cottage on Mount Tamalpais, and who was somewhat philanthropically practising his profession there. She very carefully ordered special favors for the occasion and selected two eligible and homeless young men from her list of acquaintances to fill out the table and to amuse Constance and Jane.

ON the Saturday before Thanksgiving Jim had to go to Sacramento for an important operation, but would be home again by Tuesday or Wednesday to take the head of his own table on the holiday.

Julia offered, when the Friday night before his departure came, to help him with packing. They had dined very quietly with friends that night, and found themselves at home again not very long after ten o'clock. But Jim, sinking into a chair beside the library fire, with an assortment of new magazines at his elbow, politely declined.

"Oh, no, thank you! Plenty of time for that in the morning. I don't go until nine."

"Let Chadwick do it, anyway, Jim. Shall I tell Ellie to send him up at eight?"

"If you will. Thank you! Good night!"

"Good night!" And Julia trailed her satins and laces slowly up-stairs, unfastening her jewels as she went. A little sense of discouragement was fighting for possession; she fought it consciously, as she fought such waves of despondency a hundred times before. She propped herself comfortably in pillows, turned on a light and began to read.

Ellie fussed about the room for a few minutes and then was gone. The big house was very still. Eleven o'clock struck from the little mahogany clock on her mantel—midnight struck, and still Jim's footstep did not come up the stairs, and there was no welcome sound of occupancy in the room adjoining her own.

Suddenly terror smote Julia; she flung her book aside and sat up erect in bed. Her heart was thundering with

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fear; the silence of the house was like that that follows an explosion.

For a few dreadful seconds she sat motionless; then she thrust her bare feet in the slippers of warm white fox that Ellie had put out, and caught up a frilly negligée. Fastening it with trembling fingers she slipped out into the hall, dimly lighted and very still. Then she ran quickly downstairs.

What sight of horror she expected to find in the library she did not know, but the shock of revulsion when the opened door showed her nothing more terrible than Jim, musing in the firelight, was almost as bad as a fright could have been.

"Oh, Jim!" she panted, coming in, one hand pressed against her breast, "I thought something—I got frightened!"

Jim looked up with his old tender, whimsical smile,—the smile for which she had hungered so long—and held out a reassuring hand.

"Why, no, you poor kid!" he said. "I've been sitting right here!"

"I thought—and it was so still—and you didn't come up!" Julia said, beginning to sob. And in a moment she was in his arms, clinging to him in an ecstasy of love and relief. For a long blissful time they remained so, the soft curve of Julia's cheek against Jim's face, her heart beating quick above his own, her warm little figure gathered closely to him.

"Feeling better now, old lady?"

"Oh, fine!" But Julia's face quivered with tears again at the tone.

"Well, then, what's this for!" He showed her a drop on the back of his hand.

"Be—because I love you so, Jim!"

"Well, you needn't cry over it!" said Jim gently. "I'm the one that ought to do the crying, Judy," he added, with a significant glance at her lovely flushed face, and tear-bright blue eyes.

Julia leaned against him with a long, happy sigh.

"Oh, I'm so glad I came down!" she breathed contentedly.

"Glad?" Jim echoed soberly. "God! You don't know what it meant to me to look up and see you coming in. I was going crazy, I think!"

"Ah, Jimmy, why do you?" she coaxed, one slender arm about his neck.

"I don't know," he said, thoughtfully. "Made that way, I guess!"

For a while they were silent again, then Julia said softly: "After all, nothing matters as long as we love each other!"

"No, no! You're right, Julie," he agreed seriously. "That's the only thing that counts. And you do love me, don't you?"

"Love you!" Julia said, with a shaky laugh.

"I get crazy notions. I nearly go mad, sometimes," Jim confessed. "I get to brooding—I know how rotten it is!" He fell silent, staring into the fire. "Happy?" he asked presently, glancing down at her as she rested quietly in his arms.

"Oh, *happy!*" Julia said, a break in her voice. "I wish I could die here, Jim—I wish I could go to sleep here and never wake up!"

"Like me as much as that baby, eh?" he asked, in a peculiar tone.

Julia sat up to face him, her cheeks bright under loosening films of hair, her eyes starry in the firelight.

"Jimmy, you couldn't be jealous of your own baby?"

"Oh, couldn't I? I can be jealous of anything and everything, sometimes." He fixed troubled eyes on the fire. "I've been unhappy, Julie," he confessed.

"Unhappy? I've been just sick about it," Julia said. "I can't believe that we're talking about it, and it's all over!" She sighed luxuriously. "There's no use of *my* doing anything when you're this way, Jim—I can't even remember that you love me," she went on after a silence. "Everything seems changed and queer—sometimes I think you hate me—sometimes you give me such cold looks—oh, you *do*, Jimmy, they just make me feel sick and queer all over, if you know what I mean! And oh," she sank back again with her head on his shoulder, "oh, if *only* then I could dare just come down to you here like this, and make you take me in your arms, and talk to me this way!"

"Don't," Jim said briefly, kissing the top of her hair.

"It just seems to *smolder* in my heart!" Julia said. "I can't bear it!"

"Don't," he said again.

"Ah, but what makes you do it, Jim?" she asked, sitting erect to rest both wrists on his shoulders, and bring her blue eyes very near his own.

JIM'S glance did not meet hers, he looked somberly past her at the fire. Suddenly she felt his arms tighten about her with a force that almost hurt her.

"Oh, it's this!" he said, harshly, "I love you—you're mine! You're the thing I live for, the thing I'm proudest of! I can't bear to think there was a time when I didn't know you, my little innocent girl! I can't bear—my God! —to think that you cared for some one else——!"

And with swift force he got to his feet and put her in his chair. Julia sat motionless while he took a restless brief turn about the room. He snatched a little jade god from the table, examined it closely and put it down again, to come and stand with his back to the fire, one arm flung on the mantel and his gloomy eyes fixed on her. Julia met the rushing engulfing wave of her own emotion bravely.

"I never cared for any one but you in my life, Jim," she said, with dry lips.

"I know—" he muttered, brushing his hair back with an impatient hand. A second later he came to kneel penitently before her. "I'm sorry, Sweetheart," he said, pleadingly. "You're a little angel of forgiveness to me—I don't deserve it! I know how I make you suffer!"

"Jim," she said, feeling old and tired and cold to her heart's core, "do you think you do?"

"I know how *I* suffer!" he answered, bitterly.

"Jim—suppose it was something you had done long ago that *I* couldn't forgive?"

"It isn't a question of forgiveness," he answered quickly. "Forgiveness—when you are the sweetest and best wife a man ever had! No, darling," he caught both her hands in his own, "you must never think that, it's never that! It's only my mad, crazy jealousy—I tell you I'm ashamed of it, and I *am!*. Just be patient with me, Julia!"

Julia stared at him a few moments silently, her hands locked about his neck.

"AH, but you worry me so when you're like this, Jim," she said presently in the gentle troubled tone a mother might use. "There seems to be nothing I can do. I can only worry and wait!"

"I know, I know," he said hastily. "Don't remind me of it! My father was like that, you know. My father shot at a man once, because he was rude to my mother when he was drunk—shot him right through the shoulder! It raised the very deuce of a scandal down there in Honolulu! He took Mother to Europe to get away from the fuss and paid the man the Lord knows what to quiet the thing!"

"Yes, but life isn't like that, Jim," Julia protested. "Life isn't so simple! Shooting at somebody and buying his silence and rushing off to Europe! Why can't you just say to yourself reasonably——"

"'Reasonably,' dearest!" he echoed cheerfully, with a kiss. "When was a jealous man ever reasonable!"

"But think how wonderfully happy we are, Jim," she persisted wistfully. "Suppose there *is* one per cent of trouble, one per cent. of your life that you don't like—why can't you be happy because ninety-nine per cent. is perfect?"

"I don't know; talking with you here I can't understand it," he said. "But I get thinking—I get thinking, and my heart begins to hammer—and I lie awake nights—and I'd like to get up and strangle some one——"

His vehemence died into abashed silence before her grave eyes.

"I ought to be the one to stamp and rave over this," Julia said. "I ought to remind you that you knew my history when you married me; and you knew life, too—you were ten years older than I, and how much more experienced! All I knew was learned at the settlement house, or from books. And the reason I don't rave and stamp, Jim," she went on, "is because I am different from you. I realize that that doesn't help matters. We must make the best of it now, we must help each other! You see I have no pride about it. I know I am better than many—than most—of these society women all about us, but I don't force you to admit that. They break every other Commandment of God, yes, and that one, too, and they commit every one of the deadly sins! It seems to me sometimes as if 'gluttony, envy and sloth' were the very foundation on which the lives of some of these people rest and as for pride and anger and lust, why, we take them for granted! Yet who ever thinks seriously of saying so?"

"You make me ashamed, Julia," Jim said, after a pause, during which his eyes had not moved from her face. "I can only say I'm sorry—I'm very sorry! Sometimes I think you're a good deal bigger man than I am; but I can't help it. However, I'm going to try. From to-night on I'm going to try."

"We'll both try," Julia said, and they kissed each other.

Miss Toland, who had accepted Julia and Jim's invitation for Thanksgiving Day, arrived unexpectedly on the afternoon before the holiday, to spend the night with the Studdifords. It was a wild, wet day, settling down to heavy rain as the early darkness closed in, and the Pacific Avenue house presented a gloomy if magnificent aspect to the guest, as she came in. But Ellie beamingly directed her to the nursery, and here she found enough brightness to flood the house.

Caroline, the nurse, it appeared, had gone to her own family for the afternoon and Julia, looking like a child in her short white dress and buckled slippers, was sitting in a low chair with little Anna in her arms. The room was bright with firelight and the soft light from the subdued nursery lamps, and warm russet curtains shut out the dull and dying afternoon. Dolls and blocks were scattered on the hearth rug, and Julia sat her daughter down among them and jumped up to greet Miss Toland.

"Aunt Sanna—you darling! And you're going to spend the night?" Julia cried out joyfully, with her first kisses. "What a dear thing for you to do! But you're wet?"

"No, I dropped everything in my room," Miss Toland said. "Things were very quiet at the 'Alexander'—that new woman isn't going to do at all, by the way, too fussy!—so I suddenly thought of coming into town!"

"Oh, I'm *so* glad you did!" Julia exulted. Miss Toland rested firm hands on her shoulders, and looked at her keenly.

"How goes it?"

"Oh, splendidly!" The younger woman's bright eyes shone.

"No more blues, eh?"

"Oh, *no!*"

"Ah, well, that's a good thing!" Miss Toland sat down by the fire, and stretched sturdy shoes to the blaze. "Hel-lo, Beautiful!" she said to the baby.

Julia dropped to the rug and smothered the soft whiteness and fragrance of little Anna in a wild hug.

"She has her good days and her bad days," said Julia, biting ecstatic little kisses from the top of the downy little head, "and to-day she has simply been an *angel!* Wait—see if she'll do it! See, Bunny," Julia caught up a white, woolly doll. "Oh, see poor dolly—Mother's going to put her in the fire!"

"Da!" said Anna, agitatedly, and Julia tumbled her in another mad embrace.

"Isn't that darling, not seven months old yet?" demanded the mother. "Here, take her, Aunt Sanna, and see if you ever got hold of anything nicer than that! Come, Baby, give Aunt Sanna a little butterfly kiss!" And Julia swept the soft little face and unresponsive mouth across the older woman's face before she deposited the baby in her lap.

"She's like you, Julie," Miss Toland said, extending a ringed finger for her namesake's amusement.

"Yes, I think she is, every one says so. You see her hair's gotten to be the same ashy yellow as mine. And see the fat, sweet little knees, and don't miss our new slippers with rosettes on 'em!"

"She's really exquisite," Miss Toland said, kissing the tawny little crown as Julia had done, and watching the deep-lashed blue eyes that were so much absorbed by the rings. "Watching her, Ju, we'll see just what sort of a little girl you were.

"Where is Jim, by the way?" asked Aunt Sanna.

"Sacramento. But the operation was on Sunday, so he should have been here yesterday, at latest," Julia said. "However, he'll rush in to-night or to-morrow; he knows you're all going to be here. Give her to me, Aunt Sanna, she getting hungry, bless her little old heart! Ah, here's Ellie with something for Mother's girl!"

"And tea for you in the liberry," Ellie said in an aside, receiving the baby into her arms with a rapturous look.

"Tea! doesn't tea sound good?" Julia caught Miss Toland by the hand. "Come and have some tea, Aunt Sanna!" said she. "I'm starving!"

THEY were loitering over their teacups half an hour later when Lizzie came into the library, with a special delivery letter.

"For me?" Julia smiled, reaching for it. "It's Jimmy!" she added ruefully, for Miss Toland's benefit, as she took it. "This means he can't get here!"

"Drat the lad!" his aunt said mildly. "What has he got to say?"

Julia pulled out a hairpin to open the letter, her face a little puzzled. She unfolded three pages of large paper, closely written.

"Why—I don't understand this," said she. "Jimmy writes such short letters!"

And immediately Fear, like cold iron, entered her heart and she felt a chill of distaste for the letter; she did not want to read it, she wished she might fling it on the fire and rid her hands of the horrible thing.

"It *is* Jim, isn't it?" Miss Toland said, with a sharp look. "Is he coming?"

"I don't know," Julia said, hardly above a whisper.

"Anything wrong?" Miss Toland asked, instantly alert.

"No—I don't suppose so!" Julia said, trying to laugh. "But—but I hate him just to send a letter when I expected him!" she added childishly.

She picked it up and began slowly to read it. Miss Toland, watching her, saw the muscles of her face harden and her eyes turn to steel. The blood rushed to her face and then receded quickly. She read to the last word, and looked up to meet the other woman's eyes.

"What *is* it?" Miss Toland demanded, aghast at Julia's look.

"It's Jim," said Julia. Her face was blazing again, and she seemed to be choking. "He's going to Europe," she went on, in a bewildered tone, "he's not coming back."

"*What!*" said Miss Toland sharply. "D'you mean to tell me he's simply walked off——"

Julia's color was ghastly, her eyes looked sick and heavy.

"No—no—he can't mean that!" she said thickly. She crushed the pages of the letter together convulsively. "I—can't—" she began, and stopped. Suddenly she rose to her feet, muttered something about coming back, and was gone.

She ran up to her room, and alone there, it seemed for a few moments as if she must suffocate. She put the letter on her desk where its folded sheets instantly looked hideously familiar. She went into the bathroom, and found herself holding her fingers under the hot water

$500 FOR THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

PICTORIAL REVIEW was the first magazine to champion the cause of the women's clubs—and we have kept at it ever since. It was therefore but natural for the Chairman of the Home Economics Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs to ask the aid of this magazine in getting the best definition of the word "Home." Full particulars of this competition were announced on page 1 of the February number.

This competition is open to all federated clubs of the General Federation, and the $500 in cash prizes will be paid to the clubs—not the individual members thereof.

The closing date is March 1. Meanwhile, make sure that your club is at work on the competition, and that your definition is in on time.

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tap, vaguely waiting for hot water. Like a hunted creature she went through the luxurious rooms, the mortal wound in her heart widening every instant; finally she came back to her desk and sat down, and unfolded the letter again. It read:

"DEAR JULIA:

I have been thinking and thinking about this affair, and I cannot stand it. I am going away. Atkins is going to Berlin for a three months' course under Hofner and Braun, and I am going with him. I only made up my mind to-night, but I have thought of something like this a long, long time. I cannot bear it any longer. I think and think about things—that another man loved you and you loved him—and I nearly go mad. Even when people meet me and ask how you are I am reminded of it, for weeks now I haven't thought of anything else; it just seems to rise up wherever I go.

I think it will be better when I don't see you.

I have been sitting here with my head in my hands, wondering if there is any way in which I can spare you the pain of reading this letter, but it's no use, it's impossible to go back and bluff about it.

Collins spoke to me about the change in me; he said he thought it was that touch of the sun in September. I wish to God it were!

I will take the course with Atkins, and then let you know. He wants to go to Benares for some reason or another, and perhaps I will go with him, or perhaps come home to you. But I don't think I will come back under a year. You hear of men all your life who do this, but I feel as if it were killing me, and you, too. I wish there was some other way.

I have written Harry at the Crocker, my account there is to be transferred to your name. I don't know exactly what it is, but the money from the San Mateo lots went in there, and so there is plenty. For God's sake, spend it; don't hesitate about getting anything you want. Why shouldn't you keep the house, until April anyway? Some one would stay with you, and then you could go to San Rafael.

I'm not going to try to tell you how I feel about all this, because you know. It all seems to me a bad dream. Every little while I try to make myself think that after a while it will all come right, but it seemed to me all dead and buried after that time on the steamer, and of course it wasn't!

Tell people what you please. I leave all that to you.

Chadwick will sell the car, and send you the bill of sale and the money. He knows what I want sent; he'll do all that.

I've written and rewritten this ten times, my head is splitting. It seems strange to think it is you and me.

God bless you always, and our little girl.

JIM."

SHE finished it with a little grinding sound like a groan; heard herself make a dramatic exclamation, an "Ah!" of agonized unbelief. She sat down, got up to take a few irresolute steps toward her desk, finally went to her bedside telephone and took down the receiver.

There was a delay; Julia tapped an impatient slipper on the floor, rattled the hook.

"Western Union, please," she said, a moment later, "I want to send a telegram."

An interval of silence followed. Julia sat staring blankly at the wall. Then she rattled the hook again.

"No matter about that number, Central; I've changed my mind," she said. She walked irresolutely into the middle of the room, stood there a moment frowning, and then turned, to go back and fling herself on her bed, staring up into the dark, the letter crackling as it dropped beside her.

After a while she began to say, "Oh, oh, oh!" quietly and quickly, under her breath. The cry grew too much for her, she twisted on her face to stifle it and after a few moments it stopped. Then she turned on her back again, and said something sharply to herself in a whisper, once or twice, and after that the moaning "Oh, oh, oh!" began again.

So Miss Toland found her, when she came into the room without knocking, a little later.

"Julia?" Miss Toland said sharply, sitting down on the edge of the bed and possessing herself of one of Julia's limp, cold hands, "Ellie told me you—she came to the door and heard you! My child, this won't do! You mustn't make mountains out of mole-hills. If Jim Studdiford has had the senseless cruelty to go off to Europe in this fashion, why, he ought to be horsewhipped, that's all! But I don't believe he'll get any further than New York, myself. But I don't believe he'll get that far!" She paused, but Julia was silent.

After a moment or two the older woman spoke again. "What does he say in the letter?" she asked. "I would really like to know just how this delightful piece of work is explained."

"Aunt Sanna—" Julia said, in a difficult half-whisper. She took Miss Toland's hand and pressed it against her heart. Her lips were shut tight, and against the white pillow there was a little negative movement of her head.

"Well, of course you don't want to talk about it," Miss Toland said soothingly. "But was there a quarrel?"

"Oh, no—no!" Julia said quickly, briefly, with another convulsive pressure of Miss Toland's hand, and another jerk of her head. "It was something—that distressed Jim—something I couldn't change," she added with difficulty.

"I'm!" said the other, and the evidence for both sides was in, as far as Miss Toland was concerned and the case closed. She sat beside Julia in the dark for a long time, patting her hand without speaking.

After a while Ellie brought a glass of hot milk, and Julia docilely drank it and submitted to being put to bed, raising a face as sweet as a child's for Miss Toland's good night kiss, and promising to sleep well.

The pleasant Winter sunlight was streaming into the older woman's room, when Julia came in the next morning, although all San Francisco echoed to the somber constant call of the fog-horn, and the air was cool enough to make Miss Toland's fire delightful. Julia had Anna with her, a delightful little armful in her tumbled night wear, and she smiled at the picture of Miss Toland, comfortably enjoying her breakfast in bed. But it was evident that she had not slept; deep shadows lay under her blue eyes, and she was very pale. She put the baby down on the bed with a silver button-hook and a bracelet, and sat down.

"Sleep any?" Miss Toland asked.

"Yes, I think I did!" Julia said, with an effort of bright-

"'Oh, Jim!' She Panted, Coming In, One Hand Pressed against Her Breast, 'I Thought Something—I Got Frightened!'"

ness. She seemed nervous and restless, but showed no tendency to break down. "I've just been talking to Caroline," she went on. "I told her that Dr. Studdiford had been called away, and implied that there would be changes. Then I spoke to Foo Ting at breakfast. Mrs. Pope is crazy to get him, so that will be all right——"

"Julia—of course I've not read Jim's letter," Miss Toland said earnestly, "but aren't you taking this too much to heart—aren't you acting rather quickly?"

Julia looked at her laced fingers for a few moments without speaking.

"Jim isn't coming back," she said soberly.

"But what makes you *say* so, dear? How do you know?"

"Well, I just know it," Julia said, raising heavy-lidded eyes. They looked at each other.

"But you aren't telling me seriously, my child, that you two—the most devoted couple I ever *saw*—why, Julia, show a little courage, child! Jim must be brought to his senses, that's all. We must think what's wisest to do, and do it. But, my dear, there'd be no marriages left in the world if people flew off the handle——"

"I *have* been thinking, all night," Julia said, patiently, "and this is what I thought. I want—" she glanced restlessly about the room, "I want to get away from here! That'll take some little while."

"Go away by all means, dear, if you want to, but don't dismantle your house—don't make it impossible for the whole thing to blow over——"

"He won't come back," Julia repeated, quietly.

"You don't think so?" Miss Toland said uncomfortably. "I!'m!"

"No one must know, not even Doctor and Mother," pursued Julia. "No newspapers, nobody!"

"Well, in any case, that's wise!" the older woman assented. "And where will you go—to Sally?"

"No!" Julia said with a quick shudder. "Not anywhere near here! No, I should rather like to give the impression that I will be with Jim, or near Jim," she added slowly.

"Following him abroad with the baby,—that's quite natural!" Miss Toland approved. "But why not stay a week or two in Sausalito, just to keep them from guessing?"

"Oh, I couldn't!" Julia said, on a quick breath.

"And where'll you go,—New York?"

"Oh, no!" Julia leaned back and shut her eyes. The muscles of her throat worked. "We were so happy in New York," she said, with a sudden quivering of her lips. But a moment's struggle brought back her composure. "I thought—some little French village, or England," she hazarded.

"England," Miss Toland said promptly. "This is no time of the year to take a child to France, besides you get better milk in England and if Anna was sick, there's London, full of doctors who speak your own language."

"So long as it's quiet," Julia said, "and we see nobody—that's all I care about. Then if Jim should—but I couldn't wait here, with everybody asking, and inviting me places, and spying on me!"

"We'll take some sort of little place in Oxfordshire," Miss Toland said, "and then we can run up to London——"

"We?" Julia echoed. She gazed bewilderedly at the other woman for a moment, then put her hands over her face and burst into tears.

A month like a nightmare followed. Julia had never grown to care for the Pacific Avenue house, now it came to have an absolute horror for her. She seemed to see it through a veil of darkness, she seemed to move under the burden of an intolerable weight. Sometimes she found herself panting as if for air, as she went from silent room to silent room, and sometimes a memory unbearably poignant and dear smote her with physical violence, and her face worked for a few moments, and she fought with tears.

There were other times when life seemed less sad than dull. Julia grew sick of loneliness, sick of silence; she stared at her face in the mirror when she was slowly dressing in the morning, stared at herself again at night—as if marveling at this woman who was a wife and a mother and deserted in her young bloom. Deserted—her husband had gone away from her, and she knew no way to bring him back. A weary flatness of spirit descended upon her; it seemed a part of the howling Winter storms, the dark and heavy weather.

For the servants other positions were quickly found, the furniture was stored, the car sold. On the last day on which the car was at her disposal, Julia, with Ellie and the baby, drove about down-town, and disposed of several odds and ends of business. She left the keys of the Pacific Avenue house at the agent's office, not without an agonized memory of the day she had first called for them, more than two years ago. She went to the bank, and was instantly invited into the manager's office, and given a luxurious chair to find there was nearly forty thousand dollars to her credit.

When the interview was over Mr. Perry bowed her out. Julia left the bank, with its brightly-lighted warm atmosphere tinged with the odor of ink and polished wood and rubbed flooring, and its windows streaming with rain. She got into the motor-car again, and took little Anna on her lap.

"Now I think we'll drop you at the hotel, Ellie," said she, "and I'll take the baby out to say good-by to my mother."

They were passing Eighteenth Street, passing St. Charles's shabby little church. Julia stopped the motor. She got out and carried the baby up the stairs, and went up the echoing aisle to a front pew, where she could sit and stare about her. Julia, panting, dropped on her knees, but she could not pray, try as she would.

LIFE troubled her—she was afraid. She had thought it lay plain and straight before her; now all her guide-posts were gone, and all her pathways led into deeper and deeper uncertainty. Only Anna seemed real, and as much a sorrow as a joy, just now. To what heritage would the beautiful, mysterious little personality unfold? What of the swiftly coming time when she would ask questions?

Julia turned to the little white-capped, white-coated figure. Anna had chewed a bonnet-string to damp limpness, now she was saying "Da!" in an alluring and provocative tone to a lady praying near-by. The lady regarded her with an unmoved eye, however, and Julia gathered her small daughter in her arms and went down to the motor-car.

At her mother's door she dismissed Chadwick for an hour of warmth and shelter, and sighing, went into the unaired dark hallway, that smelled to-day of wet woolens and of a smoky kerosene wick, and retained as well its old faint odor of carbolic acid.

Julia found the family as usual in the kitchen, and the kitchen as usual, dirty and close. Her old grandmother, a little bent figure in a loose calico wrapper, was rocking in a chair by the stove. Julia's mother was helpless in a great wheeled chair, with blankets and pillows carelessly disposed about her, and her eager eyes bright in a face chiseled by pain. Sitting at the table was a heavy, sad-faced woman, with several front teeth missing, in whom Julia recognized her aunt, Mrs. Torney. A girl of thirteen

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with her somewhat colorless hair in untidy braids and a flannel bandage high about her throat, came down-stairs at the sound of Julia's entrance. This was Regina Torney.

"Well, it's Julia!" Mrs. Cox said. "And the darlin' sweetie—you oughtn't to bring her out such weather, Julie! How's them little hands?"

She took the baby, and Julia kissed her mother and aunt, expecting to draw from the former the usual long complaints when she said:

"How are you, dear? How does the chair go?"

BUT Mrs. Page surprised her by some new quality in her look and tone, something poignantly touching and admirable. She was a thin little shadow of her former self now, the skin drawn tight and shining over her cheek-bones, her almost useless hands resting on a pillow in her lap. She wore a soiled dark wrapper, her dark hair, still without a touch of gray, was in disorder and her blankets and pillows were not clean. She smiled at her daughter.

"I declare, Ju, you do seem to bring the good fresh air in with you whenever you come! Don't her cheeks look pretty, Regina? Why, I'm just about the same, Ju. To-day's a real bad day on account of the rain, but I had a good night."

"She's had an awful week, Julia. She don't seem to get no better," Mrs. Torney said heavily. "I was just saying that it almost seems like she isn't going to get well; it just seems like it had got hold of her!"

Julia sat down next to her mother and laid her own warm young hand over the hand on the pillow.

"What does the doctor say?" she asked, looking from one discouraging face to another.

"Oh, I don't know!" Mrs. Page said, sighing, and old Mrs. Cox cackled out a shrill, "Doctors don't know nothing, anyway!"

"Emeline sent for me," Mrs. Torney said in a sad, droning voice. "Mama just couldn't manage it, Julia; she's gettin' on, she can't do everything. So me and Regina gave up the Oakland house, and we've been here three weeks. We didn't want to do it, Julia, but you couldn't blame us if you'd read your mama's letter. Regina's going to work as soon as she can, and help out!"

Julia understood a certain deprecatory and apologetic note in her aunt's voice to refer to the fact that the Shotwell Street house was largely supported by Jim's generous monthly check, and that in establishing herself and her youngest daughter there she more or less avowedly added one more burden to Julia's shoulders.

"I'm glad you did, Auntie," she answered cheerfully. "How's Muriel? And where's Geraldine?"

"Geraldine's at school," Mrs. Torney said mournfully. "But Regina's not going to start in, here. She done awfully well in school, too, Julia, but as I say, she feels she ought to get to work now. She's got an awful sore throat, too. Muriel's started the nursing course, but I don't believe she can go on with it, it's something fierce. All my children have weak stomachs; she says the smell in the hospital makes her awfully sick. I don't feel real well myself; every time I stand up—my God! I feel as if my back was going to split in two, and yet with poor Em this way I felt as if I had ter come. Not that I can do anything for Emeline, but I was losing money on my boarders. I wish't you'd come out Sunday, Julia, I cooked a real good dinner, didn't I, Ma?"

Mrs. Cox did not hear, and Julia turned to her mother.

"Made up your mind really to go, Ju?" Mrs. Page asked.

"Oh, really! We leave on the seventh."

"I've always wanted to go somewhere's on a ship," Emeline said. "Didn't care so much what it was when I got there, but wanted to go!"

"Ma, ain't you going to put your clothes on and go to the store?" Regina said.

"I was going to," Mrs. Torney said, sighing, "but I think maybe now I'll wait and let Geraldine go—she'll have her things on."

"I suppose you haven't got any milk?" Mrs. Page said. "I declare I get to feeling awfully gone, about this time!"

"We haven't a drop, Em," Mrs. Torney said, after investigating a small back porch from which Julia got a strong whiff of wet ashes and decaying cabbage leaves.

"How much milk do you get regularly?" Julia asked, looking worried.

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Torney said, from the sink, where she was attacking a greasy frying-pan with cold water and a gray rag worn into holes, "you forget we ain't rich people here. We don't have him leave milk—but if we want it we put a bottle out on the back steps."

"You ought to have plenty of milk, Mama, taking those strong, depressing medicines!" Julia said.

"Well, I ain't got much appetite, Julie," her mother answered with that new and touching smile. "Now, last night the girls had cabbage and corned beef cooking—I used to be real fond of that dinner, but it almost made me sick, just smelling it! So Geraldine fried me an egg, yet that didn't taste good, either! Gettin' old and fussy, I guess!"

Julia felt the tears press suddenly behind her eyes as she answered the patient smile. "Mama, I think you are terribly patient!" said she.

"I guess you can get used to anything!" Emeline said.

Regina coughed and huddled herself in her chair.

"But I thought since we had the air-tight stove put in the other room you were going to use it more?" said Julia, as Mrs. Torney shook down the cooking stove with a violence that filled the air with the acrid taste of ashes.

"Well, we do sometimes. I meant to clean it to-day and get it started again," her aunt said. "I'm sure I don't know what we're going to do for dinner, Ma," she added. "Here it is getting round to five, and Geraldine hasn't come in. I don't know what on earth she does with herself—weather like this!"

Mrs. Cox made no response; she was nodding, in the twilight, over the little relaxed figure of the baby, a fat little white-clad leg rolled on her knee as she rocked. A moment later Geraldine, a heavy, highly-colored girl, much what her sister Marguerite had been ten years before, burst in, cold, wet and tired, with a strapful of wet books which she flung on the table.

"My God, what do you keep this place so dark for, Ma!" said Geraldine. "It's something awful! Hello, Julia!" She kissed her cousin, picked Julia's big muff from a chair and pressed the soft sable for a moment to her face. "Well, the little darling, she's asleep, isn't she?" she murmured over the baby. "Say Mama," she went on more briskly, "I've got company coming to-night——"

"You," said Julia smiling, and laying an affectionate hand on her young cousin's shoulder, as she stood beside her. "Why, how old are you, child?"

"I'm sixteen—nearly," Geraldine said stoutly. "Didn't you have beaus when you were sixteen?"

"I suppose I did!" Julia admitted, smiling. "But you seem awfully young!"

"I thought maybe you'd go to the store for me," said Mrs. Torney. Geraldine glared at her.

"See here," Julia interrupted, "I have the car here, Chadwick was to come back at five. Let me send him for the things! What do we want?"

"Well, we don't want to keep you, Lovey," her mother began. But Julia was already writing a list.

"Indeed I'm going to stay and have some with you, Mrs. Page," she said cheerfully. "Chops for the family—aren't those quickest? And a quart of oysters for Mama, and cake and cheese and jam and eggs—tell me anything you think of, Aunt May, because he might as well do it thoroughly!

"Mama and Regina are going to have oyster soup and toast because they are the invalids!" she announced cheerfully, coming back from the door a little later. "You like oysters, don't you, Mama?"

"Oh, Julia, I like 'em *so* much!" Mrs. Page said, with grateful fervor.

"You can have other things too, you know, Madam," Julia assured her playfully. "And why don't you let me push you, so—" she wheeled the chair across the kitchen as she spoke. "Over here, you see, you're out of the crowd," she said. She presently put a coaxing arm about Regina. "Do go up and brush your hair and change, dear, you'll feel so much better," she urged.

"I feel rotten," Regina said, dragging herself stairward nevertheless.

Poor Mrs. Page cried when the moment of parting came. It was still early in the evening when Julia bundled up the sleeping Anna.

"I may not see you again, Julia," Mrs. Page said with trembling lips. "Mama ain't strong like she once was, dear. And I declare I don't know what I shall do, when day after day goes by and you don't come in—always so sweet!" The tears began to flow and she twisted her head, and slowly and painfully raised her handkerchief in a crippled hand to dry her eyes. Julia knelt down to kiss her, her young face very sober.

"Listen, Mama,—don't cry! *Please* don't cry!" said she. "Listen! I'll promise you to see you again before I go!"

Her mother brightened visibly at this, and Julia kissed her again, and ran out in the dripping rain to her car. She took the baby into her arms, and settled back in the darkness for the long trip to her hotel. And for the first time in many months her thoughts were not of her own troubles.

She thought of the Shotwell Street house, and wondered what had attracted her grandfather and grandmother to it, forty years ago. She tried to see her mother there, a slender, dark-haired child, tried to imagine her aunt as young and fresh and hopeful. Had the rooms been dark and dirty even then? Julia feared so; in none of her mother's reminiscences was there ever any tenderness or affection for early memories of Shotwell Street. Four young people had gone out from that house, nearly thirty years ago, how badly equipped to meet, to cope with life!

Still dreaming of the old times she reached her hotel, and while Ellie settled the baby into her waiting crib, Julia sat down before a fire, her slippered feet to the comfortable coals, her loose mandarin robe deliciously warm and restful after the tiring day.

"You want the lights, Mrs. Studdiford?" asked Ellie, tiptoeing in from the next room.

"Oh, no, thank you!" Julia said. "I'll just sit here for a while, and then go to bed."

Ellie went softly out; the clock struck nine—ten—eleven. Against the closely curtained windows the rain still fell with a softened hiss, the coals broke, flamed up, died down to a rosy glow. Still Julia sat, musing.

She saw the Shotwell Street house changed and made, for the first time in its years of tenancy, into a home. There must be paint outside, clean paint, there must be a garden with a brick path and rose bushes, where a little girl might take her first stumbling steps, and where Spring would make a brave showing in green and white for the eyes of tired home-goers.

Indoors there should be a cool little orderly dining-room, with blue china on its shelves, and a blue rug under the round table, and there should be a drawing-room papered in clean tans, and curtained in cream color, with an upright piano and comfortable chairs. The ugly old storeroom off the kitchen must be her mother's; it must have new windows cut, and nothing but what was new and pretty must go in there. And the kitchen should have blue and white linoleum, white curtains, and shining tinware; there must be the gleam of scrubbed white woodwork, the shine of polished metal. It was a big kitchen, the invalid might still like to have her chair there.

The basement's big, unused front room must be finished in durable burlaps and grass-matting. There must be a bath up-stairs; two rooms for Aunt May and the girls, one for Grandma, one for Julia and little Anna.

So much for externals! But what of changing the tenants to suit the house? Could time and patience ever transform Mrs. Torney into a busy, useful woman? Would Geraldine and Regina develop into hopeless incompetents like Marguerite, or pay Julia for all her trouble by becoming happy and helpful and contented?

Time must show. Only the days and the years would answer the question that Julia looked at in the fire. There must be patience, there must be endless effort, there would be times of bitterest discouragement and depression. And in the end?

In the end there would only be, at best, one family, out of millions of other families, saved from unnecessary suffering. There would be only one household lifted from the weight of incompetence and wretchedness that burdened the world. There would be no miracle, no appreciation, no gratitude.

"But—who knows?" mused Julia. "It may save Geraldine and Regina from lives like Rita's, and bitterness like Muriel's and Evelyn's. It may save them from clouding their lives as I did mine. Rita's children, too, who knows what a clean and sweet ideal—held before them, may do for them and—! And my poor little grandmother, and Mama——"

It was the thought of her mother that turned the scale. Julia thought of the dirty blankets and the soggy pillow that furnished the invalid's chair, of the treat that a simple bowl of oyster soup seemed to the failing appetite.

"And I can do it!" she said to herself. "It will be hard for months and months, and it will be hard now to make Aunt Sanna see that I am right—but I can do it!" She looked about the luxurious room, and smiled a little sadly. "No more of this!" she thought. And then longing for her husband came with a sick rush.

"Oh, Jimmy!" she whispered, with filling eyes. "If it were only you and I, my darling! If we were going *anywhere* together, to the poorest neighborhood and the meanest cabin in the world—how blessed I would be! How we could work and laugh and plan together, for Anna and the other!" But presently the tears dried on her cheeks. "Never mind, it will keep me from thinking too hard," she thought. "I shall be needed, I shall be busy, and nothing else matters much."

SHE got up, and went to one of the windows that looked down across the city. The rain was over, dark masses of clouds were breaking and stirring overhead, through their rifts she caught the silver glimmer of the troubled moon. Across the shadowy band that was the bay a ferry-boat, pricked with hundreds of tiny lights, was moving toward the glittering chain of Oakland. There was a light on Alcatraz, and other nearer lights scattered through the dark masts and dim hulks of the vessels in the harbor below her.

"It will be bright to-morrow!" Julia thought, resting her forehead against the glass. She was weary and spent, a measureless exhaustion seemed to enfold her. Yet under it all there glowed some new spark of warm reassurance and certainty. "Thank God, I see my way clear at last!" she said, softly.

The kitchen in the old Cox house formed a sort of one-story annex behind the building, and had windows on three sides, so that on a certain exquisite morning in early April, sunlight flooded the two eastern windows, and fell in clear squares of brightness on the checkered blue and white linoleum on the floor. There were thin muslin sash curtains at these windows, and white shades had been drawn down to meet them. Some trailing English ivy made a delicate tracery in dark green beside one window, and two or three potted begonias, on the sill, lifted transparent trembling blooms to the sun. The rest of the large room was in keeping with this cheerful bit of detail. There was a shining gas-stove beside the shining coal range, and a picturesque bit of color in the blue kettles and copper casseroles that stood in a row on the shelves above the range. A pine cupboard had been painted white, and held

(*Continued on Page* 34)

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UNDER THE SKIN

Confession Proves the Very Best Thing for One Woman's Injured Soul

By Owen Oliver

Illustration by Z. P. Nikolaki

"I Want to *Marry You;* But I Can't. . . . I Was Married Once, You Know, and My Husband Ran Away . . . . I Will Not Inflict Myself on Another Man. I Might Make *You* Run Away. . . . '"

NO, no! Don't say it! Don't say it! . . . Perhaps you are right. It is as good as said. You want me to marry you. *I* want to marry *you;* but I can't. . . . I was married once, you know, and my husband ran away with another woman. . . . It is not you that I mistrust! I will not inflict myself on another man. I might make *you* run away! . . . Sweet and gentle? That is what I see when I look in my glass; but there is a savage under the soft skin, Mr. Mellor. I am going to tell you about her. Sit in the armchair over there. Turn down the gas a little first, please. . . . Thank you.

I'll begin with an apology. I was only angry at the slight when he went, not revengeful or even sorry. I did not care much for him. The bitterness began months later; just after I had secured my divorce. I met them driving through the street; and she kissed her hand to me! If I could have reached her I think I would have tried to strangle her. . . . Don't trouble to excuse me. I excuse myself for that. It wasn't savagery, but ordinary human nature. The savagery was that, from this moment, I laid myself out deliberately and cold-bloodedly to take my revenge.

She left him for some one else directly afterward. I learned later that the quarrel was about her insult to me. You can put that to his credit. I kept track of them both. Three years later I found my chance to descend upon her.

She had become a highly respected member of society, and was staying with a number of other guests at the home of a provincial magnate. A young fellow named Lushington was also staying there. He was a nice young fellow; the nephew of a semi-millionaire. The uncle did not like the marriage. He was trying to find out her past; and that was how I met him. He did not realize that I was making my own inquiries, but took me for a she-detective. He offered me a liberal reward if I could induce her to give the boy up for a sum which he was willing to pay. It was a large sum. He had sounded her, but she had told him that if Jack proposed she should accept him, and would do so if he hadn't a cent.

"I believe she is infatuated with the lad," the old man stated, "and will not give him up merely for money; but perhaps you have something to throw into the scale."

"PERHAPS," I said. I would not give him any information about her. I wanted my revenge in my own way.

"Are you going to try?" he asked; and I smiled.

"I am going to succeed," I told him.

"Then be quick about it," he begged. "You'll save a lot of unpleasantness if you can stop it before they become engaged. He has warned me that he may propose tonight."

"Introduce me to her," I said, "as a friend of yours. Afterward if she offers to take the money, refer her to me. Pay her nothing. It is not necessary. Neither is it necessary to pay me."

He looked at me very keenly then.

"I see," he said. "I see! Certainly I will introduce you."

I shall never forget her face when he introduced us. She raised her arm to her face, as if to fend off a blow.

"I thought you were going to blow me a kiss," I remarked. I said it in that innocent smiling way of mine which you admire. . . . Please understand that the way is genuinely me, half of me—I hope three-quarters. Only there is another me!

She recovered herself rapidly. She was always a daring hussy. "You look such a kissable creature!" she retorted with a face as smiling as my own. "Come with me and let us make friends, will you?" We walked away arm-in-arm to an empty room. Then she drew her hand away as if I burned her. We were alone now, you see.

"What are you going to do?" she asked fiercely. She clenched her hands like a woman driven to desperation.

"A man for a man," I told her. "You took one from me. Now I shall take one from you. The difference is that I sha'n't keep him—I give you a choice. *I* will publish your history to the world—there is more than men in it; enough to put the law on you. I have watched you for three years and I know it all! Or, as the alternative, you shall tell him that history yourself, every piece of it, without excuse or equivocation."

She screamed.

"For the love of God!" she entreated; and I laughed. I, whom you think so sweet and soft.

"I vow by Heaven!" she cried. "I love him. I mean to be good! I mean to be good! You did not want your husband, much."

"No," I said; "but I want my revenge! Choose!"

She went on her knees and groveled to me. I repeated—"Choose!"

"I will tell him," she decided at last.

The tears had made her face streaky. (I could not help thinking that my husband was a fool to run away with a painted hussy. My skin is honest whatever is under it.) She went to a glass and repaired the damage.

"You will hear from his uncle that I have refused him," she promised, wringing her hands and shuddering.

"I shall hear from your own lips," I told her. "I mean to hear you tell him. That is a condition." I laughed again.

"Never!" she cried. And I laughed once more. "It is impossible, even if I would do it."

"You will do it," I said calmly. "You can bring him in here. I will wait behind that screen. It is to be a full inventory of your little peccadillos, mind. Otherwise *I* shall publish them to the world—and the police!"

"I will tell him," she cried. "I will tell him; but not for you to hear. I can't—I *can't,* I tell you. It is horrible, too horrible!" She almost screamed.

"Hush!" I said. "What is the use of talking. You cannot expect me to trust you! You must accept my offer or take the consequences. You had better go and fetch him."

SHE sat down for some time. I thought at first that she would faint; but she did not.

"Is there nothing that will move you?" she asked presently.

"Nothing," I said. "Go and bring him here. A full disclosure, remember. That is the condition."

"I can say it in my own way?" she pleaded.

"So long as you tell no untruth," I agreed, "and all the truth. You may revile me, if you like. I really don't mind! But you must tell him what you have done and been; *all of it!*"

"I think you are a fiend!" she cried.

"I think," I rejoined, "you were once a fiend to me. It was in the public street. I take my revenge privately. Now go and fetch him."

She went out, and I walked behind the screen; took a chair and seated myself, and waited.

Presently she returned with him. I could see them through a crack in the screen. He looked very big and handsome and eager. I was sorry for him, of course; but it was only the sorrow which a surgeon feels for the patient whom the operation will save. My conscience is clear about him.

He put his arm round her as soon as he had closed the door, told her that he loved her; asked her to marry him. She stood looking down at the ground and did not answer, and then he kissed her; and then she looked up at him. Do you know I hadn't realized till then that she could suffer so much. I often wonder whether, if I had, I would have made her tell him with her own lips. . . .

Well, she told him; began without preface and spoke like an automaton, saying who she was and what she had done, incident by incident, without excuse or comment. She went redder and redder and he turned whiter and whiter; shrank from her after the beginning; sat down feebly near the end.

There was worse to tell than I knew. My own face was red before she finished. I will not redden yours, my friend. She was a very bad woman, and deservedly punished. That is not what weighs upon my mind. The trouble is that *I* was a bad woman, to punish a sinner so savagely. . . . Well, I forgave her one lie at the end, for one truth in it.

"My love for you," she told him, "is very real. It is the one good thing in me." That was the truth. "For the sake of it I have told you." That lie I forgave. "Please go!"

He went, walking like a man who is ill.

I came out from my hiding-place and walked past her. She said nothing. Neither did I. She went to his uncle half an hour afterward, told him that she had refused the

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THE TIE THAT BINDS

The Tragic Story of a Woman Who Always Thought She Was "Good"

By Maximilian Foster

Author of "The Whistling Man," "The Forgotten House," etc.

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker

"Just as Case Was Giving In, Something Made Him Draw Back. He Looked Around. Talbot Was Standing There! He Must Have Seen Them from the Flat"

OUTSIDE, beyond the Tamalpais heads, the Pacific flashed, its breast heaving like a girl's; and hurrying while the tide served, a raft of shipping crowded toward the Gate. Cumnock idly eyed them. A big clipper led the van. "Clyde-built," he grunted, "look at her goose rump and fiddle bows!" Hustled seaward by a runt of a harbor tug, the tall ship stalked down the channelway, an image of idle grace, her topcloths slatting limply in the brails. A Hull tramp followed close aboard—a dirty, iron-sided brute blistered fore and aft with rust. She passed; when a brace of steam schooners forged by, trailed shortly by a Portland cargo boat, a couple of smacks, a P. M. Isthmus liner and a Genoese bark, white-hulled with stubby masts and blunt, unhandy yards. She, too, had a tug cuddling like a puppy at her flank.

Then, down the fairway another schooner headed toward the open—a clean, trim-looking fellow rigged alow and aloft like a yacht. Cumnock, for a moment, eyed her with the same lazy interest he had paid the others, when of a sudden his face lighted. Shoving back his chair he turned, and with a snap of his fingers, signaled a waiter drowsing near-by.

Emil's place was where we sat, that little beer garden over by North Beach; and Cumnock evidently had the run of the house. The waiter came hurrying.

"Got a glass?—a binocular?—anything to look, see?" Cumnock asked him. I wondered at the momentary gleam in his eye. That was like him, though—surprising.

There was a glass in the bar, and the waiter brought it. I heard Cumnock grunt as he leveled it on the fore-and-after. "H'm, I thought as! Sea Island chap, Marquesas, Paumotu, the Gilberts and around. Yah! you can smell from here the stink of gin and salmon in his traderoom!"

Just then, bound up the street toward the Presidio, a throng of gaily dressed men and women paraded by. It was a wedding party, all a lot of jabbering Portuguese from the fishing colony; and either these or the schooner—it was perhaps the combination—seemed to have stirred Cumnock uncommonly. He put down his glass and stared, his eye mocking.

THE bride was a girl of sixteen, perhaps less. She clumped along, bright in her outlandish sidpshop finery, clinging proudly to her bridegroom's arm. He, too, was young—a swart, thick-set fellow clad in a check suit sizes too tight for him, looking like a matador in his scarlet necktie and low-cut collar. In a way, though, the rascal had his good looks; and as the twain passed, the girl, with the frankness of her class, twined a lithe arm about the man's neck. They kissed then, their lips clinging; and I heard Cumnock give a little grunt deep down in his throat.

Then he laughed.

"Blest be the tie that binds!"

I could not describe his tone. Its contempt was open, but that was the least of it. The sneer sped tipped with rancorous venom, as if in the clownish passion of that man and girl Cumnock found and felt a personal affront; as if, in the slow poison of his voice, experience spoke. Then the wedding party passed on; and again Cumnock laughed. You could have wished he hadn't done that, either.

Frankly, none of us knew much about our friend. Months before he'd dropped in at Soldari's, hailing from God knows where; but before the week was out, there he was at our table, thick as thieves with all of us. Canadian, he said he was; but I had my doubts. The man wore an assured, easy air not to be mistaken; he was not only English, you'd say, his manner the kind that not even Toronto can ape; he was a Londoner, a 'varsity man besides. In Soldari's, though, one meets many sorts.

He turned to me now, his face queer.

"Look here," he drawled; "you write, don't you?" When I nodded, he smiled—a sardonic gleam. "Yes, I've read your pieces—some of them; only if you don't mind my saying it, you're like the rest of you chaps. When you . . . it looks as if you're afraid of hurting some one—you . . . , I wouldn't wonder. Yes, give you fellows a nice little . . . idea, then the lot of you, the way a litter of puppies will worry a rag or an old boot, run round and round with it till it's worn out. Why don't you tackle something real?"

"Oh, go on," I told him idly.

"All right, only don't look so bored," he grinned. "If it were handed you, I wonder what you'd do now, with a grand opera idea, say?"

"A grand opera idea?"

"Yes," he drawled; "ever hear of a chap called Talbot?"

I hadn't; but then that didn't affect me. "What do you mean, a grand opera idea?"

"Mean? Why, something big—that tomb scene in Aida for example." His wet his lips, his eyes evasive. "There's that other, too," he added, "Orpheus in Hell——"

"What about Talbot?" I asked.

I could see his air changed. He no longer sneered, but with dull eyes, his lean jaw shot out, he stared across the Bay. It was as if within that long narrow head of his the man saw a peopled world slip by; and what the world had been, I wondered. "Talbot? Oh, I dunno," he mumbled; "it's nothing you c'd use. Talbot's dead, of course; and so's the woman. Cheeve—that is, I mean Case," he corrected swiftly; "he's living, though."

"Case?"

"Yes, the other man."

"I see," I nodded; "the eternal triangle."

He glanced at me, his air bored. "You mean one of those regular affairs, I suppose? a couple of wasters in flannel tennis togs, then some fluffy sweet young thing, all high lights and prettiness, posing in the sunshine. Sunshine? my word!" he croaked.

I blushed. He referred, I knew, to a recent effort of mine. It was as wishy-washy as the washy drawings that lent added advertisement to its prettiness.

"Son," said Cumnock, his face grim, "you've never been down in the Gilberts have you?—Apamama, Nukunau, so forth and so on? You've never knocked around the Tokelau group either, have you?—there or in the Phoenixes?—and seen the way the sun shines down on that damned stretch of sand and coral beaches? Sunshine?—my God! You've never sat there, drowned in its glare, alone and in a blistering hell of light that made your eyes crack, your flesh crawl?" He did not raise his voice as he spoke, he only sat and smiled. "Have you?" he asked.

I hadn't of course, but I asked him why.

"Well," drawled Cumnock, "your remark about the triangle reminded me. I've seen men when they'd have sold their souls for the night to come, for that or for a patch of shade even, a shadow no bigger than their shirts. . . . Yes," he nodded; "men—a woman, too!"

One could not doubt whom he he meant.

"That same woman?" I asked, "the one you've been talking about?"

"She was Bertha Talbot," he said in a voice suddenly grown old. As he spoke he would stop for breath like a man who had lived hard and felt deeply.

Somehow it turned one cold. "Not Talbot's wife?" I asked; and when he nodded, I put another question to him. "You don't mean she was alone there—not in that place, wherever it was?" and Cumnock grinned.

"Alone? . . . Dear Lord, I'll wager she was alone—and then she wasn't! Depends on how you look at it."

That, too, made me creep, but I did not speak. It was well enough to wait. The tale, I could see, was coming—grand opera stuff. His very tone put it in that class.

"You know Shanghai, don't you?—the kind of people that hang out there in the places on the Bund. Well, that's where they met first, the Talbots, then that other man. . . . What was it I called him?" he asked aimlessly. When I told him "Case," he dully nodded. "Case,—yes, that was it; though never mind about him. A swell, I heard him called, a younger son; one of those pin-feathered rotters that go ramping up and down the trade lines, looking in at every bynort, hot on the hunt for trouble. . . . Huh! he found it too, I dessay," Cumnock grunted, in the same breath adding, "or Bertha Talbot did. You see, Talbot at the end played up bigger than she had ever dreamed. Rather!—she or Case either.

"He was a rare bird, that Talbot—a thin stoop-shouldered beggar with a hollow face, a pair of eyes like a spaniel's—pale, you know, and translucent, so that you c'd see through them; and with the eyes, he had a voice as pale and gentle, soft like a woman's. It was this, perhaps,—the voice and the eyes,—that fooled you about Talbot. A look at his jaw, though, should have put any one wise, even Bertha. Weak around the mouth it may have been, but once you followed it back to the ears you got the truth.

"HIS jaw there was like a turtle's. You know what I mean, don't you? let it bite once and it would stick, hanging on till sundown. . . . Yes!" laughed Cumnock, his laugh a growl; "only for Bertha the sun seemed as if it never would set—days of blinding sunlight! weeks of it—months and years, I wouldn't wonder! . . . Here, what're you looking at?" he demanded suddenly.

I was looking at him, though I didn't say so; wondering while he grinned. His teeth were bared like a skull's.

"What happened?" I parried. "You were telling about Talbot."

He hung silent for a moment, still grumbling to himself. "Yes, but don't think I knew him!" he growled; "I'm only telling you," and at that, I guessed. The man lied.

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The names might be fictitious,—Talbot, his wife Bertha, and Case; but they had not only lived, these three; he had had some hand in the tragedy.

"An American, Talbot was," he rumbled on, "of all people, a Massachusetts man. Yes, you know the Boston sort, don't you?—only Talbot wasn't like that—the kind that go mousing up and down the world, their noses in the air and all looking at the next man as if 'Who the devil are you?' A middle-class English army snob in a railroad carriage couldn't shove it further; but Talbot, I say, was different. There was no cant about him; he talked little, but he was a good chum. I can see him now, his big eyes shining and a smile on his face as wistful, as simple as a girl's. 'Really?' he'd say, pleased like a child when you told him something, 'Really?' or 'Why, think of it!' or 'You don't say!' Often I've wondered what he said those last ten or twelve hours on Frigate beach. Not much, I take it."

"Frigate beach?"

"Where it happened," Cumnock answered; "the place they went to."

He leaned back in his chair, his eyes vacant on the distance. "I don't suppose, though, you c'd blame Bertha, not if you know her sort. The world over, I dessay, you'll find many like her. At any rate, London, Paris, Vienna, they're full of Berthas; you must have seen them. She, too, was American, a New Yorker; the sort you meet trundling up and down Fifth Avenue and in and around the Waldorf, the Ritz, the Plaza—the big public places, you understand—all smiling, all togged out up to the nines, yet in the eyes of all a hunger, the air of wanting things, the things that take money to get, the money they've never had! Talbot, he'd had a little, but what with Bertha's milliners and modistes, her bridge, her parties, all that sort of thing; why, Talbot he'd gone broke.

"There was a smash, some bit of a scandal, too, I believe; but never mind about that! They'd gone drifting westward out of New York; busting up in one place after the other till at the end, Shanghai got them—got Talbot and Bertha just as it got all the rest of its mob of drifters, wasters. And through it all, this shoddy, shabby slide downhill, Talbot held stuck to Bertha, hanging on through thick and thin. He was the kind that would, you know; the kind that marry—*marry*, yes, if you see what I mean by that; the sort of man that takes to himself a wife, not just a woman. Ayel" grunted Cumnock; and he quoted: "'Till Death Do Us Part!" . . . and well, that's what it was, safe enough: "Till Death Do Us Part!" Oh, yes; though Bertha, of course, had no hint of *that*—anyway, not till that day on Frigate!

"BERTHA?—why, no. About all that Bertha ever had in her head was—well, Bertha. In fact, she was so much in her own mind, always, that so far it had kept her out of trouble.

"You know the kind, don't you? the kind that at heart are wantons, yet that seldom go wrong. That was Bertha. She had her price, you see. She would never yield till she got that price; and what it was, Case learned presently.

"From the first, he'd played up to her. Men like him *would*, you know; for Bertha's sort are the sort that such men hunt—the women that sneer at their husbands, contemptuous because they can't get from them what they want,—money usually. And Case had money—lots! All he needed his people let him have; that is, providing he kept away from them; and the instant he saw Bertha he cracked on all sail and spread himself in pursuit.

"It was a merry chase. They rode, they drove in the Bund, they danced and played tennis at the club; they were seen everywhere together. In Shanghai, though, things that elsewhere would fetch up in a smash go on regularly. Husbands there usually are complacent; and Talbot, besides, saw nothing or if he did, he gave no sign. Bertha, he trusted implicitly. What's more, he could. Bertha never would go wrong—that is, go wrong for Bertha. It wasn't long before Case learned that, too!

"They were outside the town that day, dawdling in a teahouse garden—you know the sort of place. Talbot they'd left below, running his legs off on some sort of business or the other—hunting a job, I wouldn't wonder; he was always doing that! Anyway, here were Case and Bertha, she all in white—gown, shoes, stockings, pith helmet and all—her parasol and belt the only touch of color. The parasol was lined with green silk, I remember; and against this, the coiled hair showing under her helmet gleamed like spun metal, filaments of burnished copper . . . . Lilith's hair!" said Cumnock; **and he wet his lips again**; "the kind that goes with a dead white skin and a red mouth—red, red like Sappho's—red like pomegranate seeds, like blood. . . . 'God, Bertha!' said Case; and suddenly took her in his arms.

"She did not resist. She only put back her head, holding it away so that he could not press his lips to hers. 'Oh, no!' she smiled; 'you misjudge me! I'm not that sort, you know!' Case was bewildered. All the signs had been what he'd waited for; he knew women, you know, but now, here she was, laughing at him!

"'Not that sort?' he repeated; and again Bertha smiled.

"'No, I'm a good woman,' she told him.

"'A good woman? Case knew women, and no good woman had ever before led him on the way Bertha had. But that's the way with Bertha's sort. So long as they don't overstep the brink they'll tread the dizzy edge of it in perfect confidence of their goodness. Bertha, you see, held herself at the price that all just such good women hold themselves.

"SHE looked at Case, smiling lightly.

"'No, you can't have me short of marriage,' said Bertha.

"'And there you are! It very nearly knocked Case galley-west. 'Marriage? Yes, but you're already married!' he said; and Bertha smiled. 'Oh, yes; but that can be arranged!' she announced; then she told him how.

"It was divorce, of course; women like Bertha, naturally looking on divorce as lightly as they look on marriage. And the queer thing, too, about it is that the Berthas often marry men like Talbot, the men that marry till death do them part. Case himself thought of that. 'How about him now? Talbot, you know?' he asked; and Bertha smiled again. 'He sha'n't stand in the way of my happiness,' she said, explicitly. 'A failure like that? Why, no! Long ago I wearied of the sight of him!'

"Case stood staring at her, his face reflective.

"'Well?' she inquired.

"'I was thinking,' he said.

"'Thinking what?' she asked.

"'I was thinking,' said Case, 'that hell is filled with good women like you—the kind that do no wrong because it is against their interest to do it. Well, I may be a rotter, but—why, good-by, Bertha!'

"'Then you won't marry me?' she smiled.

"'I'd rather be dead,' said Case.

"For a fortnight Bertha saw nothing of him. He had gone down the coast to Hangchow, she learned. Then, one morning, he turned up again.

"His face was white; his eyes feverish; she smiled when she saw him. 'Is your price still marriage?' asked Case.

"'Oh, yes,' laughed Bertha; 'I'm a good woman, you know!'

"Case still stared at her.

"'Yes, you're good—your kind of good, anyway,' he said; 'only you've never been tempted yet. You've never wanted what you want so much that you'd risk yourself to get it. My advice, Bertha; don't you stay here too long in Shanghai!'

"Bertha, for a moment, eyed him narrowly.

"'Look here,' she demanded, 'what's up?' and Case shrugged his shoulders. 'Oh, don't ask me,' he answered.

"A week later she got a hint of what was in the wind. Case had dropped out of sight again—gone up the river, they said; and that night Bertha had been to a dance, her escort a man off one of the war-ships. It was long after midnight when she came in, but Talbot still sat up. He had a chart and a stack of books set out under the lamp and when he saw her, he leaped up beaming. 'Oh, dearest!' he cried; 'the luck's changed! It's come at last!'

"'What's come?' asked Bertha; and Talbot, his eyes shining, told her.

"'Why, our opportunity!'

"She'd heard that sort of thing too often, though, to seem much impressed. 'Oh, well; don't bother me about it now,' she murmured; 'I'm going to bed.' Talbot must have winced at that, but if he did, he didn't show it. He wouldn't for anything have hurt her. 'You don't understand, dear!' he exclaimed. 'It's those people, the ones I've been after. They've advanced the money, yes! I'm in on shares; and I've asked young Cage to join me!'

"After that, you may be sure, Bertha paid attention. 'Case!' she cried.

"It was as Talbot said. A Shanghai firm had put up the cash; Talbot was going into trade, a concern operating in the sea islands south of the line,—the Gilberts, the Marquesas, the Paumotu, Apia and roundabout; and he'd offered Case a lay, a part share. 'Yes, just think of it!' Talbot cried; 'it won't be more than six or seven years at the most before we'll have a fortune. I have it all figured out on paper! Then we'll retire—go home, you know!'

"'Six or seven years? Why, to her it meant a living tomb! Six years of sand and desert sea beach! years of exile among a pack of half-savage islanders; the only white man now and then some grass-souled trader, that or a missionary droning texts and psalms! Not that Bertha wasn't in need of them—texts and psalms, you know! To Talbot, though, she said nothing. She waited till she saw Case. 'Did you ever hear of such nonsense?' she laughed; 'bury myself like that!'

"'WELL, he's burying himself, too!' said Case; 'and it's for you!'

"'Piffle!' said Bertha; 'I won't go!'

"'Yes, you will,' smiled Case. 'You'll go because you won't leave Talbot. You'll hang to Talbot till you've fetched fast to some one better. And besides, Bertha, it's all up with you here in Shanghai. You're good maybe—your kind of good, anyway; but you've been talked about. They've tagged you with me! Understand?'

"She looked at him, her eyes queer again.

"'What're you trying to do?' she asked, 'drive me to stay here or drive me to go with you?'

"Case smiled at her again.

"'Oh, some now!' he rallied; 'you mustn't think that! Here we are, your husband and I, good friends, good chums; and just because I'm growing to like him—upon my soul, I am!—you charge me with your worst suspicions. . . . Oh, well,' said Case; and he grinned; 'cut out the friendship piffle, if you like; let's put it in another way. What if I need the money?'

"She glanced at him swiftly, startled.

"'You're not broke?' she exclaimed; and Case's smile broadened.

"'No, not exactly, my dear,' he answered; 'only my family—their solicitors, rather—they suggest I find myself some occupation. Mischief, Satan, idle hands; you know the sort of talk they'd hand a chap. Then, too, I'm kind of sick of myself, wasting my time, life, everything! I'm going to take a whack at it!'

"It was three parts true, that stuff he gave her; he was really hard up. His family had heard about his Shanghai life; and they'd cut down on him. Never mind about that, though. 'I don't believe a word you tell me!' Bertha said, her face white. 'I won't go!'

"'You mean you'd rather stay?' asked Case, 'stay here and listen to the talk? Oh; but I don't think Talbot would let you!'

"Bertha drew herself up, her eyes blazing.

"'As if he had anything to say!' she retorted.

"The grin had never left Case's jaw. 'You'll go, Bertha,' he told her. 'Shanghai's no place for married ladies left alone. If you needed anything—comfort, care; the things you've got to have—some one might make you change your mind, change it about being good, your sort of good, you know!' Then he laid his hand on hers, his smile dying swiftly. 'It's sporting odds, Bertha! I'm not all rotter,'

(*Continued on Page 32*)

"'The Tie That Binds, to Have and to Hold—Yes, That Was It, All Right! Only Death Didn't Part Them—Not Even Death!'"

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THE MISTRESS OF MAGIC

An Irish Folk-Lore Tale

By
Seumas Mac Manus
Author of "In Chimney Corners," "A Lad of the O'Friels," etc.
Illustrations by
Franklin Booth

ONCE upon a time, and a good time it was, there was a man who had one son, named Manus, who was growing up a fine, brave, nice boy entirely and a help and comfort to his father. But on a night doesn't there arrive at this man's house a Prince from the East with eleven of his followers, and he asked to be put up for the night, and Manus's father put him up and welcome. After supper the Prince from the East began putting his followers and himself through a lot of wonderful magical tricks which astonished Manus's father very, very much indeed. And he said he wished his son Manus could work tricks like that.

Said the Prince of the East, "How would you like it, if I took your son Manus with me and taught him Magic, too?"

"I would like it very well indeed," said Manus's father. "Only I am very fond of Manus, and I wouldn't like to spare him long."

"Would a year and a day be too long?" said the Prince of the East.

"It would not," said Manus's father. "And if you'll promise to teach Manus your magical tricks and have him here again in a year and a day from now, you'll be doing me a great favor, and I'll heartily let you have him."

"Very well and good," said the Prince from the East, agreeing to that, "I will take Manus with me, and verse him so well and soundly in magical tricks that when I bring him back to you in a year and a day, I promise that he'll astonish you."

The father was as well pleased at this as Manus; and Manus was as well pleased as the father. Next morning Manus bade the father farewell, and set off and away with the Prince of the East and his eleven followers.

The father, though he felt lonesome enough without his Manus, wrought hard and tried to be happy. Still he couldn't help counting the time. And every day was a week to him, and every week was seven till the year and a day wore around, and he looked for his brave Manus again.

Right enough, on the very day when the year and a day were up, late in the evening, the Prince of the East arrived and Manus with him, and eleven other followers. And I tell you that was a glad meeting between Manus and his father. Manus was grown a bigger, and a stouter, and a braver, and a finer fellow far, than when he went away; and his father was proud of him. But if he was proud of him when he first saw him, he was double as proud when, after supper, the Prince of the East began to put Manus through his magical tricks, astonishing and priding the father at the wonderful things Manus could do.

"Ay," said the Prince of the East, "he is very good, surely for his time; but if the boy had only time enough it's a wonderful magician he would make. Wait till you see what these eleven and myself can do." And then he began to put his other eleven followers and himself through their tricks.

If Manus's tricks had been great and fine, the tricks that the Prince himself and his eleven followers now went through astounded Manus's father out and out, and far surpassed anything Manus could do.

"Well, well, I wish and I wish," said the father, "that Manus had the ability of you twelve."

"And that he could have," said the Prince of the East, "if you only leave him long enough in his apprenticeship."

"How much longer do you want him?" said the father.

"Let us say a year and a day," said the Prince from the East. Although the father was grieved at the notion of parting with poor Manus again, still the temptation was great. So he agreed with the Prince that he should have Manus for another year and a day, provided he would fetch him back there to the same spot again at the end of that time, more perfect in Magic.

On the very next morning the father had to part with poor Manus again and a sad parting you may be sure it was. But the father said, "Manus, dear, keep up your heart and the year and a day will pass like a week—till you are with me again."

And off the Prince of the East and Manus and his other eleven followers set. And the father turned to his work and tried to be happy whilst the time went round, but every day was a week to him, and every week was seven, looking forward to Manus's coming again.

But the longest tale must have a finish, and the lonesomest year an ending; so at long and at last, the year and a day passed, and on the very last evening of the time, the Prince of the East with Manus and his other eleven followers, they arrived at Manus's father's. And great and great as was the joy of Manus's father at the meeting, just every bit as great was the joy of Manus; and a happy pair they were that night.

The father laid down a royal supper for all of them; and, when they had eaten and drunk to their heart's content, the Prince of the East put Manus on the floor and began putting him through his tricks, for the father's delight. And if Manus had been clever the first time, he was double as clever now. And the father, delighted, said the like of Manus for cleverness he had never seen before, and that he'd now be as proud as a Prince for Manus all the days of his life.

SAID the Prince of the East, "Manus is good, and very good—for his time. But if I had only long enough of him, I would make him the most wonderful magician in the world again. Just wait till you see," said he, "what these other eleven followers of mine can do." And he began putting the other eleven followers and himself through magical tricks. And if Manus's tricks had opened his father's eyes, the tricks he now saw opened them far wider surely.

And said he, "My son, Manus is good and very good, as you say—but I only wish he was as good as that."

"Will you let me have him for another year and a day?" said the Prince of the East, "till you see what I will make of him?"

"And a thousand welcomes," agreed the father.

Next morning sad enough was the parting; and Manus again set out with the Prince of the East and the other eleven followers. And the father, he turned and went to his work and tried to feel happy. But every day was a week to him, and every week seven, till at long and at last the year and a day were round. But at the end of the time neither Prince nor Manus appeared. For, unfortunately when the last agreement was made, Manus's father forgot entirely to put into it that he would have to bring Manus back at the time's end. But if Manus's father, and Manus himself had overlooked this point, the Prince of the East hadn't been blind to it—for he was a right cunning knave.

As restless as a hen on a hot griddle was the poor father all the dreary day, waiting and watching. But no Prince came, and alas! no Manus, although all the day he watched and waited, and all the night, and all the next day, too. With his heart nigh breaking, he got up early on the morning of the third day, and he took with him a cake of hard bread well-buttered, and set out to find the castle of the Prince

"The Twelve Geese Began to Eat the Wheat, When the Wheat Turned into a Fox, and Took the Heads off the Twelve Geese"

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of the East and fetch his Manus home. On and on before him he traveled till the sun was high, and himself hungry and tired as well. Then at midday he sat down, under a rowan-tree, to eat his cake and rest himself. And a gray hawk came flying and alit on the rowan-tree.

"Hungry, hungry I am," said the hawk, "little old man won't you divide your dinner with me?"

"It's little enough is in for myself," said Manus's father, "but I can't bear to see any of God's creatures go wanting." So he divided his cake with the hawk.

"You'll not lose by this," said the hawk. "There's only one creature in all the world knows where that Prince's castle is, and it's I who only have that knowledge," said the hawk. "I once put the Prince under an obligation to me—and once I went to his castle, but never went there again, for it's almost beyond the world and a seven year's journey to travel there. But," said the hawk, "I'm so sorry for you that if you like to follow me, I'll lead you there. By reason of the obligation I put the Prince under I can get you entrance to his castle. But I cannot tell you how you'll fare when you get there."

"Thank you," said Manus's father. "And I'll follow you if it was ten times as far."

ACCORDINGLY off they set with the hawk leading, and flying ahead of Manus's father. When he would be on the hill the hawk would be in the hollow, and when he would be in the hollow the hawk would be on the hill.

And so it fared, and so he followed, while the days grew to weeks, and the weeks to months and the months to years—and the years grew to seven. And on the night before the last day of the seventh year the hawk told him they were now within a day's journey of the Prince's castle, and that when he reached it, he was to demand entrance and possession of his son in the name of the Gray Hawk of Knowledge—"Which," the hawk said, "is my name. He'll have to give you both admittance and the chance of picking out your son among his twelve followers," said the hawk. "Only, when he puts the twelve before you to pick from, he'll be at liberty to have them in any shape he likes. No man will be able to tell one from another of them, so much alike will they be. And yet you'll have only one choice and must abide by it. It's heartily sorry I'll be if you fail. But may God bless you," said the hawk, "and send that you don't fail."

Right heartily Manus's father thanked the hawk and said, "Well, if I fail it won't be your fault anyway. You have surely done your best, now. And," he said sorrowfully, "the best can do no more."

Well and good. Towards evening of the next day he came in sight of a gorgeous castle of many towers—seated on a mountain top and surrounded by great trees. And on the top of the highest tower alighted the Gray Hawk of Knowledge.

Manus's father now knew he had reached his journey's end. So, climbing up to the great castle he knocked on the gates. And it was the Prince of the East himself who appeared.

"What is it you're wanting?" said he.

"I demand admission and search for my son," he replied, "in the name of the Gray Hawk of Knowledge."

The Prince of the East looked black when he heard this. But there was nothing for it but to open the gates and let him in. And the Prince said, "In the morning you'll be given chance of finding your son."

Manus's father got his supper and was shown to bed in one of the towers. But, just as he was about to fall asleep, he was aroused by a tapping on the window-pane. He got up and saw perched outside, a pigeon which was doing the tapping. He opened the window to the pigeon—and when it flew in, it turned into a young woman, the most beautiful he thought, he had ever seen.

She said, "I'm the daughter of the Prince of the East; and, I must confess that I have fallen in love with your son, young Manus from Ireland. And it grieves me that my father has held him here under spells. And I now have come to help you to find him. Though," she said, "I must warn you that, even if you find him, you'll still find it the hardest task in the world to get him entirely free of my father. In the morning my father will take you out into the courtyard, and when he blows a whistle, twelve blackbirds will sit upon a tree and begin to sing, and you'll be asked to take your choice of the twelve. They are my father's twelve followers, and your son is one of them. The way," says she, "you will know your son is by singing the saddest song. Heaven send," said she, "that you choose wisely. But, even then, your trouble will only have begun." Then she turned into a pigeon again, and flew out among the trees that surrounded the castle.

In the morning the Prince of the East took Manus's father into the courtyard. And he blew a whistle, and twelve blackbirds appeared and perched upon a tree, and all twelve began to sing.

Said the Prince, "Out of those twelve choose your son."

One of the blackbirds sitting on the topmost branch sang a song which was sad and very sad, and forlorn entirely.

"I choose," said he, "that blackbird perched on the topmost branch of the tree."

The Prince of the East looked as black as thunder. But there wasn't anything for it, but to turn the blackbird into the shape of a man again. And it was Manus. And he and his father embraced and cried for very joy.

With little delay they set out for home—on the very next morning. As they went along, the son said, "Dear Father, the Prince of the East doesn't mean to part with me easily. He'll surely come after and try to get me from you by some trick or other. You are a poor man, Father," said Manus, "and if you manage well, I, by virtue of my magical knowledge can get for you a good penny from the villain."

"How is that?" said the father.

Said Manus, "I'll turn myself into a sheep with a tether to me. You'll lead me along; and at twelve o'clock to-day you'll be met by a sheep buyer and eleven boys. He'll ask you what you'll take for the sheep. You say that this is a particular sheep, and you cannot part with it under a hundred pounds. He'll quickly close the bargain and pay you the money. Let him have the sheep, but on the peril of your life don't let away the tether. Then all will be well."

To this the father agreed: and into a sheep Manus turned himself, his father was driving him along with the end of the tether in his hold. And just at noon what should he meet up with but a sheep buyer, and eleven boys, who asked if he would sell the sheep.

"Yes," said Manus's father. "But as this is a particular sheep, I'll not part with it under a hundred pounds."

"You'll get your price," said the sheep buyer. And down he paid him a hundred pounds in gold, and took the sheep with him, Manus's father keeping the tether.

Then the sheep buyer pushed on his way with his eleven boys and his sheep, and Manus's father followed his. And Manus's father wasn't three hours traveling, when who but his son overtook him. And both of them were rejoiced.

Next morning said Manus to his father, "My master doesn't mean to part with me as easily as you think. But if you do right to-day we'll get some more money out of the villain."

"Next Day He Came in Sight of a Gorgeous Castle"

And said the goat buyer, says he, "Will you sell the goat?"

"I'll do that," said Manus's father. "But as this is a particular goat, I wouldn't think of parting with it under two hundred pounds."

"I'll give you that," said the goat buyer. And he did. He paid down to Manus's father two hundred golden pounds, and took away the goat before him—Manus's father slipping the tether off, and keeping it.

On then went Manus's father, and he wasn't three hours traveling when up to him came Manus again. And both of them were rejoiced.

"We're doing well, Father," said Manus, "in punishing the villain. That's three hundred pounds you've got, and to-morrow if you act well, you'll have three hundred more."

"How is that?" asked his father.

"To-morrow," said Manus, "I'll turn myself into a horse with a bridle. At twelve o'clock in the day, you'll meet an army captain with eleven dragoons, all armed with cutlasses; and the army captain will say that he is in want of a horse, and will ask you to sell him yours. You must say that this is a particular horse and you won't part with him under three hundred pounds. He'll buy me, but you be sure on the peril of your life not to let me away without first slipping off, and keeping the bridle."

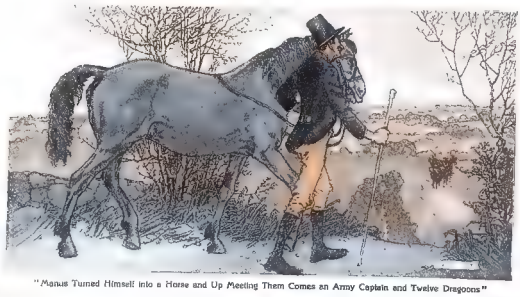
His father promised to do this.

Next day, Manus turned himself into a horse. And at twelve o'clock, right enough, up meeting them comes an army captain and eleven dragoons, every one of them armed with cutlasses. And the captain halted Manus's father, and told him he was in need of a horse. "I like the looks of that one you're leading," said he. "Will you sell him?"

"I'll sell him," said Manus's father. "But as he's a very particular horse, I wouldn't think of parting with him under three hundred pounds."

"I'll give you that," said the army captain. "But come," said he, "to this inn till I pay you the money, and we've a drink over it."

To the inn with them, unfortunately went Manus's father, who got his three hundred golden pounds paid there, and had a drink with them over it. That drink led to a second, and the second to a third, till in the end poor Manus's father forgot about the bridle. Off went the captain, and his eleven dragoons, taking with them the horse and the bridle also. And although Manus's father waited there three days and three nights his son never came. And off, he set to seek his son again.



"Manus Turned Himself into a Horse and Up Meeting Them Comes an Army Captain and Twelve Dragoons"

NOW the Prince of the East rode Manus home, for of course it was he who was the army captain. With his followers there he held a council; and it was decided Manus should be punished by being roasted to death in a mill kiln.

So, on the very next day they put Manus into the mill kiln, from which there was no escape, and they built the grate under.

Now the beautiful Princess who loved him, was in sore distress when she found they were burning her lover in the mill kiln. Calling up all her magical power, she turned the millrace into the kiln, leaving it then to Manus's own powers to extricate himself.

The minute the water flowed in on top of him, Manus turned himself into an eel, and in the flow of water swam out into the river.

Then the Prince of the East and his eleven followers turned themselves into twelve otters, and dived into the river after him. Manus curled himself under the deepest stone in the river. But the otters searched every stone till they came to the right one.

When he found himself discovered, Manus turned himself into a white pigeon, and flew for the woods. But into twelve hawks turned the Prince and his followers, and

(*Continued on Page 76*)

"How do you mean?" asked the father.

Said Manus, "I'll turn myself into a goat with a tether to it: you'll drive me before you, and at twelve o'clock you'll be met up by a goat buyer, and eleven boys. He'll ask you to sell him the goat; when you must say that this is a particular goat, and you wouldn't think of parting with it for less than two hundred pounds. He'll give you that, but you must be sure on the peril of your life not to part with the tether."

"All right," said the father.

So, turn himself into a goat Manus did, and his father drove him before him, the end of the tether in his hand. And, at twelve o'clock, sure enough, what does he meet but a goat buyer and eleven boys.

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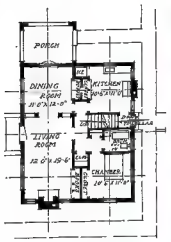
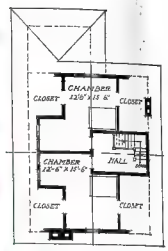
THREE WELL-PLANNED BUNGALOWS

From Designs by Arthur Weindorf



Design A—First Floor Plan

Design A—This Cozy Bungalow Is Large Enough for a Family of Four and Costs But $2,700



Design A—Second Floor Plan

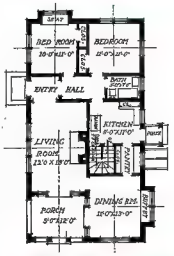
BUNGALOW B was especially designed for a home by the side of a lake, but it is sufficiently practical and artistic to find a place in any suburban locality. This same house could be built of stucco and lath, concrete piers and without beamed ceilings and paneling for about one thousand dollars less than the given estimate. The plan has a ground area of forty-eight feet frontage by twenty-six feet deep, and stands with its broad front to the road. There are two comfortable bedrooms and a bath on the ground floor, with a servant's bedroom and ample storeroom above.

The cellar extends under half of the house and contains the furnace, laundry and storeroom for vegetables and preserves. Many people prefer a separate entrance hall which is found in this plan, but of course this space could be thrown into the living-room if preferred. The side walls of the living-room and dining-room are paneled off with narrow strips allowing the sand-finished walls to be exposed between the panels. The kitchen is planned with every thought of saving steps and making housework lighter.

DETAILED COST OF BUILDING

BUNGALOW B

Excavating and grading	$135.00
Masonry work	1,200.00
Plastering exterior and interior	425.00
Carpentry work	1,230.00
Painting and staining	195.00
Plumbing and gas fitting	275.00
Heating (steam)	300.00
Metal work	75.00
Electric wiring and bell work	65.00
Combination lighting fixtures	50.00
Hardware	80.00
	$4,030.00



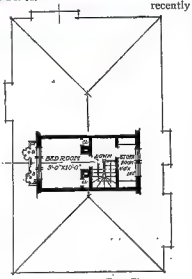
Design B—First Floor Plan

THE arrangement of Bungalow A is almost ideal for the money expended. Every room in the house is light and has a cross draft. The bathroom is placed near the kitchen, making an economical plumbing bill. It is, however, quite accessible to the bedchambers through the little private hall. The living and dining-rooms are separated only by columns, giving an appearance of great space. The frame of the house is spruce with an exterior of stucco on wood lath. Cypress is the interior trim while the floors are of good North Carolina pine. The walls of the first floor are covered with rough-finished plaster, tinted in flat colors.

DETAILED COST OF BUILDING

DESIGN A

Excavating and grading	$70.00	Plumbing and tinning	$200.00
Masonry work	365.00	Heating (hot air)	130.00
Plastering	450.00	Lighting (electricity)	60.00
Carpentry work	1,220.00	Lighting fixtures	30.00
Painting and staining	190.00		$2,675.00
Hardware	50.00		



Design B—Second Floor Plan

Design B—An Attractive Exterior with an Artistic Interior Makes This Hollow Tile Bungalow Worth Considering at $4,000

BUNGALOW C was actually built in the East for the sum stated, but it must be remembered that the cost of materials and labor varies in all parts of the country at different seasons of the year. Until recently architects and builders seemed to have thought it impossible to build inexpensive small houses with attractive exteriors and artistic interiors, but this idea has fortunately passed away.

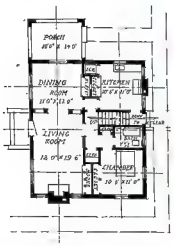
The floor space in this little home is most economical—every inch is put to some practical use. The house contains many appreciated built-in bits of furniture. The built-in buffet in the dining-room, for instance, connects with the closet in the kitchen by a small opening, saving many steps. In the living-room there is a built-in bookcase near the hospitable fireplace. A kitchen provision closet is built in over the built-in refrigerator, and there are two clothes closets in the corners of the hall.

Only two rooms have been finished on the second floor, but when your ship comes in, the attic (12 by 14 feet) can be converted into another bedchamber at little cost. The porch is sufficiently large to be used as a dining-room. It could be screened in Summer and glazed in Winter.

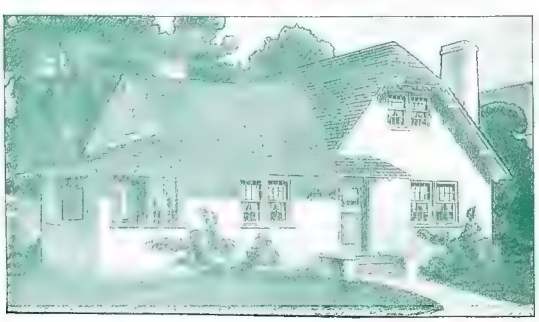
DETAILED COST OF BUILDING

BUNGALOW C

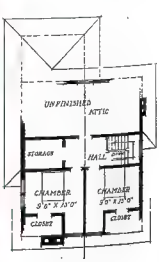
Excavating and grading	$60.00
Masonry work	363.00
Plastering	360.00
Carpentry work	1,300.00
Painting and staining	120.00
Hardware	50.00
Plumbing and tinning	210.00
Heating (hot-air)	130.00
Lighting (electricity)	60.00
Lighting fixtures	30.00
	$2,825.00



Design C—First Floor Plan



Design C—Simplicity Is the Key-Note of This Cheerful Little Home Built in the Month of August for $2,800



Design C—Second Floor Plan

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CHIVALRY VERSUS JUSTICE

Why the Women of the Nation Demand the Right to Vote

By GEORGE CREEL
Decorations by Edward A. Wilson

THERE is no good quarrel with honest opposition to equal suffrage. Not only is the right to disagree guaranteed by the Constitution, but it is highly essential that every important political change should encounter antagonism in order to guard against hasty and ill-considered action.

The woman who has no need of the vote herself, and resists it as an added and unwelcome responsibility, may be selfish but she is frank. The man who holds that the opposite sex is not sufficiently intelligent to use the ballot wisely may be prejudiced but he is courageous. Men and women alike who feel that equal suffrage does not contain any effective remedy for admitted injustices and evils, may lack faith but they are sincere. Such as these are straightforward fighters who do not fear the open, and they are entitled to all the amenities of well-tempered debate.

There is neither frankness, courage nor sincerity, however, in those controversialists who deny that the American woman is touched at any point by wrong, oppression or wretchedness, and whose implacable enmity to her enfranchisement is masked by glowing hyperboles that paint her as a peach-checked, rose-lipped queen buried to the dimpled chin in love and homage.

In America to-day there are about nine million women who work, many of them engaged in the pleasant professions and wholesome industries, to be sure, but the large majority engulfed in dismal and degrading drudgeries. In the face of this economic revolution that has leveled so many protective walls, how is it possible to grant good faith to the continued insistence that "woman's place is the home?"

The platitude, in effect, contends that these weary millions are not working from any real necessity, but possess homes in which they could remain did they but have the proper spirit and desire. According to its reasoning, the sea of bended backs is caused by nothing more vital than discontents and unrests.

Look where one will, women may be seen creeping across the icy floors of office buildings, night in, night out, scrubbing up the dirt of a man's day; toiling in mills and factories ten and twelve hours a day; plying swift needles in fire-traps; breathing the stifling air in steam laundries; making gewgaws in darksome tenements at an average wage of two cents an hour, or tearing fingers in the damp shucking sheds of the Gulf Coast States.

Does any one honestly believe that these driven souls are doing these things because they like it? Or that their presence in such employments is adequately explained by the assumption of "marital unrest," or "dissatisfaction with the humdrum of domestic life," or the "desire to obtain pin-money for vanities?"

AN equal measure of just resentment is aroused by the twin declaration that suffrage will entail "the disintegration of the American home." Here again there is the bland theory of vine-clad cottages and dense walls of fragrant honeysuckle behind which every right-thinking woman sits in security surrounded by her babes.

What of the squalid holes in the thirteen thousand licensed tenements, of New York City alone, where whole families and boarders often sleep, eat and work in a single room, toiling long, weary hours for incredible pittances? What of the old doghouses, dilapidated carriage sheds and noisome barracks in which padrones herd the cannery workers of Delaware, Maryland, Louisiana and Mississippi? Or the ragged tents of miners on the bleak hillsides of the coal mining states? Or the sickening hovels of the coal and steel districts in Pennsylvania? Or the paper-walled shacks of the cotton mill towns where sleep waits on terrible exhaustion?

What greater "disintegration" *can* come to these "homes" where families rot in despair, and boys and girls grow to maturity stunted in mind and body?

There is no intent to cry down chivalry or desire to repress a single poetic impulse. It is well indeed that men should hold the mother sex in tender, reverent regard, and it is to be hoped that love will never lose its romance and idealism. It is asserted, however, that *true* chivalry must have justice as its firm foundation. The kind that ignores crying evils and patent wrongs in favor of high-sounding periods is nothing more than veneered hypocrisy.

There can be no denial of the imperative nature of the equal suffrage issue. Eleven states and one territory have granted woman the ballot, and in all others it is the principal agitation and demand. Why, then, is it not a high duty to free the discussion of all falsities, smugnesses and obvious claptrap so that honest, sincere argument may have a clear field.

What is more fair, for instance, than the demand that men who grow maudlin in praise of the "American queen" must be prepared to show that, in their particular city and state, the women are treated fairly and decently? Or that those who insist that the "fair sex" does not need the vote be called upon to prove that the women in their sections are without grievance?

In plain words, let chivalry be arraigned and made to justify itself. Is it the thing of perfect honor and protective tenderness, deep-rooted in adequate laws, or only buncombe designed to cloak prejudice, sordid motives and evil privileges? There are many cases, the citation of which will not only make the point clear, but may also lead to a better understanding of the bitternesses and ugly resentments that are clouding and confusing the entire equal suffrage question.

SENATOR TILLMAN, of South Carolina, for instance, bases his opposition upon the belief that the ballot will "mar the beauty and dim the luster of the glorious womanhood with which we have been familiar," and prefaces all of his attacks by the insistence that his "known reverence for good women" will prevent him from being understood.

The slightest inquiry into this beauty and luster, however, develops almost unspeakable conditions. The statute-books of South Carolina do not contain one single law for the protection of the working women, thousands of whom are in the cotton mills. The father is the sole and despotic owner of the children, being able to deed them away from the mother if he wishes, and there are no laws that permit a wife to control her own property or her own earnings.

No matter how drunken, worthless or brutal a husband may become, divorce is practically impossible, and if the woman flees the roof that such conditions have made unbearable, the state regards her almost as a fugitive slave who may not be fed or sheltered.

South Carolina is one of the few commonwealths that still permit children of twelve to be worked eleven hours a day, and as if this did not give sufficient opportunity to the robbers of cradles, birth certificates are not required, and the entire appropriation for factory inspection is but three thousand five hundred dollars a year.

It also stands almost alone in refusing to declare prostitution an outlaw industry, nor is the loathsome business of procuring frowned upon by an act of any kind. The one protection against lust is the Unwritten Law, which, says the state's foremost citizen, "is the best law to protect woman's virtue that I ever heard of."

Why bother about prevention when the guilty men may be "shot down like dogs?" There are, to be sure, many women without the necessary father or brother, but it is assumed that such as these would merely mention their needs to any chivalrous gentleman that happened to be passing. A simple matter, a trifling courtesy, since it has been loudly declared that the slayers would be acquitted "without the jury leaving the box."

Nor is this all that is done for the American queen in the "glorious state that smiles under the moral rays of God's blessed sunshine." Education is not permitted to unsettle her placid contemplation of the beauties of her special brand of chivalry, for all the efforts of the women have not been able to secure the passage of a compulsory

(*Continued on Page 24*)

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"Yes, I'm one tired man tonight!"

"Any Campbell's Tomato Soup in the house? That's what I want!"

He *knows.*

And there are thousands just like him everywhere, every night—tired, hungry business men, fagged out with the day's work—who know that the one thing they want most and first is

Campbell's Tomato Soup

They know from experience its delightfully tonic and appetizing quality. They know that its stimulating effect is wholesome and natural; and that it helps to strengthen and build them up in a genuine way.

How about *your* men folks? Do they know this important fact—or do you know it for them? Are you prepared to welcome them tonight with a warming nourishing plate of this delicious soup? Why not phone your grocer for a dozen right now?

21 kinds **10c a can**

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consomme, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra, Vegetable

Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Chivalry Versus Justice

(Continued from Page 23)

school law. This, too, in defiance of statistics showing South Carolina to be the second most illiterate state in the Union, possessing two hundred and seventy-six thousand, nine hundred and eighty illiterates over ten.

Senator Martine of New Jersey is another statesman who seeks to establish a chivalric base for his open hostility to equal suffrage. These excerpts from a speech may serve as an example of his oratory:

"Personally, I am frank to say, with love and admiration for woman not surpassed by any man on God's footstool, I believe it would not tend to enhance or advance the well-being of women, nor do I believe that it would accrue to the well-being of this loved land of ours. It makes me feel sad when I hear this plea of women demanding their rights. I know of no country, and there is none, where woman has more of her rights than she has in free, democratic America."

There is no need of allusion to South Carolina; his own state will do as well. Every Autumn a bannerless army of women and children moves across the cranberry bogs of New Jersey.

In California, by way of contrast, the voting women have forced laws that bear particularly upon seasonal employments, calling for housing inspection, decent sanitation, a proper working day, and the payment of wages in the presence of a commissioner in order that rascally contractors may be defeated. Senator Martine is challenged to show one single step that his state has made in the direction of such a wise protective measure.

In New Jersey, as in South Carolina, there is no state law against the keeping of houses of prostitution.

SADDEST thing and most savage of all, however, is the fact that in New Jersey *children born out of wedlock may not be legitimatized even though the parents are married afterward.* A bill to lift this curse from the heads of innocents was introduced in the 1913 legislature, but failed of passage.

Mr. Lodge and Mr. Weeks, the senators from Massachusetts, are two others equally firm in the belief that woman has no need for the ballot owing to man's chivalrous willingness to grant her smallest wish. It took exactly forty years of begging for the mothers of Massachusetts to get a joint guardianship law, and even then it was secured only through the horrid compulsion of tragedy. A despairing wife, driven mad by the certainty that her worthless husband meant to scatter the six children in institutions and apprenticed employment, killed herself and the little ones. Then the legislators took action.

Massachusetts' boasted laws for the protection of working women are without teeth. Twenty-four inspectors are provided for fifty thousand manufacturing establishments, and although forty thousand of the toilers are women and children, only four women have been made inspectors.

The state possesses a drastic eight-hour day for all men paid from the public treasury, and all men employed by contractors doing work from the state, yet a nine-hour day is the best that the wage-earning woman has been able to win. Even this has a loophole that permits the women to be worked excessive hours, and does not apply to stenographers, bookkeepers or women in clerical work.

The penalty for violating the eight-hour law for men is a fine of one thousand dollars or six months' imprisonment or both, while the nine-hour law for women may be violated for one hundred dollars and no imprisonment.

Senator O'Gorman of New York is also one whose pinnacle of chivalry lifts him above the sordidness of facts. Almost at the very moment he declared against equal suffrage as unnecessary, a New York judge was fining a factory owner twenty dollars for locking in one hundred and fifty girls, the very act that caused the death of one hundred and forty-seven, one short year before.

It is also a fact that the New York legislature has steadfastly refused the request of the women for a mothers' pension law, and that the shame of the tenement workers still rests as a blot on the commonwealth that loves to call itself the Empire state, while just recently a Brooklyn Supreme Court judge has decided that a wife has no right to whatever money she may have saved out of her household expenses.

Then there is Mr. Heflin, a member of Congress from Alabama. At a recent meeting in Birmingham, Mr. Isadore Shapiro challenged Heflin to point to the enactment of any piece of legislation due to his efforts that in any way tended toward the promotion of the welfare of Alabama's women, and scourged him with these words:

"What has his flattery accomplished? Pretty phrases do not purchase meal tickets. Whitewash will not buy clothing. He boasts of our sun-kissed hills and fair-faced maidens, but what of the thousands of pale-faced toilers, both men and women, who are drudgingly eking out a one foot in the poorhouse existence in Alabama's mines and factories? What of the blushing illiteracy of Alabama's people? What has Heflin done to wipe out this blackness from the map of enlightenment? What of the weak-framed elves who sweat for a crum a day in Alabama's cotton mills?"

Alabama has no law for the protection of the working woman: permits children of twelve to be worked ten and eleven hours a day; demands no birth certificates and does not provide a single penny for factory inspection; possesses no joint guardianship law; has within its borders three hundred and fifty-two thousand, seven hundred and ten illiterates over ten, and boasts a so-called compulsory education law that requires only eight weeks of school attendance each year, of which only six weeks need be consecutive.

The elevation of property rights above human rights seems to be an inevitable accompaniment of the chivalry buncombe. Louisiana spends one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the protection of game birds and fish, yet the Gordon sisters, after years of effort, were only able to obtain an annual appropriation of nine hundred dollars for factory inspection. Mississippi—home of Senators Vardaman and Williams—can devote one hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars to replanting depleted oyster beds, but refused to provide one cent for inspection of the factories in which boys of twelve are permitted to labor.

Vice-President Marshall, who opposes equal suffrage on the ground that woman can have anything she wants—"God bless her"—resides in Indiana, a state that gives fifteen thousand dollars annually for better bees and fruits, but whose legislature voted down an appropriation of two thousand dollars for better babies.

CONGRESS, which rejected the request of the Commissioner of Education for three thousand dollars with which to investigate certain phases of child life, gave fifteen thousand dollars for the study of clam shells at the insistence of the pearl button makers. It is also the case that woman is discriminated against at every turn in the government service. Four women pass civil service examinations to three men, yet the appointments are at the ratio of two men to one woman. Men are also paid a much higher annual wage than women for identical work.

Sweeping as the assertion may seem, it is still easily demonstrable that practically every public man who insists that "lovely woman" does not need the ballot, hails from a state that persists in the outworn feudal attitude toward women. New Mexico, home of Senator Catron, names the father as sole guardian of the children, entitled to all their earnings during minority, and to all damages in event of death and disability. Between his declarations against the uselessness of equal suffrage, it is to be hoped that the Senator will find time to give his views on the following incident:

A deserted wife, armed only with the dauntless courage that flows from mother-love, took in washing, cooked, sewed, and successfully carried her brood to the point where the three boys could commence to help. The oldest, at the very outset of his wage-earning career, had both legs cut off in a railroad accident.

The mother stood by just when things looked bright for a verdict in her favor, the father appeared upon the scene and compromised the suit for three thousand dollars. The frantic woman killed herself; after a time the drunken father dynamited the house in which two of his sons were sleeping, and the remaining portion of the three thousand dollars came in quite handily as a defense fund.

Senator James A. Reed, an orator of the good old, histrionic type, and a

(Continued on Page 44)

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A Program for the Club-Women

Working for the Same Things at the Same Time the Secret of Success

By

INA BREVOORT ROBERTS

LAST month we considered the glorious results possible of achievement when the efforts of women's clubs are so systematized that millions of women are working for the same thing at the same time. This month we shall discuss various steps toward the fulfilment of this vision.

For a working basis, a table of months and topics is suggested.

March	Safe Food
April	Clean-Up Day
May	Child Welfare
October	Household Economics
November	Literature and Drama
December	Philanthropy
January	Legislation
February	Patriotism

The first step toward achievement is knowledge. This is particularly true of the achievement known as reform. The woman who brings to a cause nothing but enthusiasm is likely to do harm rather than good; harness enthusiasm on a subject with thorough knowledge of it and you have a team that will carry you fast and far.

There is no surer way to learn than by reading books written by people who know.

Every club committee should have one member whose business it is to supply lists of the latest and best books along the committee's line of work. Keeping in touch with publishers will render it possible to compile such lists without too much labor. If the books included are not already in the public library, a request for them by a few patrons will usually result in placing them there. No club-woman, therefore, should have difficulty in making herself conversant with the subjects in which her club is interested.

The Question of Safe Food

THE home is itself plus what comes into it. Not much use, then, in keeping the house clean and sweet if we must feed our loved ones food that is unsafe.

The time has gone by when the importance of clean food, free from *harmful* adulterants, needs argument. Not the necessity for safe food but how to obtain it is now a problem before women's clubs.

To begin, in order to render concentration and systematizing more complete, why not name March thirty-first as Safe Food Day? To be parenthetical for a moment—what a fine thing a special day is! We are coming to have more of them all the time, these special days that mean something. Independence Day, Thanksgiving Day, Mothers' Day and now—Safe Food Day.

At your club meeting, after your resolution to adopt March thirty-first as Safe Food Day has passed, ask each member to promise that she will on that day visit her grocery and her meat market. Tell the newspapers what you have done and also give them a list of the conditions your members would like to find on these visits.

In preparing this list of desired improvements, select the most important reforms; do not expect too much at once; tradesmen are human. It would be well to limit the list to a few crying needs, emphasizing the vital importance of keeping articles covered that need to be kept covered.

And while you are about it, O Two Million! surely you have power to banish cats from the groceries of the land!

You may say that the grocer, knowing beforehand what fate has in store for him, will get ready for Safe Food Day. He will. He will put his grocery in a condition as nearly germless as he knows how to make it. And after March thirty-first he may slip back toward his old, slipshod ways *but he will not slip all the way back.* Why? Because he will be better educated, because he will not be satisfied with the old way after having seen his place in shining, hygienic order and last but not least, because, when he realizes that his customers are in earnest about demanding clean, safe food, he will be in earnest about supplying it.

It is not only on Safe Food Day that the housewife should visit the shops in which she buys food. If she cannot go every day, she should go every week or two. She should bear in mind that her grocer is more apt to do the wrong thing from carelessness or thoughtlessness than he is from any real greed of gain.

After Safe Food Day has passed, the club and committees especially concerned with Safe Food will go on working for it throughout the year, but their labors will be greatly lessened because for one month the two million lent four million hands. And their hearts will be lighter because another Safe Food Day is on the way.

One thing, even so big a thing as hygienizing (if we may coin a word) the food of the nation is not very much for two million women to accomplish in a month. One more reform may safely be attempted, one so closely associated with the Safe Food question as really to be part of it. I refer to safe drinking, to the individual cup.

First, let every club that can arrange to do so, have as part of its March program a talk on the dangers of the public drinking cup. Invite reporters to the meeting, so that this education may be passed on from club-women to the public. Think of the effect on public opinion of having something about the dangers of the public drinking cup appear in newspapers all over the land in the *same* month!

At its business meeting the club should appoint a special committee to visit public buildings and institutions and to write to the boards of those not already using individual cups, asking them to adopt this reform. Your schools, your hotels, your churches in many states, still have these common carriers of disease.

In addition to this, individual members should visit the shops and factories. This work should be carefully planned and apportioned so that the entire town may be covered and each club-woman should go well-equipped, not only with facts and statistics, but with samples and price lists. Having said her say, briefly, forcefully and amiably, she should leave the busy man to attend to his business.

Each visiting member should be assigned definite factories and stores, preferably not more than two, and be expected to report on these. Often it will be her own husband or father whom a club-woman will have to convert.

Think of your club's pride when the chairman of the committee in charge reads at the club's meeting a list of institutions and business houses that have promised to use the individual drinking cup! And think of the hundreds of like victories being accomplished everywhere—East, West, North, South!

A Clean-Up Day

WE have already had Clean-Up Days in many towns but so far the reform has been local and intermittent and the result is somewhat like what the effect would be if each state had its own time for celebrating Thanksgiving Day or Christmas.

All other considerations aside, it is common sense to celebrate Christmas when holly and mistletoe are in bloom, and Thanksgiving Day when turkeys are in season. By the same process of reasoning, the obvious time for Clean-Up Day is in April, when houses and yards show the wear and tear of Winter and when the flowers of earliest Spring inspire by their brave, gay efforts to brighten a brown earth.

In planning for Clean-Up Day, do as you did in dealing with the Drinking Cup reform. Divide into committees and subcommittees in order to visit every housewife and every landlord in your town. On these visits explain that you need cooperation and help in an effort to have May Day find every town in the United States cleaned up. Urge the house-mother to see to it that husband and children bear their share of responsibility and pride in the matter. Distribute handbills containing brief directions for putting yards and gardens in spick and span order.

How results can be quickly and effectively accomplished may be indicated by a story. One day a well-known club-woman was a guest at the meeting of a club in the Middle West. This club, which had hitherto been chiefly literary in character, was just becoming interested in Town Improvement, and the visitor, when invited to speak, chose this as her topic.

After her talk there were questions and one alert member rose to say: "Tell us what we can do right now, this minute."

The guest looked out of the nearest window. "I see, across the street," she said, a lot defaced with rubbish and a half-burned building. This unsightly spot, in addition to being a discredit to your town, detracts from both the beauty and the financial value of your club property. Since reform, like charity, should begin at home, why not appoint a committee to visit at once the owner of this lot and ask him to clean it up?"

This suggestion caused a wave of excitement. A motion that the visitor's plan be carried out was passed unanimously. The gathering still showed signs of excited interest when the president, wearing the look of a presiding officer confronting a situation, rose and asked the visitor to choose the committee. A sigh that might have signified relief or suspense went up from the audience.

The guest did not know the members by name but she indicated three women for the task. These ladies left the room. In half an hour they returned to announce their mission accomplished. The owner of the lot had promised to put it in apple-pie order, whatever that is.

After the meeting adjourned the guest learned that the lot in question belonged to the Mayor of the town, and that one of the members of the committee she had chosen was the Mayor's wife.

Child Welfare Important

AT present the subject of child welfare divides itself naturally into two subheadings—child labor and the public school system.

To abolish child labor! The two million need no rousing along this line. The realization of the importance of this reform and the inspiration to work for it are right in the mother-heart of every woman.

In order, however, to achieve results, more is needed than realization and inspiration. Knowledge is needed, and system, and directness of effort.

Confer and cooperate with your Child Labor State and General Federation chairmen and with the National Child Labor Committee. Find out from them what your club and also what each member of it can do *to-day.*

Two million women, all doing to-day's work, to-day! The magnitude of it, the inspiration to individual effort! Each woman doing *her* part, which no one else can do so well, and without which there cannot be a perfect whole! A penny may seem a small thing, yet ninety-nine pennies, lacking the one hundredth, can never make a dollar!

The readjustment of public school education so that it may better fit for efficient living is to-day a matter of keenest interest to the American public. It is a problem, the importance of which is vividly realized, but a problem that is as yet unsolved. The subject is so vast, so deep, so far-reaching in its relation to human happiness and progress that the mere consideration of it is enough to dismay all but the stoutest hearts.

Nevertheless, as a nation and as individuals, we have a responsibility in the matter which cannot honorably be evaded.

We have at least reached the point of realizing that the public school system does not fit the individual for efficient living. We must, then, make it do so. We are face to face with the big question of how to do this.

How shall we find out how? What part of the solution of the problem belongs to school boards and teachers? What part belongs to parents? How shall we separate politics from the public schools?

Let the Club Women of America aid in reconstructing the public school system so that it may best help the student to efficient living—the task is a delicate, and difficult one, even for two million women. All the more need, then, for perfect conservation and concentration of effort, for *pulling all together at the same time.*

A Fine Time

To Work Out Food Problem

High prices of meat will induce people to plan meals with more reason and better judgment of food strength and cost.

Many of our strong men, college athletes and others, learned from actual experience that a vegetarian diet produces better results than a diet including meat.

Many famous names appear in the vegetarian list. Names whose owners are champions and prize winners in their chosen field.

After all the argument for and against any particular kind of diet, the question can best be solved for the individual by personal test.

Certain it is, that those who have never tried it, have some facts to learn by breakfasting this way:

Some Fruit

A dish of

Grape-Nuts

and cream.

Crisp, Buttered Toast

Cup of hot, well-made

POSTUM

Plenty for a strong man—day worker or Brain Worker.

Looks "thin" you say.

Our word for it, you will reach lunch time fully sustained—food well digested—head clear and ready for the noon-day meal.

Grape-Nuts is sold the same to-day as it has always sold. No rise in price.

There's a way to reasonable economy in food and that's not all—

"There's a Reason"

for

Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers.

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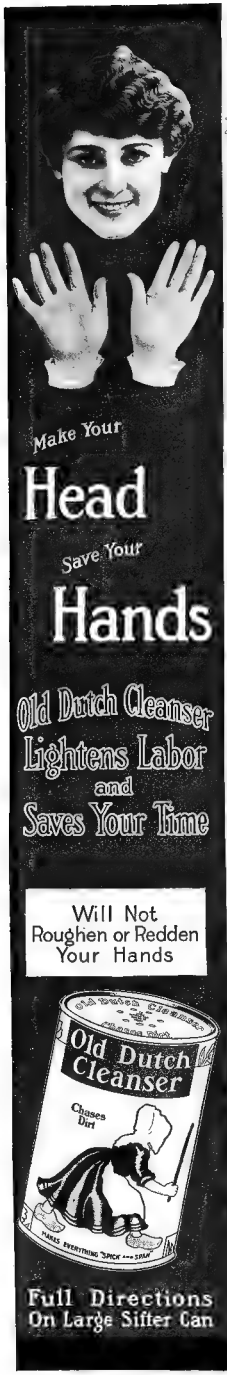


New Ideas for a Cold Weather Hike

Get Out Your Bob-Sleds, Boys, and Plan an Outing and Council-Fire for the Next Week-End

By

DAN BEARD

THE old-fashioned idea that outings should be confined to hot Summer days is fast fading and becoming an item in the down and out idea records. The truth is that hiking is usually much more comfortable in the Winter than it is under the sweltering midsummer sun. The real reason we hike more in Summer is because we have more time but in the Winter there are always free Saturdays. And if there is snow on the ground so much the better, for we can haul duffel on our bob-sleds and whenever we come to the top of a hill we can all pile aboard and coast down.

First: lay your plans for a hike, fixing the date and the place as well as the exact route over which you are to travel. Next: get the list of boys, Scouts, or Pioneers, who will agree to go. Third: find out who will furnish the bacon, who will furnish the chocolate or cocoa, the sandwiches or bread and butter, and all the other things necessary for the comfort of the midday rest and meal in the open. Fourth: have your dinner committeeman made responsible for the production of all the food; that is, he must see that the ones who agree to furnish certain articles, do not neglect or sidestep their part of the work. Fifth: see that the camp director is responsible for the production of the sleds, robes, blankets or shelter tents, which may be necessary.

Select a captain, whose duty it is to take command of the hikers, and to see that the other officers neglect nothing in their plans. The Captain is also guide, Pioneer and Scout for the expedition, so he should be one who knows the country, the roads and by-paths, as well as how to throw the diamond hitch, mend a broken sled and, in fact, to "be prepared" for any emergencies that may arise.

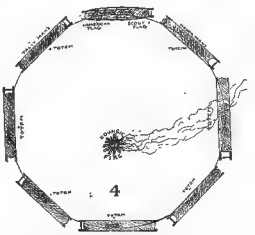
In order to decide upon the amount of food required it is, of course, necessary to know exactly how many boys expect to be present. A teaspoonful of cocoa makes a teacupful, so if you allow two teaspoonfuls for each boy, that should be plenty. My secretary tells me that she can eat five sandwiches at a meal—if that is true, and I do not doubt it, then allow five for each boy.

What we need in the open, especially in Winter, is good, hearty food such as pork and beans, beefsteak, and flapjacks, also something hot to drink, like a cup of steaming cocoa or chocolate. If you have eggs and milk, and both of these can be easily carried on a one-day hike, you may have flapjacks that will warm the cockles of your heart. Some people claim that a tablespoonful of snow is equal to half an egg, if used with corn-meal; so mix your batter rather stiff and just before you empty it into the frying-pan, add enough dry snow to thin the batter when the snow melts.

But, Pshaw! boys, why should I load you up with cooking directions when you have a mother or aunt or big sister who has cook-books filled with them, and can give you more recipes than you could ever carry out even though you were to graduate as a professional chef?

In order to make your fire you must clear away the snow, then build the fire of small sticks. Have a plentiful supply, for small sticks burn rapidly, catch easily, and quickly make a bed of hot coals and that is what we are after.

OF course this is to be a bob-sled hike, and I take it for granted that the reader has a bob-sled of his own, or can borrow one, or has saved the articles on this subject which have appeared in this magazine, or owns some books which tell how to build the sled. At the very least it is supposed that he knows where he can borrow or buy one of these books. So also it is taken as a matter of course, that he knows that if he happen to be living south of the snow belt, he may use a coasting wagon in place of a sled.



Arrange Your Council-Fire According to This Diagram

Oil for the Hike, the Duffel Securely Lashed to the Bob-Sleds

The bob-sleds are to be used for two purposes, or I might say three; as pack animals, as benches, and as tables, see Figs. 1, 2 and 3. To use them as pack animals, the duffel is lashed on their backs. Take care to fasten it well.

While the cook or cooks are preparing the feast, the other boys may busy themselves by propping one of the bobs up on heaps of snow until it is high enough for a table, and then arranging the other bobs on each side of the table for benches, as shown in Fig. 2 (an end view), and Fig. 3 (a perspective view).

In arranging the table bob, remember that the runners are made to slip over the snow easily, and consequently you must see that they are blocked by heaps of snow in front of them, or by pieces of wood under the bows to prevent them from slipping from their perch on the snowbanks, and spilling the hot cocoa in your lap and scattering your beans and bacon over the snow.

A bob-sled council-fire will be a novelty, and may be arranged according to the diagram (Fig. 4) at the top of the page. All troops of Boy Scouts or stockades of Boy Pioneers attending the council-fire should be equipped with lanterns and bells strung on their belts or on their bob-sleds. This will make a novel and picturesque torchlight parade going and coming. The sleds will serve as seats around the council-fire, and also for sport on the way to and from the meeting.

The first troop to try this will be the Pioneers in Winter council-fire work, and like all pioneers, they will have the satisfaction of starting a new thing knowing that thousands of others will gladly take up the trail after pioneers have shown the way. And we may expect to see council-fires twinkling in the woods all over the country by next Winter.

The usual order of procedure for a midday camp where we have time for ceremonies, is about as follows: 1—Collect fire wood. 2—Light fires. 3—Totem Bearers line up five paces in front of the chief's seat and stand at attention. 4—All Scouts come to attention and give salute. 5—Totem Bearers return to their places and each Patrol or Stockade gives its own yell in turn. 6—All give the Camp-Fire yell. 7—All Scouts come to a salute and repeat in unison the Scout law. 8—All remove their hats and repeat the Pioneer or Scout oath. 9—"Squat!" At this order all the stockades or patrols sit down on their own bob-sleds. 10—The chief listens to suggestions or complaints. 11—The chief assigns the men to their different duties. 12—The cowboy call is given of Roll Out—Grub! Grub! 13—Pack up. 14—Hit the trail for home. This order is merely a suggestion, which may be modified and changed to suit the occasion. It is not even necessary that the boys on the hike should belong to the Scout Organization, or even to the Boy Pioneers, but we do expect them to be what we know all our readers are, real husky, clean-minded, clean-talking, fun-loving boys. Boys who have plenty of sand in their make-up, and courage to do whatever they know to be right, at all times. Boys who know how to fight, to fight for things really worth while, for the preservation of the forest and animal life, for right living, for better citizenship, for better schools, for more parks, and playgrounds, for a high standard of personal honor and loftier ambitions in life.

Showing How the Bob-Sleds May Be Used as Benches or as a Table

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Interiors In Good Taste

Photographs by Mary H. Northend, Jessie Tarbox Beals and Aljian

ALMOST without exception the most artistic homes you know of are homes where little furniture, well selected, has made up rooms that stand out in your mind as distinct and simple. Just because you have twelve rooms in a house is no reason why you should fill every one of them full of stray bits of furniture, none of which harmonizes with the other. This is a very common mistake. Go slow when you furnish a home. Buy only the things that you want to live with every day in the year for many years to come, and always bear in mind the character of your home. Gold settees do not belong in remodeled farmhouses nor seaside bungalows—yet, as they say in the song, "It has been done!" But don't you think of doing it if you want a really artistic home.

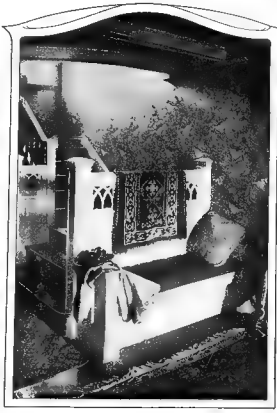
THE growing popularity of white woodwork is shown by these interiors of homes that linger in your memory after your visit is over. Some homes have a way of doing that. With one exception—the big entrance hall—all have been finished in dead white enamel. The initial cost of this finish is a bit more than some others, but no one will ever regret it. When all the world is buying mahogany furniture, white woodwork is the only possible finish to use with it. In the bedroom, white woodwork means cleanliness and even in the nursery where dirty little hands will mar the doors and window sills, it is essentially practical. Warm water and soap will clear away almost any mark on this ideal finish for a room. This last recommendation makes it popular in dining-rooms.

When You Figure Out How Much Time You Spend in the Dining-Room of Your Home, You Will Realize It Is a Room Worth Much Care. Make It Restful, Simple and Distinctive. The Entire Family Gathers Here Three Times a Day, Which Is More Than You Can Say of Any Other Room

The First Effect as You Enter a Home Counts for Much. Here Is a Corner in a Spacious Reception Hall of a Charming Country Home. Could Anything Be More Simple Than the Long, Arched Seat at Right Angles with the Broad Window? It Gives to a Home at Once an Air of Hospitality and Cheerfulness

DON'T forget the little nooks and corners in a home that can be put to practical use, and add a note of individuality to a room. The oval picture above is a good example, where shelves were built in an empty corner that once gave a bare appearance to the dining-room of a young couple. Money was too scarce to buy just the sideboard they wanted, so the young husband built this set of shelves for Grandmother's china and the bride's new wedding silver. The shelves were enameled several times until the wood shone almost like silver, and it was a daily task of pleasure just to wipe them off and keep them shining. They made a wonderful setting for the old blue and white china.

The seat at the foot of a staircase is another idea of a man who wasted nothing so valuable as space in his home. This is illustrated at the bottom of the page. The top of the seat is removable and holds golf sticks, the tennis net and the croquet set, and every housekeeper knows what a perfect nuisance these sporting accessories are unless you have a place to tuck them out of sight. Look around your house and see how many nooks and corners are going to waste, then get your wits to work and put these spaces to practical use.



BE very careful about not selecting overornate wall-paper to mar the simplicity and charm of your rooms. If you have many pictures to hang, a plain paper is your safest choice—otherwise the figure on the paper will kill the picture. A small room is given an even smaller appearance by figured paper—remember that—while perpendicular striped two-tone paper will give the appearance of height to rooms with low ceilings.

Then, too, you must be just as careful to trim your windows simply. The long, flowing curtains draped at the top and sides with their intricate pattern of roses and Cupids are a thing of the past. In the most artistic homes windows are hung with curtains reaching only to the sash, and generally overhung at top and side with cretonne or plain colored material to harmonize with the coloring of the room. Money does not always mean a lovely home. By far greater in value is good judgment. Most of us attempt too much and that is the reason most of us fail in furnishing the ideal home.

Keep your home very simple, else your home will be like the Irishman's ancestors who did not spring from any one, but sprang at everybody.

These Sun-Cured Grapes

with cream added

make a charming breakfast dish

We are seeking energy in food—for we are "driven" by what we eat. And we should "fire up" well in the morning.

Here is digestible, *concentrated nutriment*—the world's greatest fruit-food—a dish of stewed Sun-Maid Raisins with cream! Delicious and healthful. Mildly laxative.

There are scores of attractive ways in which to get the benefit of raisins.

In a common-size dish of a certain wheat-food served for breakfast, *two ounces* of Sun-Maid Raisins add 102% to the food value.

One pound of these raisins costing 15c is equal in energy-producing food units to *three dozen eggs* costing $1.08; to *two* pounds of beans; to *seven* pounds of lamb chops costing $1.80; to nearly *three* pounds of lean beef.

Eat raisins alone. Reinforce other foods with them. It helps to cut down the living cost.

All Food Values based on Government Statistics as contained in U. S. Bulletin No. 24.

California

Sun-Maid Raisins

The Fruit-Food

Sun-Maids are the finest California grapes—the most luscious, tenderest and sweetest—kinds too delicate to ship. We select the grapes from the choicest of the crops and sun-cure them in the open vineyards. When finished they taste like confections.

1 lb. Package—Price not over 15c

Your dealer has Sun-Maid Raisins or he can get them from his jobber. There are 3 kinds: *Seeded* (seeds extracted); *Seedless* (from seedless grapes); *Cluster* (on stems, not seeded).

7½-lb. Package Sent Direct $1

We have packed all three kinds—7½ lbs. net—in a box, nearly the size of a suit box. If your can't get one from your dealer, send $1 direct to us. We send it to your nearest express office (if in U. S.) prepaid for $1.00. It will open your eyes to the possibilities of raisins.

We'll send with it a book of 52 prize recipes. Don't miss these raisin-foods.

Bakers Have This Raisin Bread

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Being Genuine

The Deadliest Foe of Character Is Deceit—Girls, Be True To Yourselves

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

WELL, I certainly am glad that old hen is gone!" She bores me to the limit. When I see her coming I always try to get out of her sight."

The speaker had been extremely gracious to her caller, had told her how delighted she was to see her, and expressed the hope that she would come often. Yet these were the ungracious words she uttered as soon as her visitor's back was turned.

She is a type that, unfortunately, is not uncommon. We see her everywhere—the girl who says one thing and thinks quite the opposite. How often have I seen girls of this kind kiss another girl, throw their arms around her, and pretend that they were charmed to see her, and then, as soon as she had gone, make all sorts of unkind remarks about her!

The passion to please often develops insincerity of this sort as well as other and graver faults of character. The temptation to try in all sorts of ways to make yourself liked, to win popularity at any cost even though it require deception is very strong, especially among girls.

When a girl finds that she can as she believes, not only please, but also avoid unpleasant experiences by decoying in word or manner or both, she often continues this until she has developed a fixed habit of lying. Anything to create a good impression at the moment is her motto. After this artful attitude so colors her whole life that there is not a shred of genuineness left in her. Her words, her acts, her manner, her dress, everything about her, lies. She thinks she is making herself charming, and that by her deceptions she will draw admirers around her. But what is the truth?

OUT of an intimate knowledge of young men, the fruit of long years of association in speaking and writing to them, hearing their confidences, their hopes and dreams and ambitions, I can tell you, girls, that if there is anything a young man admires in a girl it is genuineness and sincerity. The moment he is convinced that a girl is deceitful, that she is a sham in dress or manner, that she talks for effect and does not mean what she says, making it impossible for him to know who she really thinks about anything—from that moment he begins to distrust her and to discount her character.

None of us has confidence in people who are not genuine. The tiny flaw not visible to the naked eye not only destroys the value of the diamond, but its discovery prejudices one even after against the diamond. Every time we see or think of it we are reminded of the fact that it is not really what it appears to be. We can never again trust the man or woman who has once deceived us, or whom we have found to be insincere.

We cannot hide what we really are. Insincerity cannot long deceive even the most trusting nature. There is something in our manner, more subtle than language, which tells how we actually feel. The very fashion of our greeting, the tone of voice which we use, "Good morning," our way of shaking hands, often give a glimpse into our very souls. It does not take a keen reader of character to tell whether we are really sincere, hearty, generous, kindly, or merely trying to be superficially courteous.

Sham or pretense of any kind offends that "inmost center in us all" where, Browning tells us, "truth abides in fullness." There is something in human nature which penetrates all the masks and disguises of insincerity. It detects those who try to pass for what they are not. The people who are affected, who put on airs of superiority, who are always posing, who try to make others think that they are better off than they really are, that they can afford things which are beyond their reach, that they know more and can do more than their neighbors, who lie in word or act or manner about something or other, these people are very quickly condemned before the bar of truth.

I recall at the moment, a young woman who is bright and intelligent and pretty enough to stand on her own merits, but who constantly lowers herself by resorting to pretense and make-believes of every kind, to enlarge people's opinion of her. Although she lives in very humble fashion she is continually talking about her rich relations and friends, and telling what wonderful positions she has held, how much her employers thought of her, and what fine places she could have now if it were not for this or that or the other. Before you talk with her five minutes you know she is romancing and that her imagination has much more to do with what she is saying than the facts in the case.

Another girl, whose parents are old and whose home is mortgaged, spends every cent she earns on dress. She has a perfect mania for clothes and dresses so far beyond her means, and so far above her station that she makes herself ridiculous.

Some of the most pitiable tragedies of life are due to the fact that many girls will do almost anything to satisfy their abnormal passion for fine clothes. In some instances, where they cannot afford diamonds and pearls, satins and furs, and are not willing to barter their souls for them, they will deck themselves out with flashy imitations. They would be surprised if any one told them that a person can be insincere in dress as well as in word or manner, and that this insincerity lowers self-respect and reacts on the whole life. Yet this is a literal fact.

It has been said that genuineness, sincerity, is more successful than genius or talent. This was well illustrated in the life of the famous Madame Mohl. Although without rank, wealth or beauty, she held a controlling position in French society, and for many years maintained her position by the aid of a singular degree of self-respect.

On one occasion when the Queen of Holland visited the Queen of France she expressed a wish to dine with Madame Mohl, who asked a brilliant company to meet her. When the Holland queen next day went by courteous custom with her suite to call upon her hostess, Madame Mohl was discovered with her gray hair in curl-papers, and attired in a short jacket and skirt, dusting the furniture. As the royal party entered she quietly laid down her duster, and, after welcoming the queen, chatted away as gayly as usual.

"Were you not mortified at being caught in such clothes?" a friend asked the next day. "Not a bit, my dear. I did not mind it. Neither did Her Majesty. I suppose, however, that it seemed important to her maid and the flunky who waited upon her that they appeared to be mortified," she replied.

A superficial, shallow woman, a poser, would have been so disconcerted by having a queen surprise her in such a predicament, that she would have gone all to pieces, but Madame Mohl was not ruffled or in the least discomposed. She was too genuine, had too much respect for herself to think for a moment that clothes added to or took from her value.

WHETHER you are genuine or counterfeit, a mere ape of gentility or a real gentlewoman, everybody who meets you can tell. It is little use for you to put on airs or assume affectations. If you pose for what you are not, somebody will unmask you. People will see through your pretense and will discount you accordingly.

If you try to put on fine manners just for the occasion, when you are habitually coarse and rude, people will see through it; if you strain to use big or unusual words with which you are not familiar, everybody will see that you are not educated, that you are merely affected.

If you gush over people and pretend you are delighted to see them, when you are wishing in your heart they were miles away, they will feel your insincerity. Your voice, your manner, something in your atmosphere that you cannot conceal, will betray you.

Nothing you can assume will take the place of genuineness. There is no quality of character which carries so much weight and wins so much respect as sincerity. We can put up with all sorts of defects in a girl if we know that she is genuine. Genuineness is the chief charm of personality.

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Hotbeds and Cold-Frames

Giving Two Safe and Sure Methods of Getting Earlier and Better Returns from the Vegetable Garden

By

F. F. ROCKWELL

EVERY home with any garden space whatever, can and should have a hotbed. It means vegetables and flowers earlier than your neighbors and involves only small expense and little labor.

The garden without some "glass" attached to it is only half a garden. The use of a few sashes in connection with the garden will make it several weeks earlier in the Spring and later in the Fall, and much more complete throughout the season. Wherever there is enough room to make a garden, a few square feet of it should be devoted to the frames, one or two, or a half dozen in number, according to the size of the garden.

The frames are useful in several different ways: They may be utilized for growing such crops as lettuce, beets, radishes, cauliflower and beans to maturity, weeks before they could be had from outside planting; and for starting early many kinds of vegetables and flowers so that when transplanted to the garden the plants will be ahead of those sown from seed in the open. Frames may be used for giving protection to such tender crops as cucumbers, melons and tomatoes, which could not otherwise safely be planted out-of-doors until after all danger of frost is past, and also for prolonging the garden in the Fall.

There is a distinct difference between hotbeds and cold-frames, although they may look exactly alike to the stranger within the garden gates. They are constructed differently and to answer different purposes. While the cold-frame is used principally to protect from frost, depending upon the sun for such heat as it may have, the hotbed is built to keep in the heat that is supplied to it from the inside, usually from fermenting manure, though frames built near the house, garage or greenhouse may be heated by hot water or steam pipes run through them. The cold-frame is made from twelve to twenty-four inches high above the surface of the soil within it at the back and some six inches lower in the front so that the sash or glass covers will slope sufficiently to drain off rapidly and also to catch the sun's rays at a better angle.

It should be made six feet wide inside for standard sized sash and long enough to accommodate the desired number of sashes, which are three feet wide each. Usually a two by four inch cross piece is put in every three feet, both to brace the frame and to rest or fasten the ends of the sash on.

The hotbed is made similarly except that the frame or the subframe goes about two feet deeper into the soil, permitting it to be dug out to about that depth for a layer of hot manure when the bed is "made," to furnish heat for several succeeding weeks. The frames may be bought at a reasonable price, all cut and fitted and ready to put together in very short order.

Different kinds of sashes for covering the frames are also used. The standard or ordinary sash is three by six feet containing three, four or five rows of glass. They should be so constructed as to be light but very rigid, with the fewest possible joints exposed to the weather. The double light sashes are made with two layers of glass instead of one, with an air space between them. As this layer of dead air is a non-conductor they will keep out several degrees more of frost than the ordinary sash and can consequently be used on colder days without covering, thus getting the benefit of all the sunshine there may be. For use later in the

Lettuce from the Frames May Be Enjoyed Weeks before It is Possible to Have Any from the Outdoor Garden

season, where it is necessary to protect plants from frost only at night, sashes covered with "protecting-cloth" may be used as auxiliaries to the regular sash. Early in the Spring, a week or even two before it is safe to start any seeds, the hotbed should be got into shape for using later, as it must be allowed to cool off a little before planting begins.

If the frame is heated by steam or hot water, this is, of course, a simple matter. If manure must be depended upon, get fresh horse manure that is just beginning to ferment. Pack it in a heap, adding a fourth to a third of leaves or strawy manure, unless there is enough bedding material already mixed with it. Pack in a tight square heap and let it heat for several days, then fork over again, putting what was outside in the middle and heat for a few days more so that it is in an active and uniform state of fermentation throughout the pile. When it is ready for the frame, dig the earth out of the frame for six inches or so in depth and put in a layer of manure one to two feet deep—eighteen inches will usually be enough. This should be tramped down firmly and the earth put back. One cord of manure will furnish the heat of from five to seven frames.

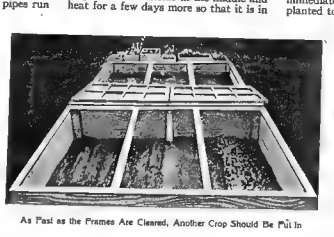
Always Give the Growing Plants as Much Air as Possible

If your frames are not already in place, you may still have a hotbed this year by building it on top of the frozen ground. To do this you will require a cord of manure for each three sashes. It should be spread in a sheltered position in a heap about nine feet wide and eighteen inches to two feet thick. The frame to hold the stash already constructed, is placed on top of this and banked with manure. Enough soil or lumps of frozen soil to make a layer some five or six inches thick is placed in the frame and the sash put on. After the soil is in a condition to be worked, it should be raked level and when the heat in the frame has subsided to fifty or sixty degrees at night it will be ready to plant.

As only a small part of the space in the frames will be needed to start the first lot of seeds, lettuce and radishes may be grown in the remaining space until these seedlings are ready to transplant, some six weeks later.

Seeds for early plants of cabbage, lettuce, beets, cauliflower, tomatoes, peppers and eggplant, and flowers such as cosmos and asters, are often sown directly in the frames. A better way is to plant them first in flats or shallow boxes about two to three inches deep. These can be made from cracker boxes sawed up into sections. Whichever way you plant them, tag every row carefully. Make straight, shallow furrows a quarter to half an inch deep and three or four inches apart. Scatter the seeds in thinly and evenly and press the soil down on top of them with the edge of a short piece of board. Small seeds need be barely covered, not more than a quarter of an inch deep at the most and larger seeds in proportion.

Whenever the little seedling plants begin to crowd each other, they should immediately be pricked off or transplanted to a few inches apart each way, setting them, as before, either directly in the soil of the frame or in flats.



As Fast as the Frames Are Cleared, Another Crop Should Be Put In

After you have taken the first lot of seedlings or crop of lettuce and radishes from the hotbed, and are ready to put in the second planting of tender things, see that all the space will usually be needed. If you have already started or can get a few hills of cucumbers or melons or tomatoes in three or four inch pots these can be set directly into the frames to mature there. The seedlings which you start at the same time will be out of the way by the time the cucumbers or tomatoes require all the space.

In addition to these tender vegetables, be sure to start hills of melons, cucumbers, lima beans, and sweet corn, about a month before the last frost is likely to occur in your locality. As these things do not transplant well, they should be started in paper pots.

One of the secrets of getting the plants to come up well in your seed boxes or frames is to give the soil a thorough watering the day *before* you plant. Watering afterward tends to form a crust on the surface of the soil, and it also washes the seeds, uncovering some and covering the others too deeply. The growing plants should never suffer for water but you should aim to water on the mornings of bright days, so that the foliage will always be dried off before night. At all times give all the ventilation possible without making the temperature inside the frames too low. Forty-five to fifty degrees at night for cabbage, lettuce and so forth, and fifty-five to sixty degrees for tomatoes and eggplants, will be all right. The day temperature should be ten or fifteen degrees higher.

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First Aid for the Baby

Prompt Action in an Emergency May Save Your Child's Life

By LUCY B. JEROME

WE have had an epidemic of accidents in our town, and I happened to be visiting a certain family when the little son of the house ran into the room where his mother and I were sitting, one afternoon, his face pale with fear.

"Mother, Mother!" he gasped. "Come quick. Baby's arm's all bloody."

We flew into the next room. There, in his crib lay the baby whom we had left quietly asleep, and there on the bed beside him, lay a sharp, wicked-looking razor. In trying to change his position, the baby had thrust his soft dimpled arm against the keen blade, and made a gash from which the blood was streaming in pulsating jets.

"He's cut an artery," I cried. "Get me a tourniquet, quick!"

The mother stared blankly at me, and I saw the situation. She did not know what a tourniquet was—had not the faintest idea what to do for her child whose life was every instant flowing away. But I knew; and I made a tourniquet by tying a handkerchief tightly above the gash, and thrusting a pencil through the knot, twisting it so tightly that no more blood could flow. And then we telephoned for the doctor.

IT was all right. We had done the only thing possible, and the baby was saved. The mother's gratitude was unspeakable, but I couldn't help thinking: "What would she have done if I had not been there?" The real trouble with that mother was that she didn't know her first aid. Every mother should be familiar with the first remedies to be applied in case of accident before the doctor can arrive, for the life of her child may depend upon her promptness of thought and action.

A young baby was once given a single drop of laudanum by an impatient nurse. The child passed into a stupor and died. Neither mother nor nurse knew what to do for it in the first few moments of its danger, and when the doctor finally reached them it was too late.

One of the commonest of childish accidents is the introduction of some foreign body as a bean, pea or button into the nose or ear. In the former case, a pinch of pepper or snuff to produce sneezing, and thus expel the object, is usually successful. If a bean or pea has been pushed into the ear where it cannot be seen, it is best not to syringe, as this causes the bean or pea to swell and renders it hard to extract. Take a camel's hair brush or small pointed stick, dip it in some glue, touch the object with it, allow the glue to harden and then gently pull it out.

Sometimes a small insect gets into the ear and buzzes against the ear-drum, causing intense pain. In such a case, fill the ear passage at once with warm olive-oil. The insect will float to the surface and can be easily drawn out.

Most children are courageous little beings, and their endurance of pain is sometimes remarkable. But a bad burn is a severe test of their courage. The mother should find out what has caused the burn, and if it is from an acid, the liquid should be quickly washed away with cool water or a solution of baking-powder and a dressing of olive-oil, vaseline or zinc ointment placed over the burned part. If, however, the burn is from an alkali—lye, caustic soda or potash—it should be washed with vinegar and water, and the same sort of dressing as for an acid burn, applied.

For an ordinary burn from flame or dry heat, a simple application of common baking-soda and clean, sweet lard is usually sufficient. If the skin is merely reddened, sprinkle plenty of flour over the part to keep out the air, cover with cotton wool and bandage lightly; but if the skin is blistered or broken, soak a piece of lint or clean linen in olive, linseed or boiled oil, and place lightly over the burn. For burns of the lips, mouth or throat, apply hot fomentations under the chin and in front of the neck.

If a child's clothes are on fire, the head must be placed low as flames tend to rise. The child should be thrown upon the floor and some thick woolen material cast over him to smother the flames. If the doctor does not arrive promptly, the clothing must very carefully be cut away, and the burned parts covered with soft linen cloths saturated with carbolized water, sweet oil, vaseline or fresh lard. Then envelop the parts in raw cotton, oil silk or paraffin paper, and bandage them loosely in order to exclude the air. If the child seems prostrated, apply hot bottles to the unburned parts, and give a stimulant such as brandy or whisky, at once.

When a child is bitten by a cat or a dog, and the animal is known to be healthy, the wound should be treated as would any ordinary one. Thoroughly clean the part with cool boiled water, to which lysol or some other disinfectant has been added (one half teaspoonful of lysol to a pint of water), dry well, dust with powdered boric acid, apply a piece of clean lint, cover with cotton wool and bandage. But, if the animal be a strange one, it is best to tie a string or tape very tightly around the limb, just above the bite. This is known as a ligature and prevents the poison being absorbed by the system. The wound should be well washed in warm water to encourage bleeding. A more severe remedy is to burn the bite by means of fluid caustic potash or soda. Apply the fluid on the end of a pointed stick, so that it may reach to the bottom of the wound and insure perfect cleanliness, then dress it with medicated gauze, bandage, and keep the limb raised.

If a child is choking, open the mouth by passing a finger to the back of the throat. Vomiting may result. But if the object goes into the stomach, do not give a laxative. Let the child eat some dry food bread or potatoes—to cover it, and avoid injury to the bowels.

For an exaggerated case of hiccups, place a few grains of granulated sugar on the end of the tongue, and let them dissolve very slowly. For a nosebleed, stuff cotton under the upper lip and raise the hands.

THE medicine closet is an important factor in cases requiring first aid. It should contain a full supply of the ordinary household remedies, such as ammonia, turpentine, glycerin, witch-hazel, tincture of iodin, peroxid, flax-seed, magnesia, vaseline, castor-oil, tannic acid, tincture of digitalis, alcohol, whisky, solution of boric acid, and other simple medicines and disinfectants. But first and foremost, it should contain the antidotes for the four classes of poisons—acid, alkali, narcotic and irritant.

The acid poisons are carbolic, sulphuric, nitric, spirits of salt and spirits of lemon, and their symptoms are the covering of the lips, mouth and tongue with a deep white, yellow or brownish stain, with intense pain in the mouth, throat and stomach, accompanied by vomiting. For first aid treatment, clean the child's mouth with a soft woolen cloth soaked in lime water or a solution of baking-powder (one teaspoonful to a pint of water), and give him a small drink of olive-oil, barley water or milk, but do not give an emetic. For alkali poisoning, the mouth should be washed with lemon or orange-juice, or equal parts of vinegar and water. A drink of olive-oil in milk or milk and egg may be given, but no emetics.

For narcotic poisoning, readily distinguished by the pale face, moist skin, and small eye-pupils, give an emetic if the child can be aroused, but not otherwise. If the child is four years old or over, make him walk about, and slap his face, neck, chest and back vigorously with a wet towel. After the emetic has acted, give strong black coffee. But for an irritant poison, such as matches, rat poison, copper, arsenic or mercury, give an emetic at once. Give egg and milk, or milk alone, or strong tea and, if not phosphorus (match) poisoning, a small drink of olive or salad-oil. In phosphorus poisoning, oil makes the poison act with redoubled severity. Sulphate of copper in three-grain powders, should be constantly kept on hand as a remedy for poisoning by matches.

In all cases of poisoning, keep the child warm, and use stimulants, if he seems cold and weak, and give him complete rest in bed except in a case of narcotic poisoning. If respiration seems to cease, use artificial respiration.

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March 1915

Sanitary Sense

How the Housewife Can Easily Make Her Entire Home Spell Health

By REINETTE LOVEWELL

THE kitchen, bath and bedchambers are the rooms in a house to which the word sanitary applies with greatest force. The dictionary says sanitary means pertaining to, connected with, or tending to promote health, and it is in these rooms particularly that the physical well-being of the household needs to be safeguarded.

As bare rooms are easier to keep clean than cluttered ones, everything not absolutely essential to comfort and convenience is best eliminated from these rooms.

In the kitchen every inch of exposed surface—walls, floor, woodwork, should be washable. I saw recently, a kitchen, the walls of which were some sort of stone composition, a beautiful gray in tone and not at all cell-like or gloomy looking. These could be wiped down with a minimum of labor; painted walls can be washed, too, and there are varnishes which, applied over paper, make a surface that can be scrubbed.

All ornate woodwork is bad in a kitchen. Panel doors, moldings on baseboards and any dust-collecting woodwork increases labor and makes absolute cleanliness an impossibility. Everything should really be "flush" in a kitchen—no projections of any sort to catch dirt, but unfortunately carpenters have not yet fully grasped this idea, and many grooves and corrugated moldings remain. A molding with such a slant that it runs in a smooth surface from the edge of the wall to the base-board is the cleanest sort. If carefully joined there are no places for dust to settle and stay.

BASE-BOARDS are now being built of cement composition and run down into a wide border about the floor—or perhaps it is the other way—and the wide banding of the floor is run up a little upon the wall. The work is so rounded where the wall and floor meet that this surface can be cleaned *clean*. If a good grade of linoleum is laid, and this composition border put on flush with it, there is then a floor covering with no place for dirty water to enter. This hermetic sealing is certainly an ideal treatment and the expense is not great.

Table and shelf coverings in the kitchen demand considerable thought. If papers are used they must, of course, be changed very often. Oilcloth, good as it is in many ways, has the disadvantage of dirt getting under it, even when it is closely tacked into place. A good quality of white enamel paint applied where oilcloth has been used, is practicable and appealing. It does away with any hiding-places for insect tenants which may come with new neighbors in apartment-houses; it can be wiped off as often as desired and it always looks well. Not only is this treatment desirable for shelves, but for drawers. The time-honored fashion of lining drawers with paper affords creases and folds into which dust may enter. The covers of set tubs, painted in this fashion, look clean and are clean.

The same treatment of walls and floors applies to both kitchen and bathroom, the one thought being to guard against any divided surfaces which will give lodging to odors and dust. Many bathroom floors are tiled, but the advantage of rounding up the floor at the wall is just as great as in the kitchen. The crack which will widen if floors sag with years, takes in dirty water from the mop, and there seems to be no satisfactory way of getting it out.

Open plumbing prevails nearly everywhere now, and there are very few wooden sinks even in old houses. No matter how clean the basin of the sink or bowl appears, the work has not been thoroughly done until the pipes and drains that carry off the water receive attention. Particles of grease, animal and vegetable matter, which go into the kitchen drain with the dish water, adhere and produce poison if not removed.

Boiling hot washing-soda poured into the pipes will clean and disinfect them, and lye in any form will perform the same office. Ammonia is another useful agent.

In the sleeping rooms the walls do not need the washing given to those of the bath and kitchen, but they must be kept free from particles of dust by wiping with a soft cloth or specially prepared brushes.

Moldings mean dust collections, and a bedroom is better papered to the ceiling and the walls left unadorned. There are such enticing floral wall-papers to be had, that pictures are almost unnecessary for adornment. Rag rugs, or those of matting, are the cleanest floor coverings. The former can be sent to the laundry, and the latter "shake out" dust very easily. Stained or painted floors which can be dry-mopped every day, insure cleanliness.

Metal bedsteads admit a free circulation of air and are in every way preferable to those of wood. They can be easily disinfected in case of illness. If more than one person occupies a room, single beds are more easily kept clean, and are better, as the individual needs of the sleeper can more easily be met.

The airing of bedding is an important consideration, and no amount of zeal and hurry to get through with the work should interfere with this rite. It is said upon good authority that a pillow should be shaken *after* it is aired and before. If it is shaken and punched as soon as it comes from the bed the feathers which have been closest to the sleeper are sent inward where the fresh air and sunshine do not reach them.

In these rooms, as in all the others of the house, the greatest aids to sanitation are abundant fresh air and sunshine—Nature's own servants.

In moving into or buying a new house the question of ventilation should be gone into thoroughly and inquiries made as to natural ventilation—air passing through walls and partitions, window construction and the like. Double floors prevent damp air rising from the cellar to rooms above.

In country houses where vegetables are stored in the cellar, great vigilance is necessary to see that no decaying vegetable matter is ever left hidden from sight. Dark cellars are an abomination, there should always be several windows through which light and air may penetrate.

Whitewash is a great sanitary aid in farmhouses; and cellars, attics, woodsheds and out-buildings are all made cleaner by frequent applications.

In the living-room, dining-room, reception-room and hall, plain furnishings, no carpets, washable coverings for much-used couches and cushions, airy draperies, all tend toward freedom from dirt and dust. The objection is offered to burlap for dining-room walls that it catches dust and odors.

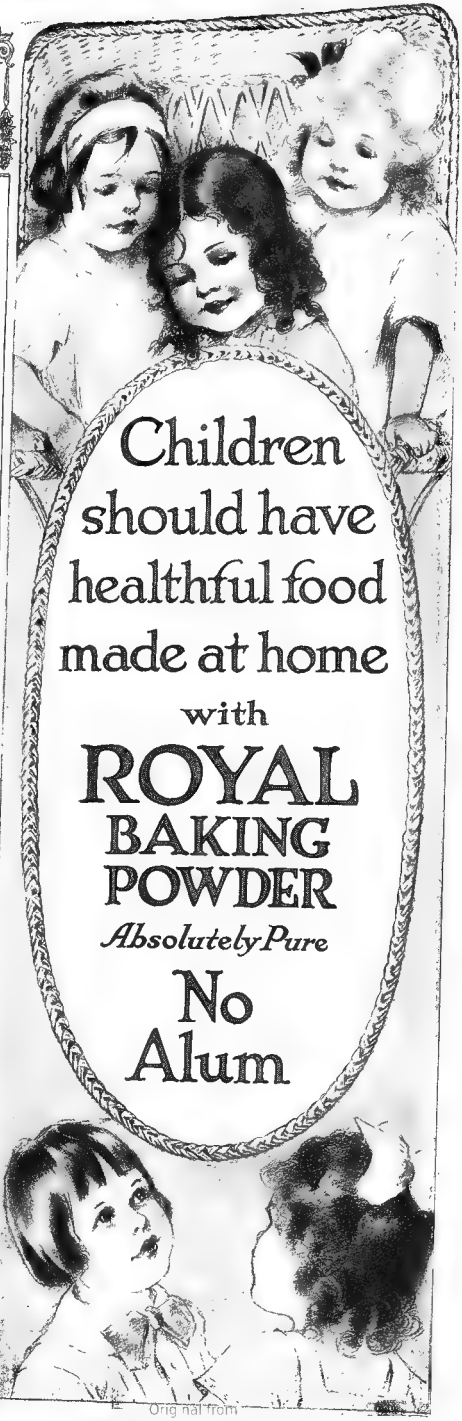
Bare mantels with one or two ornaments, striking in themselves, are always more appealing than scarf-draped affairs cluttered with photographs and vases and clocks.

Glass shelves in bathrooms, and for dresser tops, have a clean charm all their own. Dining tables have been equipped by enthusiasts with glass tops beneath which doilies are laid. Table tops, of course, are a great protection to the wood.

IF you have glass shelves in your bathroom, and really nothing is more sanitary or better looking, be sure that they are not set perfectly flat. They should be tilted a little, that is, set at a very slight angle sloping toward the wall, so that glasses, bottles or whatever articles are placed upon them, cannot slide off and break the basin.

Vases, jardinières, lamps, gas and electric fixtures are cleaner if they are of very plain design. Ornate patterns furnish all sorts of little crevices for dust and dirt.

One of the most important things in the whole house—an item that has a large influence upon the health of the entire family—is, of course, the care of the refrigerator. It must always be kept absolutely sanitary. It should be washed every day and thoroughly cleaned with warm water, soap and a little borax once or twice a week. If the shelves can be taken out, they should be well washed with very hot water and soap. Care must be taken to thoroughly chill and dry them before they are put back. The pan under the ice-chest should be scalded every day.



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The Tie That Binds

(*Continued from Page 19*)

only part one. I'm giving Talbot a fair start, a true run for it. I'm looking at the finish! If Talbot makes good, he'll keep you—I know your sort, Bertha. If he doesn't—well, either he or I gets you, Bertha; not some other fellow! Yes, so you've got to go! . . . Well?'

"Bertha bent suddenly toward him.

"'I hate you!' said Bertha, her face gaunt.

"'No, you don't!' said Case; 'you just think you do. You'd marry me to-morrow if you could!'

"There was nothing to that, though. Bertha would have married any man that could give her what she wanted; that was her business in life. And Case, some day, would have money. 'You wait,' she said; 'you'll marry me yet! I'll make you!'

"'Think so?' smiled Case.

"'Positive!' said Bertha. 'There never was a man yet I couldn't bring to his knees when I wanted to!'

"'Oh, very well,' laughed Case; 'some time, I may be willing to let you try!'

"That was all right, too. If there was anything to suit Bertha, it was that—a slight on her powers, a slur to ruffle her vanity. She made up her mind to get Case. She went with him and her husband.

"There was one thing, though, that Bertha overlooked—Talbot!"

CUMNOCK paused. Outside the heads, the island schooner had trimmed sheets; and in the rising breeze, all set and a rap full she stood away to the southwest, where, a thousand leagues under the skyline, her destination lay—that nest of midocean isles, each like a mirage glimmering in the tropic sunshine. In fancy, I heard the seas spout in fountains on their roaring beaches; looked and saw their white sands gleaming in the light; listened while the trade wind harped, sighing among the tall, slender spindles of their palms. Brown, bronze-like men and garlanded, half-naked nymphs peopled the scene that swam before my eyes; and through the soft babble of their speech and their laughter, when Cumnock's voice speaking harshly, recalled me from the dream: 'And you've never seen Frigate? . . . huh, have you?' he asked.

He knew I hadn't. In all likelihood he'd guessed my fanciful thoughts, and was mocking me.

Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"It came swift," he grunted. "swift, that affair on Frigate Island! It was only their second month out when they went there—Case, Talbot, Bertha; and that same night, the night they landed, it happened!

"From Shanghai, Hawaii was where first they headed for; then, before long, the islands south of the line got word of them. Trading was what they were there for—trading, my eye! As if any one would stake a hais-boen like Talbot, a failure, or Case either, with any trade! And their outfit, too! the islands had hardly had a look at it when they began buzzing like a hive!

"The three were on a schooner, a little rat of a tub manned by a knock-down crew, enough to make even the South Seas stare. And down there, it's no parlor either! Slicker alone would have settled it. He was a Swede, a hulking big swine, Lingaard by name; a fellow with a reputation—wrecker, whaler, filibuster and seal poacher—opium runner too! Yes, but it wasn't only Lingaard and the crew that were queer. Schooners hunting trade don't go romping up and down the back seas with a crew like that and two swells and a Bertha aboard! There she was, though; a woman, the only one aboard, set down in the midst of that gang of cut-throat beachcombers, she with her pale face and that red mouth of hers, red like Sappho's—kisses for sale!

"The talk grew thick, and make sure! Then, up in the Marquesas, they put in one day to restow cargo; and there they gave it away.

"'You've heard of the pearl banks, haven't you? Patrol boats are pretty thick down there; but if you hit it right and don't get caught, it's a very pretty business. Left to yourself, you dredge and grapple and dive till you're stowed chock-a-block; then you cut and run for it to some place where you can rot out your shell and pearl. At Hivaoa, where they put in that day, a big chest, it was Lingaard's stuff, fell from the sling and cracked open like an egg on the hatch-combing.

"It was as plain as your eye, the junk that spilled out. There were a couple of diving suits—helmets, breast plates, shoe leads, air-hose and all; then a lot of smaller things—rifles, pretty shotgun, grapples and, oh, yes; a few of Lingaard's other curios—a brace of revolvers, a pair of handcuffs and a set of brass knuckles! He'd been mate on a whaler, you know; they'd need them there! . . . However, the diving-suits and the shell tongs, they fixed it—yearns, of course—the money they'd get for them! And it was for this that Talbot had risked himself—risked honor and liberty, risked the horrors of Nouméa, the place they'd go if caught! Yes, just for money, the money Bertha needed, Talbot took the risk! And Case, with the devil in him for her—Case, he'd risked it, too!

"They went out of Hivaoa in a hurry; but it was too late then. Down at Papeete, a cruiser, one of the pearl patrol, got the news; and it sneaked out to have a look at them. Frigate was where they'd headed for, Frigate's pearl lagoon. Five days later, they came up to it.

"'It was a bright dawn when they made their landfall. Two hours later, with their hook down in the coral trash, they rode at anchor under its lee; and coming out of the after house, Bertha walked to the rail to have a look. 'What a place!' she breathed, 'God!'

"'You couldn't wonder! One look at it was enough to make you hold your breath. Sand was what it was, nothing but sand; miles of it, a long, narrow bank, the back of a reef low and sweeping to the north-and-east in a curve like a sickle blade. There, far down on the skyline, a single spot of greenery mocked your eye, one little clump of bush; and that was all, a bit of shade to tantalize, to torture. Leagues of beach lay between, its face gleaming white like dry, dead bones; and on this, the seas trundling in from the westward crumbled, shaking the air like thunder, while overhead a host of seabirds flitted, screaming.

"'I'm afraid—frightened!' said Bertha.

"'Of what?' laughed Case. 'the birds—the sea breeze? There's nothing else!'

"'I'm afraid!' she said, and quivered. She was in the first boat, though, that left the schooner—she, with Case and Talbot; a couple of their cuttlroats rowing them ashore. The first step she took inland, a huge black thing, a frigate-bird, flopped up from underfoot and buffeted her with its wings. She gasped. 'Oh, God!' said Bertha again; and back in the boat, the two scoundrels laughed.

"Talbot came quickly. 'Why, dearest!' he cried. He tried to calm her, but she pushed his hands away. 'Let me alone!' she said silently; and walked down to the water. 'A fool would have brought me here—a place like this!'

"'But, Bertha!' Talbot said, 'you made me!' She didn't answer, but trudged on, her face a mask; and Talbot, his lips set, went back to the boat. Case waited till he was out of earshot. 'Give the man a chance,' he said to her; and Bertha looked at him.

"'Who—*him?*' she scoffed. Then, in a gesture helpless with scorn and rage, she swept a hand about her. 'Look at it—sand, sand!' she said between her teeth. 'I married him, I gave myself to the fool, now see what he's given me! Sand, sand! That's it.—laugh!'

"'Love he's given you, and loyalty,' said Case, 'loyalty and love!' and Bertha snapped back at him, 'What rot! Any woman can get that!'

"'Can they?' asked Case, 'I wonder!'

"They walked on then up the beach; and the further they walked, the worse grew that hell of solitude, land and sea together. It was as if all God's time had stopped, and you stood with eternity piled up around you. The sun blazed, and underfoot the gritting sand was as if you trod on fire, the surf thumped and thudded, never still while overhead that damned swarm of sea birds mewed and chattered, coming back to scream at you again as if the place were purgatory! You could hardly wonder at Bertha. She stopped dead in her tracks, gave it another look; then she turned on her heel and almost ran. 'Get me away from here!' she whispered, though who could hear her? 'Something's going to happen! Take me away!' she said.

"'Case looked at her. 'Take you where?' he asked.

"'Anywhere!' said Bertha, 'back to Shanghai—San Francisco! I'll go with you! I want to! I want to get away!'

"'And Talbot?' asked Case, 'how about him?'

"'WE can marry; I'll get rid of him!' said Bertha. 'He sha'n't stand in my way!' Yes, but then Case had no thought of marriage. As if in answer, Bertha, with a swift movement, slipped her arms about his neck.

"'Look out!' warned Case, 'for God's sake!'

"A ridge of sand, a little hummock, lay between them and the lower beach; but as Case turned, he could see over the edge of it. The ship's boat had just returned, Lingaard in the stern sheets; the beachcombers piled high on the thwarts, a big load of stuff, that broken sea chest of his, its lid off, piled on top. Evidently Lingaard meant to waste no time. . . . And in the distance, rimming the edge of the skyline, something else Case saw, too—a faint, dark smudge. He gave no heed to that, though. His eyes searched for Talbot.

"'For God's sake!' he warned Bertha, 'look out! Talbot? A lot Bertha cared for *him!* She drew Case back, her arms still twined about his neck. 'That me away! You will, won't you?' she whispered. 'You love me, don't you? I'll go with you!' Case tried to free himself, but Bertha still clung fast. 'Kiss me!' she whispered. 'kiss me!' And she raised her face, her eyes half closed, her lips moist. Kiss me she said; and just as Case was giving in, something made him draw back. He looked around. Talbot was standing there!

"He must have seen them from the first. He must have heard, too, what she'd said. He stood and stared.

"You should have seen his face and eyes. His eyes were round, popping out—surprised. It was as if he didn't understand, couldn't believe it. Then the color went

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The Tie That Binds

(*Continued from Page 32*)

out of his skin; and he turned as white as paper. 'Bertha —! was what he said; that's all. Afterward, he clinched his jaws together; you could hear his teeth grit; and looking away from her, he gazed at Case, the man who had called himself a friend. Case said nothing, though. What could he?

"And Bertha? Well, Bertha lost her head. First she let out an exclamation, the little 'Oh!' women always give when they're caught. Then she tittered foolishly, her face scarlet. Talbot still didn't say anything; he just stared. If he'd only done something—gone wild, shouted, abused her —she might have handled him. But no, Talbot didn't. It rattled Bertha; she began to babble, frightened, now. 'Dave! Dave!' she said, and tried to explain 'it was just a lark. We were only fooling!'

"'A lark?—only fooling?' You could see Talbot's jaw set tighter. 'A lark, Dave,' said Bertha, and faltered toward him. 'You're not—why, angry?' she pleaded. Then she took another step. 'Kiss me!' said Bertha, 'kiss me!' saying it the same way she'd said it to Case. But the time had gone for kisses. With one hand, Talbot fended her off, his arm as stiff as an iron beam.

"'Kiss me—won't you kiss me, Dave?' Bertha was pleading. 'I haven't done anything! As God is my judge, I'm good! Won't you believe me, Dave?' Just then, down the beach, one of the boat's crew let out a yell; and at that, uproar broke loose.

"The blackguards had seen at last that smudge of smoke on the skyline!

"No need to tell them what it meant! Among that bunch of jailbirds there wasn't one that didn't guess it at a glimpse. Lingaard, at the first look, gave a roar. 'All hands aboard!' he shouted; and with the two others, he began shoving off the whaleboat. The boat was still high up, hand over fist. 'Hey, you; all hands aboard!' he shouted, 'you, Case, there!'

"'Case,' said Case to Talbot; 'you see that?' and he pointed to the smoke. 'We'll have to go!' Below on the beach, Lingaard was hopping up and down, cursing them to hurry. 'Get aboard, we can settle it there,' said Case. 'Lingaard'll leave us if you don't!' But Talbot didn't move. Bertha, her eyes wild, still gaped at him, her hands still outstretched. Then, of a sudden, she seemed to understand. Talbot she forgot. She thought only of being left there on Frigate. Wheeling in her tracks, she ran.

"'Stop!' said Talbot, 'stop!' The word was wrenched out between his teeth, his jaws still clenched fast. 'Stop!' His face was not white now but purple, as if all the blood in him had surged up in his head. Case spoke to him. 'You'd better come!' said Case. 'It means Nouméa—years of it—breaking coral rock!'

"But Talbot did not seem even to hear. Silently his jaws fixed, he swept a look around him, a glance that swept from end to end that stretch of desolation. The sun was blazing on it now, the glare beating in your eyes till they ached. Then with a grunt, Talbot started after Bertha, running. Almost at the boat he caught her.

"The two stood there for a moment, Lingaard and the other blackguards looking on again. Talbot had Bertha gripped by the wrist; and she was struggling. 'You fool, let me go!' she shrilled. 'I hate you! Let me go!'

"TALBOT was like a rock. He clung to her, his jaw set, silent. She must have known then; and all at once she gave up struggling. She moistened her lips, putting them up to him. 'David!' she pleaded, 'David, you wouldn't hurt me! My wrist—oh, please! I didn't mean what I said! I love you! And I'm good, I swear again I am!- I'll live with you—we'll go somewheres, I'll go with you—we'll begin all over again! . . . David, don't you hear?'

"On the beach, Lingaard with the two others was pushing off the boat. They had it half afloat. Aboard the schooner, the men there had begun to shout. They, too, had seen the smoke. 'Shove off!' roared Lingaard, 'let the fools stay!' and he had leaped aboard, when Case put after them. Waist deep in water, he splashed out to the boat.

"'Wait! for God's sake, wait!' he begged; and with all his strength he laid hold of the gunwhale. 'Wait! you can't leave her with that madman!' Yes, but was Talbot mad?

"Again Bertha was struggling. Talbot, though, stood there, his shoulders back, his head bared in the staring sunshine; and he was smiling. 'If you're coming—' Lingaard, for the last time, shouted; but Talbot did not move. He laughed.

"That settled it. With a sweep of his arm, Lingaard yanked Case aboard. It was as if Case had been a sack. He tumbled over athwart, cracking his head as he fell. 'Row!' shouted Lingaard. The boat was at the schooner's side before Case, dazed and stupid, could struggle up. Then, on the beach, Talbot let Bertha go.

"She turned and ran straight for the water. You could hear her calling. She ran till the water was up to her knees, to her waist. Talbot came after her. He had almost reached her, when she heard him. Bertha ran again then, splashing back, dodging him; and Talbot followed. Where the boat had pushed off there was still that pile of stuff, the stuff Lingaard had left behind, the broken sea chest among it. Talbot, for a moment stooped over it, fishing in its depths. When he stood up, he held something in his hand —something that flashed, gleaming—shining in the sun. Again he went on after Bertha. She was still running, dodging, trying to get away. She'd make a little run, a spurt; then she'd turn and wait, watching. Afterward, she said again:

"The schooner was under way now. Lingaard cracked on everything, and they went out of there, running. The last they saw of those two, Bertha and Talbot were still going on up the beach. She was still running. Talbot was still following her. The sun was overhead and in that hell of light and heat, the beach shone like glass. But Bertha still ran—Talbot still followed her. And that was the last you saw of them, running, running—Talbot and his wife, Bertha. . . ."

CUMNOCK had paused again. Fixed on the distance, his eyes had grown vague. They gleamed darkly, as with a fish's eyes. It was as if from the schooner's rail he looked back upon the scene—that desert beach, the birds screaming overhead and those two there, the woman fleeing from the man. Presently, he wet his lips.

"Well?" he said.

I sat back stiffly. The story, somehow, didn't seem to run out. There must be more of it.

"Oh, yes," said Cumnock, his tone listless; "there's more. At sundown—dusk, that same night—Talbot died."

"Died!"

"Yes. There was that box, the one on the beach—Lingaard's stuff. There was a gun in it, you remember—a revolver." He paused again. I said nothing, though. "At sundown—dusk," said Cumnock, "Talbot used it."

"On Bertha, too?"

Cumnock glanced up, startled.

"Her? . . . No; it was nothing like that!"

"Well?" I asked, "what then?" and again he glanced at me.

"Man, isn't it enough?" he asked, his voice a growl. "Enough? . . . It was eleven days before Lingaard dared put back to Frigate—eleven days. I tell you! And all that time, Bertha sat there, alone on Frigate—alone in all that desert hell of sunshine—all that time—Bertha and that dead man, her husband, Talbot! Enough? My word, what else do you want!"

I wanted the story's end. I wanted that grand opera stuff he'd told about. Cumnock, though, said nothing; so I leaned over and touched him on the arm.

"Case—Cheever—tell me," I said; and at the name I gave him he did not even start. "Cheever—what became of?"

Then I had what he'd promised me!

He did not even raise his voice. He spoke slowly, his tone deliberate; and at every period he wet his lips.

"The tie that binds!" he said, 'to have and to hold—yes, that was it, all right! Only death didn't part them—not even death!' said Cumnock—Case—whoever he was; and he wet his lips again. "There was that box, you know, the one Lingaard left; and in it, the revolver wasn't all that Talbot found! There were those handcuffs too; and, well—well," Cumnock said, as once more his tongue ran feverishly along his lips; "that's what it was—his last idea —marriage! Before Talbot shot himself, he linked Bertha to him with the handcuffs, then he threw the key away. And eleven days later, that's how we found them—man and wife together!"

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The Story of Julia Page

(Continued from Page 16)

orderly rows of blue plates and cups; there were several white-painted chairs and two tables. One of these was pushed against the west wall and was of pine wood white from scrubbing; the other stood on a blue rag rug by the eastern windows, and was covered by a fringed table-cloth of white and blue. Near the outer door, with a window above it, was a white-enameled sink in a bright frame of hanging small utensils.

The sunlight twinkled here and there on a polished surface, and flung a trembling bright reflection on the ceiling from the brass faucets of the sink. A clock on the wall struck seven.

As the last stroke sounded, a young woman quietly opened the hall door and stepped into the kitchen. She softly closed the door behind her and went to another door, at which she paused for a few seconds with her head bent as if listening. Evidently satisfied that no one stirred in the bedroom beyond the door, she set briskly, if noiselessly about her preparations for breakfast.

These involved the tying on of a crisp checked apron, and various negotiations with a large enameled coffee-pot, an egg, and the dark grounds that sent a heartening odor of coffee through the room. Bread was sliced and trimmed for toast with delightful evenness and swiftness, a double-boiler of oatmeal was lifted from the fireless cooker, and the box made to furnish more eggs and a jar of damp, firm butter.

It was while making a little journey to the back porch for milk and cream that the housekeeper first wavered in her swift routine. Below the back steps lay a little city garden, so that in the strengthening April sunlight that she must set her bottles down on the step, and run down for a whiff of the fragrant pushing roses, low-growing spikes of mignonette and velvety rich wall-flowers. Cobwebs, caught from bush to wet bush, sparkled with jewels; a band of brown sparrows flew away from a dripping faucet, and a black cat, crouching on the crosspiece of the low fence, rose, yawned and vanished silently. The wall was almost entirely hidden by vines, principally rose-vines, which flung long arms in the air. Presently a woman in the next yard parted these vines, to look over and say pleasantly,

"Good-mornin', Mis' Studdiford! I's just looking over an' dee-spairin' of ever gettin' my back yard to look like yours! It does smell like a big bo'quet o' hollyhocks like this!"

"Oh, well, there are so many of us to fuss with it," said the young woman addressed, cheerfully. "My aunt and my cousins are nearly as crazy about flowers as I am, and the other day—that warm day, you know, when we had my mother out here, she was just as absorbed as the rest of us!" She put a friendly hand over the wall. "But I don't see what you've got to complain of, Mrs. Calhoun," said she; "especially as you're just beginning! I see your geraniums all took hold!"

"Every one but the white Lady Washington," the woman said. "How is your mother?" she added.

"Pretty comfortable, thank you!" said the other. "I imagine she may have had a restless night, for both she and my aunt seem to be asleep, so I'm getting breakfast for my cousins. But I'm not sorry to be disposed to be out here at all!" she added, with a farewell laugh and nod, as she turned back to the steps. "But I just couldn't resist the garden!"

She picked up the milk bottles and reentered the kitchen just as a trimly dressed young woman came into it from the hall. The newcomer was tall and if not quite pretty was at least a fresh-looking, pleasant-faced girl. She wore a tailor-made skirt, white shirtwaist, and a round hat covered with flowers, and laid her jacket over the back of a chair.

"Julie—where's Ma?" said she, in surprise. "Have you been doing everything?"

"Not everything!" Julia smiled. "But Aunt May must have overslept, there hasn't been a sound from their rooms this morning. Your suit looks lovely," she added admiringly.

AT this moment the door opened, and a little girl of four and a half appeared in the doorway. She was so lovely a vision, with her tousled wrapper and the night-gown bunched up to be out of her way, curls tumbled about her face, and eyes big with surprise, that both women laughed with pleasure at the sight of her.

"Mother," said she, with that lingering on the last consonant that marks the hurt pride of a child, "why didunt you wake me?"

"Because you were sleeping so nicely, Pussy!" Julia laughed, on her knees by this time, with both arms about the little figure. "Give me a thousand kisses, and say 'I love my mother!'"

"I love my mother! " said Anna, her eyes roving the room over her mother's shoulder. "I guess you don't know how hard you're sneezing me, Mother!" she added. "Can I come out here in my wrapper and have breakfast with Regina?"

"Yes, let her, Julia!" Regina urged. "Come on, darling! Bring your bowl up here to my end. Do sit down and eat something yourself, Julia."

"This is the way to enjoy breakfast; not twenty feet from the stove!" Julia said, sturring the cream into her coffee. "Was Gerry attending when you got up, Regina?"

"Not a stir!" Regina said cheerfully. "She and Morgan were talking last night until two—I looked at the clock when she came up-stairs! What they have to talk about gets me!"

"Oh, my dear, engaged people could talk forever," Julia said leniently. "They were house-hunting yesterday, there's always so much to talk about!"

"It seems to me that the people who don't marry have the most fun," Regina said. "Look at Muriel and Evvy, the money they make! Evvy going East for the firm every year, and Muriel getting her little twenty-five a week. And then look at Rita, with four children to slave for——"

"Ah, well, Rita's husband doesn't work steadily, and she hates housework—she admits it!" Julia protested swiftly. "Rita could do a good deal, if she would."

"Rita gives me a great big pain," said the younger sister, absently.

"A boy named Willis had a sword and he hit a little boy with it, and Mrs. Calhoun said it was a wonder he wasn't killed!" contributed Anna suddenly, her eyes luminous from some thrilling recollection.

"Fancy!" Julia said. "Eat your oatmeal, Baby, and run up-stairs and get some clothes on!" she added briskly. "You'll catch cold!"

BUT there was no severity in the glance she turned upon her daughter. Indeed, it would have been a stern heart that little Anna Studdiford's first friendly glance did not melt. She had been exquisite from her babyhood, she was so lovely now, as she emerged from irresponsible infancy to thoughtful little girlhood, that Julia sometimes wondered how she could preserve so much charm and beauty unspoiled. Anna had her mother's ash-gold hair, but where Julia's rose firm and wingtike from her forehead, and was held in place by its own smooth thick braids, the little girl's fell in rich, shining waves, sprayed in fine mist across her eyes, glittered a golden mop in the sunlight, and even in the shade threw out an occasional gleam of gold. Anna's eyes were blue, with curled thick lashes like her mother's, but in the firm little mouth and the poise of her head, in the quick smile and quicker frown, Julia saw her father a hundred times a day. Her skin had the transparent porcelain beauty of babyhood, there was a suggestion of violet shadow about her eyes, and on her cheeks there glowed the warm color of a ripe apricot. Even the gingham aprons and sturdy little shoes which she customarily wore did not disguise Anna's beauty.

Julia trusted more to the child's wise little head than to her fair hope that her own precautions could ward off flattery and adulation. The two had been constant companions for more than four years; Anna's little bed close to her mother's at night, Anna's bright head never out of Julia's sight of day. If Anna showed any interest in what her mother was reading, Julia gave her a grave review of the story; if Julia went to market, Anna trotted beside her, deeply concerned as to cuts of meat and choices among vegetables; and when baking day arose Anna had a tiny molding-board on a chair, and cut cookies or scalloped tarts with the deep enjoyment of the born cook.

Once or twice the child had asked for her father, accepting quietly enough the explanation that he was in Germany, and very busy.

"Aren't we going to see him some time, Mother?"

"Not while Grandma needs Mother so much, dear!" Julia would answer easily.

Easily, because the busy months with their pain and joy, their problems and their successes, had seemed to seal away in a deep crypt her memories of her husband. Julia had been afraid to think of him at first, she could not make herself think of him now; his image drifted vaguely away from her, an unreal as a dream. He was as much a name as if she had never seen him, never loved him, never suffered those exquisite agonies of grief and shame with which the first year of their separation was full. Jim's child had taken his place; the purity and innocence of the child's love filled Julia's heart; she wanted only Anna, and Anna was her interpreter for all the relationships of life. Anna's first made her draw close to her own mother; Anna was at once her spur and her reward during the first hard years at Shotwell Street.

Anna and Regina up-stairs, and Regina was finishing her breakfast when the still sleepy yet shining-eyed Geraldine came down. Geraldine was to be married in a few weeks now, and had given up her position in an office, to devote all her time to house furnishing and sewing.

"I'm awfully sorry to be so late," she smiled, "but we talked until I don't know when last night!" She poured herself a cup of coffee; the meal went cheerfully on. Presently the bedroom door opened and a stout, handsome middle-aged woman came into the kitchen.

Julia was used, by now, to the transformation that had come to house and garden; that had affected every member

(Continued on Page 35)

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The Story of Julia Page

(*Continued from Page* 34)

of her mother's family in the past four years. But to the change in her aunt, Mrs. Torney, she never became quite accustomed. It had been slow in coming; it had come all at once. There had been weeks when Julia felt that nothing would ever silence the whining voice, or make useful the idle hands. There had been a wretched time when the young woman had warned the older that matters could not continue as they were. There had been agitated decisions on Mrs. Torney's part to go away, with Regina, to starve and struggle again; there had been a scene when Regina coolly refused to leave the new comforts of Julia's rule.

Now she was tying a crisp apron over her blue cotton dress, and ready with a smiling explanation for Julia.

"I declare, Ju, I don't know what's got into my alarm. I never woke up at all until quarter of eight o'clock! Don't start those dishes, Lovey, there's no hurry!"

"I was afraid that Mama'd had a bad night," Julia said, smiling a good morning from the sink. "Sit down, Aunt May, I'll bring you your coffee!"

"No, Emeline had a real good night. She was reading a while, about three, but she's sound asleep, now."

"I lighted a fire in the dining-room, just to take the chill off, if she wants to go in there," said Julia.

"Then I'll bring my sewing down, after the beds are made," Geraldine said. "You go to market if you want to, Julie; I'll do your room."

"Well," Julia agreed, "perhaps I can get back before Mama wakes, I'll go up and see what Anna is doing!"

Regina presently went off to her work. Mrs. Torney and Geraldine did the breakfast dishes, and Julia went up-stairs. She found the little Anna dreaming by a sunny window, one stocking on, one leg still bare and her little petticoat hanging unbuttoned.

"Come, infant, this won't do!" Julia's practised hands made quick work of the small girl's dressing. A stiff blue gingham garment went on over Anna's head, the tumbled curls were subjugated by a blue ribbon. When it was left to Anna merely to lace her shoes, Julia began to go about the room, humming as she busied herself with bureau and bed. She presently paused at the mirror to pin on a wide hat, and her eye fell upon the oval-framed picture of Jim that she had carried away with her from the Pacific Avenue house. It had been taken by some clever amateur and had always been a favorite with her. She studied it dispassionately for a moment.

Jim had been taken in tennis clothes; his racket was still in his hand, his thin shirt opened to show the splendid line of throat and chin. His thick hair was rumpled, the sunlight struck across his smiling face. Julia's memory could supply the twinkle in his eye; she could hear him call out to Alan Gregory, "For the Lord's sake cut this short, Greg! It's roasting out here!"

Beside this picture hung another, smaller, and also a snap-shot. This was of a man, too, a tall, thin, ungainly man sitting on a roadside rock with a bandanna tied at his hip. Behind him rose a sharp spur of rough mountainside, and, so sharply did the ground fall away at his feet that far below him was a glimpse of the level surface of the Pacific. Julia smiled at this picture, and the picture smiled back.

"Come, Mouse," said she, rousing herself from her reverie a moment later. "Get on your hat! You and I have to go to market."

THE morning wore on; it was like a thousand other happy mornings. Julia and Anna loitered in the cool, odorous fishstalls at the market, wheeled the asparagus back to its place in the pleasant cycle of the year's events, inspected glowing oranges and dampy heads of lettuce; stopped at the hardware store for Aunt May's new meat-chopper, stopped at the florist to breathe deep breaths of the damp fragrant air, and get some buttonhole for Grandma.

Julia's mother was in the kitchen, when she and Anna got home, her dark hair still damp from brushing, her thin wrists no whiter than her snowy ruffles. Presently they all moved into the dining-room, where Geraldine's sewing-machine was temporarily established, and where Anna's blocks had a corner to themselves. The two talked, between intervals of knitting, watched them all with her luminous and sympathetic smile.

"A letter for you, Julie, and four for me," said the bride-elect, coming back from the door after the postman's ring.

"Four for you—Gerry! You lucky thing!"

"Well, two are from Morgan," admitted Geraldine smiling, and there was a laugh as Julia opened her own letter.

"It's from Dr. Talbot," she announced a moment later. "He says Mill Valley is too beautiful for words just now. How'd you like to go over and see Uncle Richie to-morrow, Anna?"

"I'd love it," said Anna unhesitatingly. "We've not been for weeks." Julia said, "I'd love it, too, if my Mama doesn't mind?" She turned her bright smile to her mother. "Regina says she has an engagement with the O'Briens for Sunday," said she, "and if Gerry goes off with Morgan, will that leave things too quiet?"

"Indeed it won't!" said Mrs. Torney, looking up from the tissue-paper pattern over which she had hung in profound bewilderment for almost half an hour. "Rita may bring some of the children in, or Lloyd and Elmer may come over. Go along with you!"

Richie met Julia and the dancing Anna on the following afternoon, and the three crossed the ferry together. It was a day bursting with Summer's promise, the air was pure and warm and the sky cloudless. Getting out of the train in Mill Valley, Julia drew an ecstatic breath.

"Oh, Richie, what heavenly freshness! Doesn't it just smooth your forehead down like a cool hand!"

FOR there was a poignant sweetness to the mountain air, washed clear by the late rains and invigorated by the sunshine of the lengthening April day. The country roads were dark and muddy, and churned by wheel tracks, but fringed with emerald grass. Even at four o'clock the little valley was plunged in early shadow, but sunshine lay still upon the hills that framed it, and long lines of light threw the grim heights of Tamalpais into bold relief. The watching tiers of the redwoods looked refreshed, their spreading fans of dark green were tipped with the jade-green sprays of the year's new growth. The first pale smoke of wild lilac bloom lay over the hills.

"It makes you think of delicious words," said Julia, as Richie's rusty white mare plodded up and up the mountain road "Ozone—and aromatic—and exhilarating! In town it was a little oppressive to-day—. Anna and I were quite wilted!"

"You don't look wilted!" Richie smiled at his goddaughter, who was in her mother's arms. "Look, Ju—there's columbine, loads of it up near my place!"

"And the wild currant, with that delicious pungent smell!" sighed Julia blissfully. "What's new with you, Richie?" she asked presently.

"Oh, nothing much! Calvie from Bab yesterday, but you must have had one, too?"

"Yes, I did. A third boy!" Julia laughed. "Poor Bab—when she wanted a girl so badly!"

"I suppose she did," grinned Richard. "Oh, of course she did! Who wouldn't?" Julia hugged her own girl. "And isn't it glorious about Keith?" she added, with sudden enthusiasm.

"Is it? I suppose it is," Richie said. "But then those old guys in Germany called him a genius long before New York did, and you girls didn't make so much fuss!"

"Oh, but Richie,—there's so much money in this American tour; six concerts in New York alone, think of it!" Julia protested eagerly. "And Sally sounds so scrumptiously gay; they were having a perfectly glorious time. I hope they come to San Francisco!"

"Well, she deserves it," Richie observed, flicking the rusty mare with a whip she superbly ignored. "Sally's had a pretty rotten time of it for several years—paying his lesson bills when she didn't have enough to eat or shoes to wear—and losing the baby."

"I don't believe all that meant as much to Sally as you think," Julia said sagely. "Her entire heart was bound up in Keith's success, and that has come along pretty steadily. Her letter to me about the baby wasn't the sort I should have written—indeed, I couldn't have written at all! And then that was four years ago, Richie, and four years is a long time!"

"Sure!" Richie agreed. "Keith's about all the baby she'll ever want, those fellows take an awful lot of looking after. But I believe I get more pleasure out of Mother's and Dad's than for Sally herself," he added "Mother's always bought newspaper accounts, and has this translated from the German and that from the French—it's sort of pathetic to see! Ted and Janey are in New York now, something was said last night about their going over to see Bab."

"Ted and your mother are alone, then? How's Ted?"

"Oh, driving Mother crazy, as usual. She'd flirt with the Portuguese milkman if she had a chance. She can't seem to understand that because she wants to be free she isn't free! Talks about 'if I marry again,' and so on. Of course Carleton's marrying again has made her wild."

"But, good heavens, Richie, Ted ought to have some sense!"

"Well, she hasn't. She stretched a point to marry him, d'you see? Carleton had been baptized as a child, and his first wife hadn't, and they were married by a Justice of the Peace and divorced a year or two later. So Ted still thinks that in the eyes of the Church he hadn't been married at all, and she married him. Then——"

"But that was all right, Richie, and they were married in church!"

"All true, of course, only if you're going to push things to the point of taking advantage of a quibble like that, your chance of happiness is more or less slim! So three years ago Carleton proved that he hadn't cared a whoop about the legal or religious aspects of the case, and left Ted. And now Ted can see herself, at twenty-seven,

(*Continued on Page* 36)

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The Story of Julia Page

(*Continued from Page 35*)

ted to another woman's husband!"

She has a boy," Julia said severely.

"Yep, but that doesn't seem to count."

"Well, it's funny, Richie, take us all in all, what a mess we've made of marrying," Julia mused. "Ned gives me the impression, every time I see him, of being a sulky martyr in his own home; Sally's managed to drag happiness out of the most hopeless situation; Ted, of course, will never be happy again, like Jim and me, and Connie, although she made an exemplary marriage, either has to leave her husband or bring her baby up in Manila, which one says positively isn't safe! Bab is the only shining success among us all!"

"Oh, I don't know," Richie said, stopping the horse, and flinging the reins to the Portuguese who came out of a small barn to meet them. "Here we are, Ju—take your time! I've always considered you rather successful," he resumed.

"Oh, me!" Julia laughed as she jumped down like a girl. She followed Anna across a little hollow filled with buttercups and long grasses, and they mounted the little rise to Richie's tiny cabin. The little house had Mount Tamalpais for a background, and its wide unroofed porch faced across the valley, and commanded a view of the wooded ridges and the marshes, and the distant bay, and of San Francisco twelve miles away. Scrub-oaks and bay-trees grew in a tangle all about it, even a few young redwoods and an occasional bronze and white madrofia tree. Wild roses and field flowers crowded against its very walls, and under the trees there were iris and brown lilies, and a dense undergrowth of manzanita and hazelnut bushes, wild currants and wild lilac trees.

JULIA entered first the big room dim with pleasant twilight, and full of the sweet odors of a dying wood fire. It had nothing of distinction in it: a few shabby chairs, an old square piano, an unpainted floor crossed here and there by rugs, books in cases and out of them, candlesticks along the brick mantel, a green-shaded student's lamp on a long table, and several wide windows, dim and opaque now in the fast gathering darkness but usually framing each a picture of matchless mountain scenery.

A door at one side of the fireplace led into a tiny kitchen, whose windows looked out into oak branches, and another door, on the other side, gave access to a little cement-floored bathroom with a shower, and two small bedrooms, each with two beds built in tiers like bunks. This was Richie's whole domain and whether it was really saturated with the care-free atmosphere of childhood, and fragrant with the good breath of the comfortable all about it or whether Julia only imagined it to be so, she found it perfect, and was never so happy in these days as when she and Anna were there.

"No Aunt Sanna?" said she cheerfully, when she had taken off her hat and the small girl's, and was at the favorite chair by the fire.

"No—darn it!" said Richie, struggling with a refractory lamp wick.

"Oh, don't be so blue, Rich! She'll be here on the seven,"

"No, she won't—she said the four—I expected to find her here," Richie said, setting the glass chimney into place, as the light crept round the wick. A little odor of hot kerosene floated on the air, and was lost in other odors from the kitchen, where a Chinese boy was padding about in the poor light of one lamp. He began to come and go, setting the table, the ecstatic Anna at his heels. Whenever the outer door was opened a cool rush of sweet country air came in; Richie began to stamp back and forth with great logs for the fireplace.

"Wonderful what millions of miles away from every one we seem, Rich!" Julia said contentedly. "Was there ever anything like the quiet of this mountain?"

"I'm terribly sorry about Aunt Sann," Richie said. "I feel like an ass—getting you way up here!"

"Why, my dear boy, it's not *your* fault!" Julia said, round-eyed.

She said she would positively be here," Richie pursued. "I suppose there's no earthly reason—" he added uncomfortably.

"Why you and I shouldn't stay here alone? I should hope not!" Julia reassured him roundly. "And she may come on the seven, anyway!"

"These are the times I wish I had a telephone," said Richie.

"Aw leddy," contributed the Chinese boy. They took their places at the table, and dinner was eaten by the light of the lamp. But after dinner, when Julia had tucked Anna into bed, she came back and put out the lamps, lighted two candles on the mantelpiece that sent a brave flicker over the dull walls and up to the ceiling.

"There!" said she, with an energetic stirring of the fire, as she took her chair again, "that's the way I like this room to look!"

Richard disposed of his awkward length in an opposite chair, his big bony hands interlocked. In the fire and candle-light Julia looked very young; her loosened hair glimmering against the back of her chair, her thin white skirts spreading in a soft circle above her slipper buckles. The man noticed the serene rise and fall of her breast, under her thin blouse, the content in her half-shut blue eyes. He let his thoughts play for a moment with the perilous thought that she belonged here at his hearth, that her sweetness, her demure happiness, her earnest interest in everything that concerned him, were all his by right.

"I don't know quite what to do about this!" he said, gruffly.

"What—our being here?" Julia looked surprised. "Why, Richie, what can we *do*? Do you think it matters, one night? After all, we're brother and sister-in-law."

"Almost," said Richie, with a laugh.

"Why, Rich, I would never give it one moment's thought; not if I stayed here a month!" Julia assured him. "And neither would any one else. Don't be so stuffy!"

"It's not me; but it isn't fair to you!" Richard said.

Julia had grown a little red. Now she stared into the fire.

"This sort of fuss isn't like you, Rich," she said presently, with an uncomfortable laugh. "You—you don't usually talk about such things!"

"No, I know I don't," Richard admitted, untouched by her reproach. "I could go up to Porter's and try to get Aunt Sanna by telephone!" he muttered.

Julia was a little displeased and made no answer, and presently Richard got up and went out. She sat there listening to the rattle of dishes in the kitchen, until a splash announced the dish-pan emptied under the oak trees, and the Chinese through for the night. After a while she went to the doorway and stared out at the starry sky, and the dark on darkness that marked masses of trees and long spurs of the mountain. The air was sweet and chilly, frogs were peeping, from somewhere near came the steady rush of a swollen creek.

While Julia stood on the porch a livery hack from the village creaked up, and stopped ten feet away. The horses were blowing on the steep grade, and a strong odor from the animals and their sweated harness smote the pure night air. The carriage lanterns sent a wavering brightness across the muddy road, the grass looked artificial in the yellow light. Miss Toland, vociferating apology and explanation, emerged from the carriage.

When Richard came back from his fruitless errand he found both women enjoying the fire, Miss Toland's skirt folded over her knees, her veil pushed up on her forehead. In his enormous relief Richie felt that he could have danced and sung. He busied himself brewing a hot drink for the older woman.

"Richie," said Julia, with a pleasant childish note of triumphant reproach in her voice, "was worried to *death* because I was here alone with Anna! Don't you think he's crazy, Aunt Sanna?"

"Why, you two have been here alone?" Miss Toland asked, stirring her chocolate.

"No, we haven't!" Julia answered cheerfully. "I never thought of it before; but this dear old maid either has you here, or Janey, or Dr. Brice's Mary from the village—isn't he queer?"

"It isn't as if you weren't practically brother and sister, Richie," Miss Toland said moderately. "Not too much butter, dear!" she interpolated, in reference to the toast her nephew was making, adding a moment later, "Still, I don't know—a pretty woman in your position can't be too careful, Julia!"

"Oh, Lord, you're an appreciative pair!" Richard said disgustedly, going out to the kitchen for more bread.

PRESENTLY Miss Toland complained of fatigue, and left them. And sitting there almost silent, Julia thought that she had never found her host so charming before His rambling discourse amused her, touched her; she loved his occasional shy introduction of a line of poetry, his eager snatching of a book now and then to illuminate some point with half a page of prose.

"Pleasant, isn't this, Rich?" she asked lazily, in a quiet interval.

"Oh, *pleasant*!" He cleared his throat. "You bet your life it's pleasant!"

"And why couldn't you and I have done this just as well without Aunt Sanna?" Julia asked triumphantly.

Richard gave her a look full of all dignified endurance, a look that wondered a little that she could like to give him pain.

"No reason at all," said he. And a sudden suspicion flamed in Julia's heart with all the surety of an inspiration.

The revelation came in absolute completeness, she had never even suspected Richie's little tragedy before. For a few moments Julia sat stunned, then she said seriously.

"I always feel myself so much Jim's wife, Rich, I suppose it's sort of protection to me. It never occurs to me that any one could think me less bound than I think myself."

"Sure you do!" Richard said, struggling with the back-log "But other people might not! And it would be rotten to have him come back and hear anything."

"I suppose he'll come back," Julia said, almost in a whisper. "I don't think of it much, now! I used to think of it a good deal

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The Story of Julia Page

(*Continued from Page 36*)

at first. I used to cry all night long sometimes, and write him long letters that I never sent. It seemed as if the longing for him was burning me up, like a fire!"

"Darn him!" Richard muttered

"Oh, no, Richie, don't say that!" Julia protested. Richard, still on one knee with the poker in his hand, turned to her almost roughly.

"For God's sake, Julie, don't defend him! I'll hold my tongue about him, I suppose, as I always have done, but don't pretend he has any excuse for treating you this way! You—the best and sweetest and bravest woman that ever lived, bringing happiness and decency wherever you go—"

"Richie, Richie, stop!" Julia protested, between laughter and tears. "Don't talk so! *I will* defend Jim," she added gravely, "and he *did* have an excuse. It seems unfair to me that he should have all the blame." She held her hand out, fingers spread to the reviving flame, rosy and transparent in the glow.

"Rich, no one knows this but Jim and I; not Aunt Sanna, not my own mother," she presently resumed. "But it makes what he did a little clearer and I'm going to tell you"

"Don't tell me anything," said Richard, gruffly, his eyes on the fire.

"Yes, I want to," Julia answered. But she was silent for a while, a look of infinite sadness on her musing face. "I made a serious mistake when I was a girl, Rich," she went on, after an interval. "I had no reason for it—not great love, or great need. I had no excuse. Or, yes, I did have this excuse. I had been spoiled; I had been told that I was unusual, independent, responsible to nobody. I knew that this thing existed all about me and if I thought of it at all, I suppose I thought that there could be nothing so very dreadful about what men did as a matter of course! Perhaps that's the best explanation; my mind was like a young boy's. I didn't particularly seek out this thing, or want this thing, but I was curious, and it came my way."

"Don't misunderstand me Richie. I wasn't betrayed." I'd had, I suppose, as little good instruction, as little example, and watching, and guarding as any girl in the world. But I knew better! Just as every boy knows better and is taken, sooner or later, unawares. Of course if I'd been a boy—all this would be only a memory now, hardly shameful or regretable, even: dim and far away! Especially as it only lasted a few weeks, before I was sixteen!

"And, of course, people would say that I haven't paid the full penalty: being a girl instead of a boy! Look at poor Tess, and Trilby, and Hetty in 'Adam Bede'! I never let any one know it; even your aunt never would have suspected *that*, whatever she might say now. No; even Jim protected me—and yet," Julia put her head back, shut her eyes, "and yet I've paid a thousand times!" said she.

There was a long silence, and then Richard said:

"I've thought sometimes *this* might be it, Ju. Being alone so much, and reading and thinking.—I've worked it out in my own mind. Aunt Sanna saw Jim in Berlin two years ago, you know, and gave him a horrible raking over the coals, and just from what she quoted, it seemed as if there was some secret about it, and that it lay with you. Then of course," Richie eased his lame leg by stretching it at full length before him, sinking down in his chair, finger-tips touching, "of course I knew Jim," he resumed. "Jim's pride is his weak point. He's like a boy in that, he wants everything or nothing. He's like all my mother's children," said Richie, comfortably analytical, undisciplined. Chill penury never repressed our noble rages, we never knew the sweet uses of adversity. I did, of course, but here I am, a childless man getting on in years, not apt to leave a deep impression on the coming generation. It's a funny world, Julie! It's a strange sort of civilization to pose under the name of Christ. Christ had no double standard of morals; Christ forgave. Law is all very well, Society has its uses, I have no doubt, but there are higher standards than either!"

"WELL, that has come to me forcibly during the past few years," Julia said thoughtfully. "I wasn't a praying small girl; how could I be? But after I went to the 'Alexander,' being physically clean and respectable made me long to be clean all over, I suppose, and I began to go to church, and after a while I went to confession, Rich, and I felt made over, as if all the stain of it had slipped away! And then Jim came, and I told him all about it—"

"Before you were married?" ·

"Oh, Richie, of course!"

"Well, then, what—if he knew?"

"Oh, Richie, that's the terrible part. For I thought it was all dead and gone, and it was all dead and gone as far as I was concerned! But he couldn't forget it—it sud denly seemed a live issue all over again, it just rose and stood between us, and I felt so helpless and poor Jim, I think he was helpless, too!"

Richard made no comment and there was a silence.

"Life has been too violent and too swift with me," Julia resumed, after a while. "*If* I had the past fifteen years to live over again, I would live them very differently. I made an idol of Jim, he could do no wrong. He wanted more bracing treatment than that, he should have been boldly faced down. If I had been wiser I would have treated all my marriage differently. If I had been very wise, I should not have married at all, should have kept my own secret. Perhaps, marrying, I should not have told him the truth; I don't know. Anyway, I have mixed things up hopelessly, given other people and myself an enormous amount of pain and wrecked my life and Jim's. And now, when I am thirty, I feel as if I could begin to see light, begin to live —as if now, when nothing on earth seems really important, I knew how to meet life!"

"THAT'S been my attitude for years," Richie said, shifting his lame leg again. "Of course I started in handicapped, which is a great advantage——"

"Advantage? Oh, Richie!" Julie protested.

"Yes, it is, from one point of view," he insisted whimsically. "Who loses his life,' you know. Most boys and girls start off into life like kites in a high wind, without tails. There's a glorious dipping and plunging and sailing for a little while, and then down they come in a tangle of string and paper and broken wood. I had a tail to start with, some humiliating deficiency to keep me balanced. No football and tennis for me, no flirting and dancing and private theatricals. When Bab and Ned were in one whirl of good times, I was working out chess problems to make myself forget my hip, and reading Carlyle and Thoreau and Emerson. Nobody is born content, Ju, and nobody has it thrust upon him, just a few achieve it. I worked over the secret of happiness as if it was the multiplication table. Happiness is the best thing in the world. It's only a habit and I've got it."

"Is happiness the best thing in the world, Rich?" Julia asked wistfully.

"I think it is; real happiness, which doesn't necessarily mean a box at the opera and a tour-ing-car." Richie said, smiling. "It seems to me, to have a little house up here on the mountain, and to have the people here like me, and let me take care of the——"

"For nothing," interposed Julia.

"Don't you believe it! I didn't write a check last month! Anyway, it suits me. I have books and letters, and a fire, and now and then a friend or two—and now and then Julia and Anna to amuse me!"

"I'm happy, too," Julia said thoughtfully. "I realized it some time ago—oh, a year ago! I feel just as you might feel, Rich, if you had left some critical operation unfinished, or done in a wrong way, and then gone back to do it over. I feel as if, in going back to first principles, and doing what I could for my own people, I had 'trued' a part of my life, if you can understand that! I had gone climbing and blundering on, and reached a point where I couldn't help myself, but they were just where they started, and I could help them!"

"It was probably the only thing you could have done for yourself, at the same time," Richard interpolated, with a swift glance.

"Rich, I think the past two, well, three years, have been the happiest in my life." Julia said soberly. "My feet have been on solid ground. I can look down and understand my life better as it is, but all the past seems clearer, too. I thought Jim was like myself, Richie, he wasn't. And now my viewpoints was different, perhaps that's why we loved each other so!"

"And suppose he comes back?" Richard asked.

Julia frowned thoughtfully.

"Oh, Richie, how do I know! It's all so dreadfully mixed up. Everybody, even Aunt Sanna, thinks that he will! Everybody thinks I am a patient, much-enduring wife, waiting for the end of an inexplicable situation. Aunt Sana thinks it's temporary aberration. Your father thinks there's another woman in it. Your mother confided to Aunt Sanna that it is her opinion that Bab refused Jim, and Jim married from pique."

"That sounds like Mother!" Richie said with a dry laugh

"Doesn't it?" Julia smiled. "But the truth is," she added, "Jim has no preconcerted plan. He's made a very close man friend or two, in Germany, and belongs to a doctors' club. I know him so well! He lets the days, and the weeks, and the years go by, forgetting me and everything that concerns me as much as he can, and getting into a slow, dull rage whenever he remembers that fate hit him, of all men in the world, such a blow."

"And the baby?" said Richie. "Don't you suppose she counts? Oh, Lord, to have a kid of one's own," he added slowly, with the half-smiling sigh Julia knew so well.

"I imagine she would count if he had seen her lately," Julia suggested. "But she was such a tiny scrap! And Jim, as men go, isn't a lover of children."

"You wouldn't divorce him, Julie?" Richard asked, after a silence.

"Oh, never!" she answered quickly. "No, I won't do that." She smiled. "Yet,

(*Continued on Page 75*)

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The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(774)

Pork in All Its Forms

Many Ways of Cooking This Meat and Just What Goes Best with Each Way

By JESSAMINE C. WILLIAMS

PORK is distinctly a Winter meat. Its richness in fat makes it rank among the highest in food value. There are numberless methods in which it can be prepared, served, and preserved. Custom in some cases and the hygiene of digestion seem to have fixed certain dishes as suitable accompaniments to fresh and preserved pork. It is well to know these combinations and to use them with judgment regarding the tastes of those served.

Apple Sauce for Fresh Roast Pork

SERVE apple sauce, but not as it is prepared for dessert or as a fruit dish, with roast loin, fresh roasted shoulder or ham. Slice the apples thin and cook without sugar until very soft. Put the pulp through a sieve, add a small amount of sugar, and a little butter and lemon-juice to give tartness and flavor. Cinnamon or nutmeg may be added, if desired, and a few pieces of lemon-peel cooked with the apples.

Escalloped Apples

ESCALLOPED apples are also an excellent accompaniment for fresh roasted pork. Arrange alternate layers of stale bread-crumbs and apples sliced very thin, in a greased pudding dish. Dot each layer generously with bits of butter, sprinkle lightly with brown sugar and grated nutmeg. Cover and bake forty-five minutes, adding water if necessary. Remove the cover, sprinkle with buttered bread-crums and brown. Serve hot. The grated rind and juice of the lemon is often added.

Creamed onions, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, cabbage and sweet potatoes are suitable vegetables to serve with pork roasts or chops. It is not hygienic to serve fried vegetables, for the pork itself supplies the fat.

Roast Spareribs Dressing

STUFF the ribs with a dressing made of one small stale loaf of bread, one quart thinly sliced apples, one cupful seeded and chopped raisins, one-quarter cupful butter or pork fat, one-half cupful chopped nuts and the grated rind and juice of half a lemon.

Crown Roast of Pork

THE ribs may be made into a crown the same as a crown roast of lamb. Fill the center with the stuffing for roast spareribs, before roasting. Arrange sweet potatoes, which have been roasted and browned nicely in the pan with the meat, around the edge of the platter.

Fried Apple Rings for Pork Chops

PEEL the apples and slice crosswise in one-inch slices. Remove the core from each slice with corer. Fry the rings in deep fat or in fat tried out from the chops, taking care not to break the rings. Drain on paper, sprinkle with powdered sugar and arrange the rings, overlapping each other, around the chops.

Fried Corn-Meal Mush for Chops

WHILE the corn-meal mush is warm, put into jelly glasses to mold. When cold, slice in rings and fry in pork fat. Arrange around the platter of pork chops.

Pork Tenderloins

THE tenderloins are lean, so it is necessary to cook them with fresh side pork sliced thinly or with bacon or salt pork to supply fat. They are often baked, covering or larding them with fat pork. Sweet potatoes baked in the same pan form an excellent accompanying vegetable. Hoe cake, spoon bread or old Virginia batter bread should also be served with pork tenderloins.

German Horseradish Sauce

¼ Cupful Grated Horseradish
1 Teaspoonful Vinegar
2 Teaspoonfuls Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Sour Apple

AS a relish to serve with sausage, this proves most delicious. Cover the grated horseradish with vinegar, add the sugar, salt and grate in one sour apple. Mix thoroughly and serve cold.

Sausage

SERVE apples, fried, baked, or as sauce with sausage. The sausages may be broiled in the oven on a rack or toaster and apples baked in a pan under them. The drippings from the sausage give a delicious flavor to the apples.

Sausage Croquettes

2 Cupfuls Hot Potato
Cold Cooked Sausage
Seasoning
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Egg
Bread-Crums

PUT the potato through a ricer, add one-half teaspoonful of salt, a little paprika, and the butter. Stir in the well-beaten yoke of an egg. Mix well. Cut sausages in half and roll them in the potato, then roll in egg and bread-crums. Cook in fat and drain well.

Champagne Sauce

1 Slice Carrot
1 Slice Onion
One Bay-Leaf
Sprig of Thyme
Sprig of Parsley
2 Cupfuls Brown Stock
Salt and Pepper
½ Cupful Champagne
1 Tablespoonful Powdered Sugar
9 Peppercorns

CHAMPAGNE sauce should be served with hot baked ham. The carrot, onion, bay-leaf, thyme, parsley and peppercorns should be cooked in one-quarter cupful of butter until brown. Then the flour, brown stock, salt, pepper, champagne and sugar should be added. Serve very hot.

Boiled Raisin Pudding

1 Cupful Suet
1 Cupful Milk
1 Egg
2½ Cupfuls Flour
3½ Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder
1 Cupful Raisins
1 Teaspoonful Salt

THIS is a most suitable accompaniment to a baked ham. Mix and sift dry ingredients, add suet chopped very fine, beaten egg and milk; wrap in cheese-cloth and tie. Plunge in boiling water to cover and boil two hours or steam three hours. Serve hot, cutting in slices and put on the plates with the thinly sliced ham.

Proper relishes for cold boiled ham are French mustard, mustard pickle, chow-chow, tomato catchup and horseradish. Potato salad, either hot or cold, is the conventional accompaniment for cold boiled ham.

Bacon

BACON is used extensively as an accompaniment and garnish for other dishes. It seems almost a necessity with eggs, and is especially desirable as a garnish for oysters, sweetbreads, beefsteak, boiled chicken and many cheese dishes. Cooked with cabbage, beans, lima beans, string beans and peas, bacon gives a flavor much desired by some.

Salt Pork

FRIED salt pork requires milk gravy, using some of the fat tried out in cooking the pork, flour to thicken, and milk; serve boiled potatoes with this.

Pork, cut thin and fried crisp, may be used around a dish of creamed codfish. Serve with plain boiled potatoes and hot pickled beets.

Pigs' Feet

THESE are usually cooked in a pot and served with turnips, parsnips, carrots, or cabbage boiled with them. Broiled pigs' feet is a more unusual way of cooking. Wipe, sprinkle with salt and pepper and broil eight minutes turning often and browning well. Serve with these maître d'hôtel butter.

Maître d'Hôtel Butter

¼ Cupful Butter
2 Teaspoonfuls Salt
½ Tablespoonful Parsley
1 Tablespoonful Lemon-Juice
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper

CREAM the butter, add the salt, pepper and parsley. Add the lemon-juice drop by drop.

Another delicious sauce for broiled pigs' feet is Piquante Sauce. To a highly seasoned, thickened brown stock add vinegar, chopped onion, capers and pickle to taste.

Pork in its many forms, if sufficiently cooked, and served with carefully chosen relishes, sauces and vegetables, should be considered a most desirable Winter meat. No doubt the acid of apples or cranberries or the acid relishes and sauces served with pork aid somewhat in the digestion of the fat as well as please the palate.

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Fish Dishes For Lent

By LILY HAXWORTH WALLACE

THOSE who live far from the seacoast must depend to a large extent upon smoked, salted and canned fish for their supply of this particular food, especially where they may not have access to some large body of fresh water where fresh water fish can be secured. We need not pity our inland cousins too much, however, for there is ample opportunity for making savory and appetizing fish dishes from canned or smoked fish.

Of the canned varieties, we may choose from salmon, cod, lobster, sardines, shrimp, crab and tunny fish, while among the smoked fish are salmon, herring, finnan-haddock, halibut and white fish. Salmon is one of the most popular and commonly used, and in its canned form lends itself to the preparation of salads, cutlets or croquettes, or it may be creamed or served in paté shells. Flaked codfish and haddock are also standbys for the economical housewife, as they may be used in such a wide variety of dishes, including omelets, chowders, creamed fish and the good old-fashioned fish cakes of Sunday morning fame. Lobster can also be served in a great many different forms. New Japanese tuna fish is particularly appetizing, either plain, scalloped or as a salad; while sardines lend themselves especially well to chafing-dish cookery. Tunny fish, owing to its firmness, is well adapted to cooking, and deserves to be more popular than it is. The varieties of smoked fish are best adapted to boiling, all of them, with the exception of finnan-haddock, being rich, oily-fleshed fish.

In selecting canned fish, be particular to choose a good brand and see that the can does not bulge anywhere, as this would denote the presence of gas and would mean that the food is unfit for use. With a few different varieties of fish tucked away on the storeroom shelf, ready for use in an emergency, the housewife need never be at a loss to prepare a savory dish for unexpected company or for the family as a change from meats.

Fish Cakes

3 Slices Bacon
2 Cupfuls Pared Raw Potatoes
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Boiling Water
1 Can Fish Flakes
2 Tablespoonfuls Cream Sauce
½ Teaspoonful Black Pepper
Hot Milk

COOK the slices of bacon in a frying-pan, taking care not to let the fat or the bacon become discolored. Add salt and boiling water to the potatoes and cook until tender; drain and mash. Add the fish flakes, cream sauce or two tablespoonfuls butter, black pepper and a little hot milk. Beat all thoroughly, shape into cakes and dip in flour, then fry in the bacon fat. If you happen to have some cold potatoes, they may be quickly reboiled and used instead of the freshly cooked ones.

Crab Salad

2 Cupfuls Japanese Crab Meat
2 Cupfuls Celery
1 Cupful Salad Dressing
Salt and Pepper
Garnishing

PICK the crab meat over carefully, removing any gristle or bones. Add the celery, cut into small dice. Season with salt and pepper and mix all together, adding the salad dressing, either mayonnaise or boiled. Garnish with lettuce, pimentos, beet root or any preferred garnish, as, for instance, hard-boiled eggs or stuffed olives. Pour a little extra dressing over the top and serve very cold.

Crab Meat à la Newburg

1 Can Crab Meat
½ Cupful Butter
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Few Grains Cayenne
Grating of Nutmeg
½ Cupful Thin Cream
3 Tablespoonfuls Sherry
3 Eggs

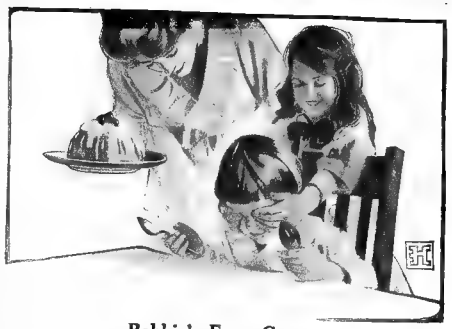
REMOVE the meat from the can and pick it apart. Melt the butter, add the crab meat and cook three minutes. Put in the seasonings, strain the cream and, when this is hot, the yolks of the eggs, slightly beaten. Stir until thick, add the sherry and serve very hot.

Crab Cakes

2 Cupfuls Crab Meat
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Parsley
½ Cupful Stale Bread-Crums
Salt and Pepper
Lemon-Juice
Flour
Fat for Frying
1 Egg

FIRST chop the meat finely, removing all particles of shell and bone, then add the parsley and a generous seasoning of salt, pepper and lemon-juice. Add also the bread-crums and, when all the ingredients are well-blended, moisten with the egg lightly beaten, yolk and white together. Form into small cakes, roll each in flour and fry a golden brown.

(Continued on Page 42)



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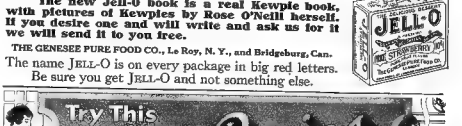

Welsh Rarebit: Pour ½ cup of ale or beer into small saucepan, add one tablespoon **LEA & PERRINS'** Sauce and saltspoon red pepper, bring to boiling point, add 1 lb. of finely chopped American cheese and stir until thoroughly melted. Pour over freshly prepared slices of toast and serve at once.

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(310)

Fish Dishes For Lent

(*Continued from Page* 41)

Lobster Croquettes

1 Can Lobster
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Flour
¼ Cupful Milk
Grated Nutmeg
Salt and Pepper
Lemon-Juice
Bread-Crums
Frying Fat
1 Egg

TAKE the lobster from the can, pick it apart and let it stand half an hour before using. Mince finely, removing any particles of shell. Place the flour and butter together in a saucepan, stir until the butter is melted and mixed smoothly with the flour. Add the milk; stir until boiling, then season with the nutmeg, salt, pepper and lemon-juice. Add the lobster and spread the mixture on a plate to cool. Divide into portions and roll into the shape of very thick corks. Coat each croquette with egg, then roll in bread-crums and shake off carefully any crums which do not adhere closely. Fry golden brown in smoking hot fat and pile high on a hot serving dish.

Deviled Lobster

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Tablespoonful Dry Mustard
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Worcestershire or Tomato Sauce
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-Juice
1 Can Lobster
¼ Cupful Butter

BEAT the two tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream; add the mustard, salt, sauce and lemon-juice. Divide the lobster into neat pieces, sauté for about six minutes in one-third cupful butter and, when nearly done, add the creamed mixture. Heat the whole thoroughly and serve on toast.

Salmon Loaf

2 Can Salmon
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Parsley
Salt and Pepper
Blade of Mace
½ Cupful Stale Bread-Crums
2 Eggs
A Little Milk

SCALD the milk and the mace together. About two-third cupful of milk will probably be needed, but a little more or less may be required according to the softness of the fish and the size of the eggs. Mince the salmon and add to it the bread-crums, parsley, salt and pepper. Add also the lightly beaten eggs and pour in the milk, a little at a time, so as not to get the mixture too soft. Turn into a greased mold or bowl, cover closely and let it steam for one hour.

Creole Shrimps

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Teaspoonful Onion-Juice or Grated Onion
2½ Tablespoonful Flour
1½ Cupful Stewed, Strained Tomatoes
1 Bay-Leaf
Salt and Pepper
1 Can Shrimps

MELT the butter, add the onion-juice and flour and stir until smooth, then the seasonings, tomatoes and bay-leaf, and stir constantly until boiling. Pick over the shrimps and heat them in the sauce. Serve plain or with boiled rice.

Broiled Sardines

1 Can Sardines
Salt and Cayenne
Lemon-Juice
Slice of Toast

REMOVE the fish from the can carefully, so as to keep them whole. With the dull edge of a knife blade scrape off as much as possible of the skin. Heat a tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, chafing-dish and cook the sardines in it, turning them so that both sides may become thoroughly heated and slightly browned. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne and squeeze the lemon-juice over them. Lay each sardine on a strip of freshly made well buttered toast. Serve very hot.

Tunny Fish Savory

Tunny Fish
Chopped Capers
Chopped Parsley

CUT the fish into thin slices and chill them. Let the slices overlap each other on a serving dish. Garnish with alternate heaps of chopped capers, or chopped sweet pickles may be used in place of the capers, and parsley. Pass olive-oil and vinegar with the fish when serving.

Deviled Smoked Halibut

½ Lb. Smoked Halibut
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
½ Teaspoonful Mustard
1 Tablespoonful Tomato Catchup
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Mustard Pickles
1 Tablespoonful Vinegar
Salt and Cayenne
Crackers or Toast

BLEND all of the seasoning ingredients and heat them thoroughly, either in a double boiler or in a bowl set into a saucepan of boiling water. When hot, spread the crackers with this mixture, lay a strip of halibut on each cracker and place in the oven or in the broiler of the gas-range for two or three minutes before serving. The strips of fish are cut into a convenient size, so that they almost cover the crackers.

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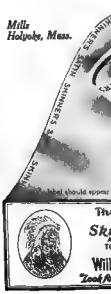

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Chivalry Versus Justice

(*Continued from Page 24*)

formidable rival of Martine and Heflin in describing woman's beauty, charm and chastity, hails from Missouri, where the court records are full of verdicts based upon the same feudal denial of joint guardianship that obtains in New Mexico and South Carolina.

In Maryland, the same legislature that refused to submit equal suffrage to the voters, lowered from twelve to *ten* the age at which children may work in the canneries. This action was taken over the protest of every woman in the state, and in the face of one of the most remarkable public meetings ever held in Baltimore.

Only in those commonwealths where Chivalry reigns is the mother regarded as a brood mare. Every equal suffrage state has a joint guardianship law, and statutes protecting the woman in her earnings and her property. Kansas, Florida, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and Tennessee constitute the father sole guardian of the children, and allow him to will *them away from the mother* if he so desires.

It is in the equal suffrage states that the most decisive victories are being won in the campaign against Commercialized Vice and the ancient, horrible theory of "necessary evil." California, Washington, Utah, Kansas and Oregon have adopted the effective injunction and abatement law.

The two Carolinas, Arkansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, New Mexico and New Jersey have no state law against disorderly houses.

Every equal suffrage state has an effective child labor law backed up by efficient inspection. It remains for Chivalry to rest material prosperity upon the backs of the little ones. Alabama, South Carolina, New Mexico, Georgia and Mississippi permit children of twelve to work long hours for small wages, in many another state, lack of factory inspection nullifies a seemingly good statute.

Colorado, Washington, Oregon, Utah and California have enacted minimum wage legislation for women, while only four of the non-suffrage states have done as much.

"Mothers' Pensions" is an admittedly admirable plan for taking poverty-stricken motherhood out of the list of crimes, for it continues the home in its natural relation, and does not rob the widow of incentive or children of love. Seven of the equal suffrage states possess this law—Illinois, Colorado, California, Idaho, Utah, Washington and Oregon. The three pastoral commonwealths—Wyoming, Arizona and Kansas—have not yet seen the need of it.

In such densely populated states as New York, Connecticut and Indiana, the legislatures voted down "Mothers' Pensions," and in only thirteen of the thirty-seven non-suffrage states does the plan obtain.

It is in the vital matter of education, however, that there is opportunity for the most effective comparison between Chivalry and Justice. The eleven most illiterate states in the Union are Louisiana, South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, New North Carolina, Virginia, Florida, Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia.

Florida, Mississippi, South Carolina and Texas are without compulsory education laws, and those of Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Louisiana and Virginia are practically worthless. Alabama, for instance, demands eight weeks of school attendance in the year, only six of which need be consecutive.

There is no equal suffrage state without a compulsory education law, the percentage of illiteracy of either ten is less than one per cent. and in three from one to three per cent.

So runs the record in the great case of Chivalry vs. Justice. It is not meant, nor should it be inferred, that in this argument there is any indictment of the American man on the charge of premeditated cruelty or even cold-blooded selfishness. More than the men of any other country in the world, those of the United States hold women dearest and highest, and are the most generous in every attitude of their relation to the mother sex. The equal suffragist who attacks them as a whole is guilty of injustice as well as unwisdom.

As a matter of fact, the trouble flows from a very understandable exaggeration of the protective impulse. The average man does not want woman to do things for herself because of his intense willingness to do them for her, and out of this recognition of his own honest intent he feels that the demand for equal suffrage is in the nature of unjust criticism.

The sudden substitution of an industrial civilization for one largely agricultural, the concentration of the population in cities, the enforced influx of women and children into the world of work—these are changes that have taken place since the Civil War, and the vastness of them is still a matter of statistics rather than personal knowledge. The average man not only fails to grasp the new needs of the nine million women who are working, but he fails to grasp the fact that nine million women *are* working.

The Home itself has undergone changes that still defy his comprehension. What were once personal matters are now communal matters. Granted that woman's place is the home, how can she look after the interests of that home and her children, without the vote? It is at the polls that the questions are decided that affect education, morals, health and the social justice that, after all, is only motherhood on a large scale.

A huge percentage of feminine opposition to equal suffrage is based upon this selfsame lack of comprehension. No better illustration can be had than the following speech made at an anti-suffrage club.

"We shall meet yelling with music, and parading with high-class entertainments. We mean to make this a place where may be found the fine and beautiful, the things that suffragists are crowding out of life. We shall have exquisite music on the harp and stringed instruments. We shall have delicate French comedies and speakers of lofty ideas. Life is not all politics, you know. There are more important things to do than to clean streets and collect garbage. It does a woman more good to hear a nice harp concert than to listen to a discussion of white slavery. If women would pay more attention to the fine and noble things of life, the evil things would cease to exist."

Abolish slums with selections from Keats! Bring the eight-day with lectures on Etruscan pottery! Handel's "Largo" for mill women, factory drudges, stogy makers and scrubbers! When a factory catches on fire and all the doors are locked, a verse from Browning! If word comes that the wine-room and the white slave snatched a daughter, make no outcry against Commercialized Vice, but buy a harp! Should pestilential fevers claim loved ones, do not complain about garbage or an infected water supply, but read a French comedy!

Such a person simply does not understand, that is all! Surely, though, for the facts stand so grim and plain, there will come a day when the loved and sheltered women will soften with comprehension of the despairs and injustices that burden their less fortunate sisters, and cease an opposition that is at once so selfish and so cruel.

Honest men, too, coming to realize the changed environment of the home, and their inability to legislate wisely and protectively for the million women in industry, will surrender an antagonism that perpetuates unhappiness and gross inequalities. It is not with such as these, however—the honest ignorant—that the real struggle comes. More accurately than any other, Chief Justice Clarke of North Carolina has segregated the deep, underlying causes of the bitter resistance to equal suffrage in these words:

"Women bear the burdens of bad government even more than men. Had they possessed the right of ballot the liquor traffic and cognate evils would long since have been abolished by law and the law enforced. With the aid of women's votes, we should have had a better educational system, laws against child labor, better sanitation and other enactments for the betterment of the conditions of the home and the more helpless part of society. It is certain that the active influence which opposed the adoption of equal suffrage has come from the whisky trust, the vice trust and the political machines."

IT is the only possible explanation of the malignant and lavish expenditure that marks the fight against the spread of equal suffrage. Where does the money come from to pay for the costly literature with which the country is deluged? Why are the offensive pamphlets almost invariably anonymous?

It is inconceivable that decent men and women, even though bitterly prejudiced, would brand the leaders of the equal suffrage movement as "masculine creatures" and "mistakes of Nature?" Or circulate the charge that equal suffrage means free love and the abolition of marriage?

Think of the women smeared with these vile accusations! Mrs. Florence Kelley, that splendid champion of the woman and child wage-earner, Jane Addams of Hull House, Mrs. Raymond Robins of the National Women's Trade Union League, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, the famous educator, Julia Lathrop, head of the Children's Bureau, Dr. Katharine Bement Davis, Commissioner of Correction of New York City, Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson, motive power behind so many of California's humane laws, Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson of Colorado, the Gordon sisters who brought factory reform to Louisiana—these and every other woman doing the big and tender things in the United States to-day, are leaders in the equal suffrage movement!

The case is clean cut. Here are nine million women, forced out of their homes into industry, and asking for a voice in the establishment of conditions under which they work; a host of others who, through spinsterhood or widowhood, are the heads of families; thousands within homes who feel that those homes cannot be safeguarded without the vote, and, most splendid of all, a growing group of world mothers who are fighting to remove the ancient stones that block the upward climb to equal justice—one and all asking for simple justice and fair play.

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The Babylonish One

(*Continued from Page 5*)

"I'm grateful to you," he murmured huskily.

"You must thank Granny. She done the nursing while I cooked."

"Law, child!" cackled Granny. "Ain't you afeerd the Lord will strike you daid, like a second Sapphiry?"

Cosy laughed. Gavin furtively studied her fresh, wholesome face. "How's Butch?" he asked, diffidently.

"Still in bed with his leg but putting on more fat than ever. Now, you mustn't talk any more," said she. "I'll read something to you.

"Read out of the Bible," said Link.

She turned to the Twenty-Third Psalm, with a readiness which would have surprised the members of Big Bethel. There was no other reader like her on the mountain, unless it were Gavin himself. As she intoned the inspired words with her mellow, contralto voice, Gavin's face grew rapt; Granny's knitting-needles ceased clicking and leaning back in the low rocking-chair, she closed her eyes.

AN instinctive delicacy saved Link from broaching to Cosy his own home, the subject nearest his heart. But she touched the chord the day she left, when he handed her a pink card to be posted at the crossroads store, announcing resumption of the regular services at Big Bethel on the following Sunday.

"If this notice don't fetch out much of a crowd, keep a stiff upper lip," said she. "I couldn't let you die for want of care, but my coming here, on top of your fight with Butch, has stirred up a hornet's nest in the church."

"I knew it would. All my fault, too," he added sadly. "I backslid most grievously."

When Sunday morning came he walked on trembling legs to the nearest neighbor's, borrowed a mule and cart for church. There was an ominous dearth of travelers along the road, and when he reached the meeting-house on Sunday morning not a soul was in sight—not a horse or wagon at the hitch-rack.

He had resigned himself to a slim, a very slim congregation; but the failure of a single person to appear indicated a plot which was too much for his equanimity, and remounting his mule in a towering passion, he loped off to the Huntresses.

"I'm through!" he announced, stalking into the room with his ancient freedom and tossing his hat into a corner.

"Through what?" asked the head of the house, while his wife bustled about for an extra chair and plate.

"Preachin' the gospel," he answered hotly.

"Are you going to admit that you are beat?" demanded Cosybelle. "A thing I never knew you to do before!"

"I don't care," he answered, bellicosely. "I'm through."

"Perhaps. But wait till you have cooled off to make sure," she answered calmly. "Now this is what I want you to do, just to please me. Go up to the church this evening and preach your sermon, just as if nothing had happened."

"Nobody will come," he protested.

"That will be their fault, not yours. You are the pastor of Big Bethel, appointed by your bishop. Don't let em' smoke you out before your time is up."

Thus it happened that, a little before "early candlin' time," Gavin once more mounted his mule and headed that deliberate animal for the church. As he had predicted, the building was empty and no one in sight, either up or down the road. Then he began to light the lamps, and before he had finished he heard voices outside. Fletcher Huntress, followed by his whole family, entered the door and marched down the center aisle to seats near the front.

The Milo Huntresses came next; then, one after the other, old Ariel Thistlewood; a Pentecost family; a third squad of Huntresses; the Cottongames, Days, Lutes, Dikes; a second and third Pentecost group; and so on, in an intermittent stream, until the room was more than half full. But among them all there was not a single member of Big Bethel church.

Gavin sat in his high-backed pulpit chair, the prey of a thousand doubts. He knew, of course, that no such money-gathering as this was of fortuitous occurrence. It was the result of the curious disappearance on horseback, shortly after he had promised Cosybelle to preach that night, of the six Huntress boys. Cosybelle, of course, was at the bottom of it. Yet he could hardly believe it to be a prank of hers. Such a prank would have been too bold, too fraught with possibilities of disaster for one of even her daring temperament. Moreover, there was nothing in the quiet, decorous aspect of the audience to suggest that the gathering was other than a tribute from the friends of his unregenerate days.

Yet expectation was indubitably on tiptoe as to his reception of the tribute. Would he give them a straight "hell fire" sermon, or would he modify for the occasion? The question, he felt, was in the air, and it bothered him.

In the midst of his reflections he was astonished to see Deacon Blivin Early enter the room. Meanwhile, three more pillars of Big Bethel had entered. Before they were seated, a dozen more members had appeared. In ten minutes the house was packed.

Cosybelle's conspiracy had evidently

(*Continued on Page 76*)

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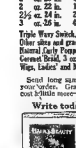

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See Page 2 for Important Announcement.

Under the Skin

(Continued from Page 17)

boy for his own good, and asked for the recompense at which he had hinted. He referred her to me. *Then* she fainted. I really don't trouble much about her. It is myself that worries me—and you, Mr. Mellor. You are the real trouble.

Don't move yet. There is more of the savage to come. When the tiger has tasted blood—I hadn't been quite sure before that I would punish my husband. Now I wanted to. I went to the foreign town where he lived, and watched him unobserved for some weeks. He had not added insult to injury as she had done; and it is possible that, if I had realized the case from his point of view, I might have let him alone. Even though I did not realize it then, I treated him with less savagery; drove an easier bargain. If you can find anything in that to put to my credit, do so.

HE had prospered in business, and was greatly respected, and no one could say a word against his behavior during the last three years. Your set and mine would have regarded him as "whitewashed," I think, and many decent women whom we know would have seen no harm in marrying him. But these good people among whom he had settled were Puritans of Puritans. I had only to proclaim that I had divorced him to make him an outcast from them. The most puritanical of them all was the little white maid whom he loved. I have nothing but praise for her. She was very dainty and very good and very sweet. Oh, so sweet! She obviously loved him.

I watched from a distance for some time. Then I went to his private office. He half rose from his chair, when I entered; sat back in it again when I signaled me. He rallied quickly. He was always a courageous man.

"Well, Alice?" he asked, "What does your visit mean?"

"Revenge," I told him. "It is reputed sweet."

"I don't think I should care for the taste myself," he said; "but I daresay you would."

You see, he knew the savage half of me but I fancy he thought it was more than half! There he was mistaken. The nice side of me is as genuine as the nasty. Do believe that, Mr. Mellor.

"So far as I have carried it, I do," I answered. Then I told him about my revenge on the woman. "And now," I concluded, "there is you!"

"I can only suggest a reference to your conscience," he said. "The cases are different."

"You will only have to face the truth," I rejoined.

"You propose to publish the matter, then?" he inquired.

"It depends upon you. I give you the same option as I gave her—to face the truth; such as it is, in one form or another. I will proclaim it from the housetops; or you can tell the girl—Estelle, I think her name is?—to her mother; you on your taste in the second instance."

He leaned back in his chair and looked at me.

"My mistake in the first instance," he remarked, "was that you did not love me."

"Agreed. That was my mistake, though once I thought I did. Now I know the difference, my friend. . . . No, not *You must love me*; that is another matter. . . . I realize that I am suffering. *Don't make it worse!*

"You gave me reason to suppose that you did," he charged me, "honestly or dishonestly."

"Honestly," I told him. "I was a silly child and I made a mistake."

"And when you found it out, you blamed me for it! So you refused—and refuse—to credit me with such virtues as I have. I have never been a dishonorable man. I should certainly have told Estelle of my past before I proposed to her. I suppose it is useless to ask you to believe that?"

"Oh, no!" I said. "I believe that you would have told her—honestly or dishonestly! I mean her to be told honestly. Therefore I make the small further condition that you tell her in my hearing."

He flushed a little at that.

"The condition is not creditable to you," he observed, "and I dislike you angry, and thus pleased me. It was always hard to make him show anger.

"It is the condition," I insisted.

"There is little hope that Estelle would marry me after I told her," he said slowly. "If I refuse—honestly or dishonestly—and go away, will you spare her the knowledge?"

"No," I said. I think you flinched, my friend—if I may still call you that. Candidly. I don't think I should have told Estelle, if he had gone away. I admired Estelle. I had good reason to. However, I believed that I would and in the end he undertook to make his confession in my hearing. I fancy he thought that he hurt her less by telling her himself. He stipulated that afterward, whatever happened, I would keep silence. I accepted the condition.

He told her beside a Summer house in her garden one soft, starry evening. I sat on a bench just inside, and waited for them to come.

"I told you that I had a story to tell about myself, Estelle," he began. "Perhaps you will guess why I want you to know about me; but I will not speak of that now. . . . There is a bad thing in my past, little Estelle."

She drew a deep breath.

"But this long time of years," she said. Her English was not perfect, "I know you to be so good."

"You would never know me otherwise, little one. . . . I was married once, some years ago."

"I wish it was not," she said, with a little catch in her voice; "but she is dead?"

"Not divorced."

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

"It was she who divorced me," he told her. There was a long silence, then.

"Is there no more to tell?" she asked presently. "No excuse of yourself?" Her young voice was very piteous in her appeal to him.

"When I married her," he said, "I was very much in love with her, I thought—I know the difference now, Estelle. I found out at the very first that she did not really care for me. I suppose she fancied she did. She was not the kind of woman to marry for any other reason and she was young. . . . When she found out her mistake she made no effort to make the best of things. She did not control herself. She simply froze the affection out of me. I wanted some one to—to be kind to me—and—I ran away with another woman, a bad one. We parted afterward. I did not really want the woman, only to get away from my wife. That is all. She, except—I have tried since; but—but I should not have tried so much but for you. . . . O little white girl! It has cleaned my soul, loving you!"

The girl gave a sob.

"My people will say that it is not right to marry a man who is what you call divorce," she told him.

"My people will do what is right, dear," he said. "My very dear Estelle?"

"Ah!" she cried. "But I do not know! Is it that I am good for your soul, as you said?"

"So good, my dear," he told her, "that I would risk my salvation at the cost of your conscience."

"My conscience is that I love you," she said; "and all that is part to you; and now you have wiped away the past and in trust that I shall help you to more good, and in faith that you will keep my conscience white, I do give myself to you, and ask God's blessing, that we shall be ever a good man and a good woman. It is my life and soul that I give to you, and I have no fear!"

She held up her face to him. It was the face of a white saint. He led her away then, and I crept out of the Summer-house.

. . . I remember that I cried. It was the first time I realized that the fault of it all was mine.

Two days after I sailed by the first homeward ship. . . . Here is a little item to my credit. I saw him at his office before I left, and put his mind at rest.

"I came in peace," I announced "You may rest assured that I shall not trouble you any further. Upon the whole I think I am glad that you are going to marry her. I forced you to it—the other affair—as you said. There's one thing I've got to own I know. I've had the thought of revenge till you drove past me and that woman kissed her hand. I think perhaps I could have stood all but that."

"That ended things between her and me," he said quietly. "Thank you, Alice." He turned a paper-knife over and over. "It is hard to understand people," he said. "If you had happened to like me, I think I should have found a deal to admire in you. . . . There was a bad side to me, too; a very bad side. I've tried to sink it. . . . If you would try to do the same, and be your best self, I think you would be a very fine woman. . . . The sinner preaching, eh?" He shrugged himself. "Let's part friends."

He held out his hand and I gave him mine.

"*You're* all right," I said. "But I haven't found my Estelle, you see. . . . Long life and happiness to you both."

I wished that very sincerely; but they went down together in a steamer a few months afterwards. . . . I hope they are somewhere now. Oh! I hope that very earnestly. . . . I honestly do hope this in spite of all I did—and I said—sometimes, later on, when passion has cooled, you come to think differently of things. This, I think, is particularly true of women like me.

NOW, Mr. Mellor, you know the savage under the skin. I made up my mind, when they died, to punish myself. I hope I have. . . . No, I don't. They would they know. . . . No, I don't. They would be so sorry if I did suffer. . . . Suffering is not the word for it. . . . No, no! It's the child so much. However, I believed that I would and in the end he undertook to make his confession in my hearing. I fancy he thought that I hurt her less by telling her himself. He stipulated that afterward, whatever happened, I would keep silence. I accepted the condition.

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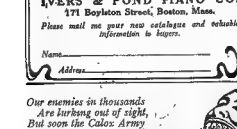
But soon the Calox Army
Will put them all to flight.



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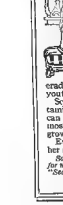

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HOW perfectly lovely!" I can hear each Daughter of the Golden Treasure exclaim as she turns to "Our Page" and finds here this charming gift that is in store for her.

You see, I am very much like the proverbial small boy with his first pair of red top boots—I simply could not wait to show you our newest gift—just the exquisite sterling silver vanity case you have so long wanted! I am delighted to have so lovely an article added to our already overflowing chest of gold and silver treasures.

Count Them Up for Yourself

1. Money—just as much as you want to earn. 2. Gold club pin of quaint and artistic design. 3. Beautiful gold ring set with a big, lustrous pearl. 4. Diamond and pearl lavaliere, dainty and exquisite. 5. Sterling toilet silver, richest and best to be had. 6. Embroidered luncheon sets, fine table linens. 7. Chest of table silver, everything needed for the table. 8. Silk stockings and other fascinating luxuries. 9. The charming bracelet watch, of sterling silver. 10. Our sterling silver vanity case.

Wouldn't any club be proud of such a chest of treasures? And wouldn't any girl be proud to be a member of such a club? I am truly happy to be president of it. It is such fun wrapping up the lovely gifts, each in its own dainty box, and sending them off every day to the happy Daughters all over the United States, up in Canada, down in Mexico, the West Indies, Australia, New Zealand and even away off in the Philippines!

Just read this letter from one of our far-away members. She lives way up in Alaska and is a business girl, too—going to the office every day, yet she finds pleasure and profit in the Golden Treasure.

"DEAR MISS PEGGY:

Here goes my first effort, towards that lovely pearl ring. Oh, my, how I hope it will soon be mine! The little gold club pin is great—I wear it every day at the office—my one concession to jewelry here. Now keep your eyes on W—.

L. T. W."

And read this message of joy and gratitude that comes from one of our girls in the Philippines:

"DEAR PEGGY:

How delightfully pleased I am with the beautiful gift I have just received from you, and more than that, I am so proud to be one of your Daughters!

My American lady friends all think it "very pretty" and my Filipina girl friends say "*Que hermosa!*" Over beautiful!

I thank you so much for giving me the opportunity to have this lovely gift and I shall always treasure it as the reward of my first efforts. I am now eagerly looking forward to the arrival of my lovely pearl ring and I do hope I am not too late to have one.

My best wishes—and again accept my appreciation and thanks.

V. B. B."

Can't you see how much pleasure this little Daughter of Hawaii has had in her gifts from the Treasure Chest? Here is her letter; I am glad to share it with you:

"MY DEAR MISS SCOTT:

I received my ring on Saturday last. Surprised? Why, there is no word for it! Now I will soon be the proud owner of the beautiful neck chain—it must be beautiful if it is anything like the ring. I thank you very much for my ring.

O. H."

One of our "Guardian" rings has gladdened the heart of a little girl way off in New Zealand. Read what she says:

"DEAR PEGGY:

The mail has finally brought me my beautiful ring. It seemed I could not wait for it to get here. You must know how happy it made me, for, tell you, I can't. I can just say thank you a thousand times and then not half express how grateful I am for the opportunity you have given me to earn spending money of my own, and sending me the lovely ring as well. Everything about it is just lovely—even the dainty gray box with the gold letters on top. I shall soon join that silver circle for I have always wanted a nice set of toilet silver.

L. V. W."

So you see it is not only the girls near at hand who are sharing our many good things.

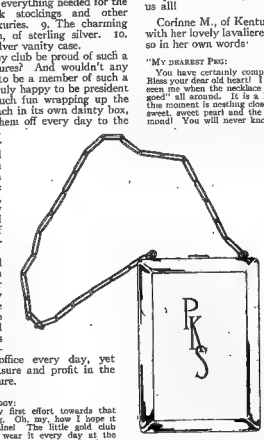
Near-by Daughters are taking their share of good things, too, R. F., who lives right here in New York, is going to have the big chest of table silver! I saw her the other day and she told me all about it. I really think she is getting ready to "change her name" though she would not admit it. She has had her beautiful toilet silver for some time and just a short time ago received an exquisitely embroidered luncheon set all complete from the tiny tumbler doilies to the beautiful big centerpiece. She must have folded it away in her "hope chest." Maybe she will surprise us all!

Corinne M., of Kentucky, is delighted with her lovely lavaliere and will tell you so in her own words:

"MY DEAREST PEG:

You have certainly completed my happiness. Bless your dear old heart! I wish you could have seen me when the necklace came! I just "tangoed" all around. It is a little beauty and at the moment is nestling close to my heart. The sweet, sweet pearl and the dear little rose diamond! You will never know how I appreciate it. I did not have one so you see how nicely it came in. Thanks with all my heart.

C. M."



Wouldn't You Like This Sterling Silver Vanity Case?

From one of our girls in Winchester, Tennessee, comes praise of the bracelet watch:

"MY DEAR MISS SCOTT:

I want to thank you again and again for the dear little bracelet watch. I am just crazy about it, and am sure that it will give me much pleasure, and it will ever be a pleasant reminder of you and the grand work you are doing.

With love and many thanks.

A. V. M."

AND now a word about our new vanity case. As I told you, first thing, it is sterling silver and its richness, beauty, and usefulness will appeal to every one of you. It can be opened wide like a book—on one side there is a place for cards and paper money, and on the other a place for coins (you can earn as many as you like from our Treasure Chest), a little mirror, a memorandum pad and a place for powder with such a cunning little powder puff, just enough to give a dainty touch of freshness when you are out calling or shopping or wherever you happen to be.

If, dear reader, you are already a happy Daughter you will surely want this lovely gift. If you have one, you may want to earn it to give to some very dear friend as a birthday, Easter or anniversary present. If you are not a member and wish to share our good times, our money and splendid gifts, do not waste a single precious minute—sit right down and send me a line and I will tell you how to be a happy Daughter.

There is a place for every girl, young or old, married or single It makes no difference where you are or what you do—if you need extra money and really and truly want to earn it—I will tell you how, I will show you the "Key to the Golden Treasure."

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THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
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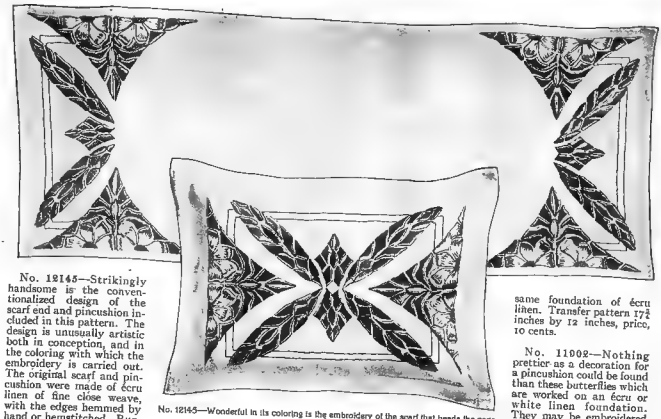
Artistic Stitches for Scarfs and Cushions

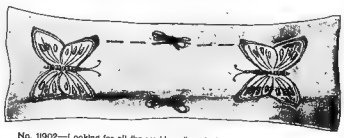
DESIGNS BY MABEL H. RAND



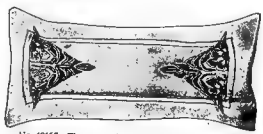
No. 12145—Strikingly handsome is the conventionalized design of the scarf end and pincushion included in this pattern. The design is unusually artistic both in conception, and in the coloring with which the embroidery is carried out. The original scarf and pincushion were made of écru linen of fine close weave, with the edges hemmed by hand or hemstitched. Running all around as a sort of frame for the embroidery is a double row of outline stitch worked in black silk. The pyramid motifs consist of several detached motifs carried out in solid stitch in leaf green, a queer red that is neither carrot nor Pompeian, but a sort of combination of both with a little terra-cotta thrown in, and at the base of the pyramid are two conventionalized flowers in a wonderful leaden color with a tinge of green—just like the sea on a stormy day. They are worked in solid and outline stitches, with a cluster of French knots done in leaf green. The long oblong motifs also consist of detached motifs worked solid, in the leaf green, and a darker shade of lead color—a fascinating shade that seems now blue, now black. The crosswise motifs are worked solid, too, and make use of the leaf green in connection with the same odd shade of red. This may sound barbaric, but it is really beautiful and artistic, and the design is not difficult to work out. The pattern of the scarf end is 17½ inches wide by 12 inches high, and the pincushion is 7 inches high by 14 inches long. Transfer pattern including both, 15 cents.

No. 12145—Wonderful in its coloring is the embroidery of the scarf that heads the page

No. 12143—To match the scarf above, was this pillow designed



No. 11902—Looking for all the world as though they had just poised in their flight to light at each end of a cushion for milady's boudoir



No. 12155—The pyramid motif that is used on the scarf appears in smaller form on this pincushion

No. 12142—This pillow top was designed to harmonize with the scarf and pincushion described above. It is worked in the same colors and stitches, on the same foundation of écru linen. Transfer pattern 17½ inches by 12 inches, price, 10 cents.

No. 11002—Nothing prettier as a decoration for a pincushion could be found than these butterflies which are worked on an écru or white linen foundation. They may be embroidered in two shades of rose silk outlining the wings, or a soft cerise silk may be used, the body in a grayish lavender with bands of black. Yellow, green and black dots fleck the wings. Solid and outline stitches are employed. One butterfly is transferred to each end of the oblong cushion. Back and front may be held together by a fine silk cord run through eyelets. Transfer of these butterflies and 23 others, price, 10 cents.

No. 12144—A handsome scarf and pillow butterfly motif is illustrated here, worked out in solid and outline stitches. The wings are embroidered in old rose and magenta, the magenta silk used for the two outside lines, and the old rose for the center line. Old gold and reseda green form the dots in solid work, edged with black outline stitches. The body is a sort of bluish lavender banded in black, and the antennæ are of dark seal brown. At each corner are motifs worked in seal brown silk in solid and outline stitches. Motif measures 12½ by 7½ inches. Transfer pattern of four large butterflies, sufficient for both scarf ends and pillow top, price, 15 cents.

Any design illustrated on this page may be copied by the needleworker, even if she has not had a great deal of experience. The stitches are easy, and require no great degree of skill, and other colors may be used.

No. 12144—Gorgeous butterflies give charm to scarf and pillow top, both included in the one transfer pattern

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 15 cents at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies, or by mail, 20 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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Just promise to recommend our new product, Pompeian *Night* Cream, to 3 friends, and a 25c tube is yours for the cost of postage and packing, 6c. Use Pompeian *Night* Cream, and your 8 hours of sleep become 8 hours of beauty-making.

Left on the face, it soothes and softens like a cold cream, but leaves no shiny effects. It also makes an exceptional powder base. At stores, jars, 25 and 25c; tubes, 25c. Coupon below must be used to get regular 25c tube.

Top half of 1916 Panel, 28 x 7¼ (in colors)

Cut out and save this whole rare offer

$200 for a Name

The makers of Pompeian Massage Cream will pay $200 cash for the most catchy title for the picture above, to be reproduced in colors as the annual 1916 Pompeian Art Panel, ready October 1, this year.

These titles may help you, but we want something better: "Phyllis"; "A Symphony in Pink"; "His Better Letter"; "Yes or No"; "A Bit of Sunshine"; "The Pompeian Glow of Youth"; or any title about the sentiment or beauty of the maid with beautiful eyes and glorious Pompeian complexion reading a letter in this sunny, flowery corner of her "homey" home. Ask your family. Two heads are better than one.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

RULES 1—Write your title (of 5 words or less) at the top of a sheet of paper; then your name and address; absolutely nothing more on the sheet. 2—Contest closes April 17, 1915. 3—Prize-winners announced in May 20 Saturday Evening Post. Note 1—Contest is free, but you may enclose with your title the coupon below, or may send coupon without any title. Note 2—See offer above picture.

As Pompeian Massage Cream rubs in and rolls out in its own peculiar way, it causes a healthful, invigorating friction, which enriches and youthifies the skin. This original rolling massage cream does its work so well that makers of imitations must depend largely upon special inducements given to some stores and mail-people in order to force sales upon customers. Keep this in mind and accept only Pompeian Massage Cream, the original and standard massage cream. At all dealers, 50c, 75c, $1.

COUPON { 25c Tube Pompeian Night Cream (*See offer above pictures*) Trial Jar Pompeian Massage Cream (and 16c) Good for 1916 Art Panel (in colors)

Coupon may be sent with or without a picture title. Art Panel is 28 in. by 7½ in. A study in sunshine, pink and loyable feminine beauty. Reserve your Panel now. Late comers often disappointed.

Cut Along This Line

NOTE—*Coupon good if used with or without a contest title, but must be completely filled out. Send 16c piece, but-not in stamps.*

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 133 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

I enclose 16c (the being for the Art Panel and Pompeian Massage Cream, and 6c for postage and packing of 25c tube of Pompeian Night Cream). Send Panel October 1 and other goods now. I promise to recommend Pompeian Night Cream to 3 friends. (NOTE—Coupon, offer expires April 17. Postpaid only 1 coupon per family on this unusual introductory offer.)

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IT'S there "for keeps"—*knit in* by machines that add or subtract stitches to widen or narrow the form, just as perfect fit and comfort demand.

Burson Hose are fashioned without seams and a correct, *personal* fit is afforded by the various widths of leg as well as size of foot.

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The "Knit-in" Shape of Burson Hose Is Proof Against Wear or Washing.

Cotton—Lisle—Mercerized.

25c, 35c, 50c and 75c.

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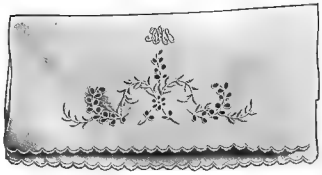
See Page 2 for Important Announcement

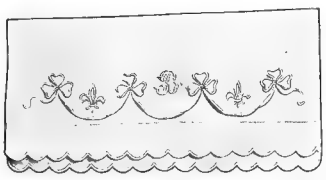
Household Embroideries



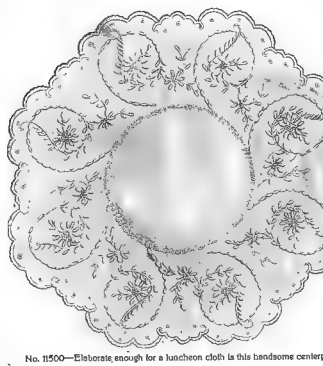
No. 12019—One of two simple but exquisitely pretty designs for guest and gift towels

No. 12019—A very attractive design for towel ends is presented here, to be worked out in eyelet and solid work. A monogram or an initial may be embroidered on the towel end if desired. The design is 14¼ inches wide, including scallops. Transfer pattern for stamping two towels, price, 10 cents.

No. 12021—Quite simple but attractive is the design illustrated here, to be carried out in outline or solid stitch, and an initial or monogram may be inserted if desired. The scallop should be worked in buttonhole stitch. Transfer 22½ inches wide, for stamping two towels, price, 10 cents.



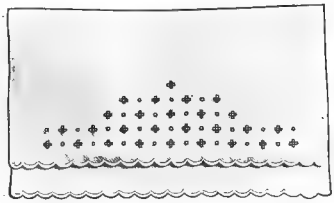
No. 12021—Among the bow-knots a monogram or initial may be set



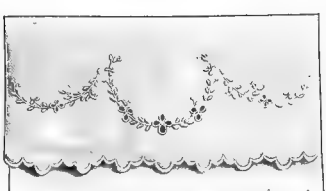
No. 11500—Elaborate enough for a luncheon cloth is this handsome centerpiece

No. 11500—Unusually interesting is the design of this centerpiece which is worked out in eyelet stitch on fine oyster-white linen. It is quite large, 29 inches in diameter, so that it may be utilized as a luncheon cloth as well. The center of the large scroll motif may be omitted if the design seem elaborate. Transfer pattern, 15 cents.

No. 12131—For the decorating of guest or gift towels it would be hard to find anything prettier than the three designs furnished in this pattern, two of which are illustrated here. Cross-stitch, solid, eyelet, outline and satin stitches are employed in working out the designs. Transfer pattern, containing one design each of the three towels, price, 15 cents. They may be worked in colors.



No. 12131—Part of a set of three towels worked in cross-stitch



No. 12131—A dainty addition to the Hope Chest would be a guest-towel embroidered like this

While white embroidery on white linen is always effective, there is a decided tendency just now to select delicate shades of pink, blue and green for embroidering guest-towel ends. The effect is very pretty, but care must be exercised in selecting the silks, so that they will wash. Silks and cottons guaranteed not to fade can be bought.

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 15 cents at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies, or by mail 20 cents, from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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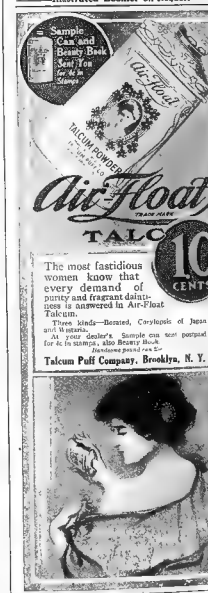

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See page 2 for IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

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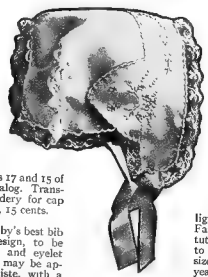
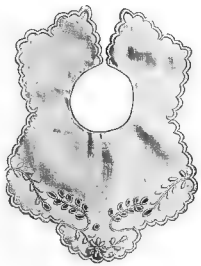
Embroideries for the Baby

No. 11982—The very epitome of daintiness is this dear little cap of sheer batiste embroidered in French knots and solid stitch. Fine Valenciennes edging and buttonholed scallops make a pretty finish. This cap was designed to match bib No. 11988, and jacket No. 11998, which will be found on pages 17 and 15 of The Embroidery Catalog. Transfer including embroidery for cap and a pair of bootees, 15 cents.



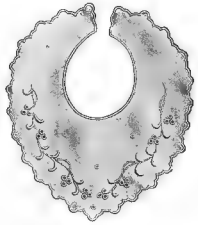
No. 11982—A dear little cap for a dear little baby

No. 11070—For Baby's best bib here is a dainty design, to be worked out in solid and eyelet stitches. The design may be applied to linen or batiste, with a buttonholed scalloped edge. Of course a padded, quilted bib should form the foundation. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.



No. 11070—Dainty as the dress it is designed to protect, is this cunning little bib

No. 11906—Conventionalized leaves and berries form the design embroidered on this bib, to be worked in satin or eyelet stitch, or a combination of both. The outer edge is finished with buttonholed scallops, and the neck edge may be bound with fine batiste. No daintier gift can be conceived for the new baby, and no mother can have too many of these convenient little articles. Transfer pattern, 10 cents.

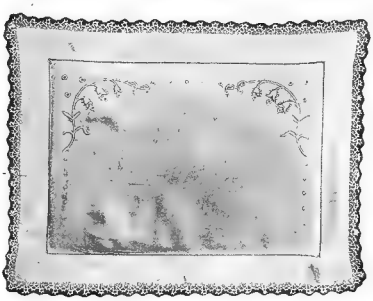


No. 11906—Graceful sprays of embroidered leaves and berries adorn this bib

No. 12054—On a piqué bonnet diminutive pink roses and exquisite embroidery trail their delightful way

No. 12054—After Baby has attained the dignity of her first short clothes, here is a darling little bonnet to wear on her daily constitutionals. It looks very pretty in white piqué, a fine quality, with buttonholed scalloped edges, and the daintiest of embroidery carried out in solid and eyelet stitches. Trailing pink rosebuds are arranged on the front, giving a delightful note of color. Faille may be substituted for piqué. Applied to bonnet No. 5799, sizes 1, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Transfer pattern of embroidery, 15 cents. Tissue pattern of bonnet, in which is included a cunning coat, 15 cents.

No. 12115—Designed for Baby's perambulator is this exquisite pillow cover, to be made of fine white linen or batiste, embroidered in lilies-of-the-valley in solid, outline and eyelet work. The cover may be hemstitched, and finished with narrow linen Cluny or filet lace. The pillow cover is equally well adapted for a boudoir article. The embroidered section may be stitched to the plain back pillow section, or both may be joined with ribbon run through buttonholed slashes. Transfer pattern of design 13 by 6½ inches, 10 cents.



No. 12115—To cover the pillow on which His Highness the Baby takes his daily nap

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J-63 $7.98

J-63. A fine quality of Guaranteed All Wool Poplin is the material we chose for this beautiful model. First, because it is an ideal coat material, it is very rich-looking, gives splendid wear, and it sheds dust easily. The collar is of rich Brocaded Silk in contrasting colors, and the sleeves are finished with stylish button-trimmed cuffs. The broad belt of self-material is button-trimmed and placed high on the coat in accordance with the very latest style. Inner yoke and side facings of self-material. Colors: black, navy blue, or the new stylish shade of tan called "Sand Color." Sizes: 32 to 46 bust; Back Length about 44 inches. Just order this coat now, and you will have the satisfaction of getting the very latest style coat at a very special price. Special Friend-Making Price, —guaranteed to please you, or your money back. **$7.98**

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Sketch Your Idea of a Beautiful Suit or Dress on This Outline Figure

or

Write a Short Letter on the Subject, "American Styles For American Women"

and Win $500 in Gold

THAT is what the **American College** and the **American System of Dressmaking** teach. The European war has brought home with commanding force as never before, the wisdom of, the necessity for, American women being sufficient into themselves in matters pertaining to dress. Many are the prophesies of those high in authority that the fashion capital of the world may be a stomatically, perforce of circumstances transplanted, temporarily at least if not permanently, to our own United States.

To foster this belief, to encourage this idea of every woman her own dressmaker, we are going to give away in a competitive contest, during the next few months as stated above, $10,000.00 in prizes, to those manifesting the greatest interest in this subject and showing the best original "American" idea sketched on the accompanying outline figure

If you don't feel equal to the task of drawing a design in the outline, if you are among those who "never could draw anything," then you may write a letter—anybody can do that—(on paper furnished free by us for the sake of uniformity) on the subject: **"American Styles for American Women,"** and have an equal chance to win the first grand prize of $250.00 in cash or any one of the other hundreds of valuable prizes.

We do not want "High Brow" essays, but simply such thoughts as come to you on the subject set down in your own language.

You don't need to be an artist to enter this great Dress Design. ing contest and win a big prize! We want **ideas**—not "classic art!"

814 Grand Prizes—Total $10,000.00!

Contest FREE to All. Costs Nothing to Enter

To all who respond to this announcement at once we will mail, free and postpaid, an enlarged copy of the outline figure shown at the right of this paragraph. We will include also "Contest Letter" paper so that you may take your choice of the "Sketch" contest, the "Letter" contest—or enter both contests if you desire, for in possible for one contestant to win a prize in each contest—and if you win first prize in both contests you will receive **$500 Cash.** We will also furnish full instructions on how to prepare your sketch or letter, when to mail it to the judges, complete list of $14 prizes, etc.

There will be a grand total of 814 prizes given away to the fortunate winners in this big Combination "Sketch and Letter" contest—814 chances to win! First prize in each contest will be $250.00 in gold—second prize $125.00 in gold—and so on down the list, including hundreds of our completely adjustable, collapsible, full length "Simplex" $15.00 dress forms, and hundreds of the "Scalb" $12.00 Skirt Gauge. All contestants will be notified of winners

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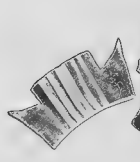
New Neckwear and Belts

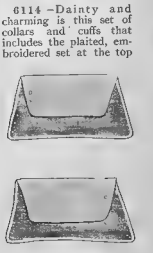
(Made from Pictorial Review Patterns Nos. 6114 and 6115)



No. 6114. Embroidery No. 11742

6114 —Dainty and charming is this set of collars and cuffs that includes the plaited, embroidered set at the top of the page, the plain set at the foot of the page, the double cuffs, and the chemisette of embroidery with flare collar. It is designed for ladies and misses, and is cut in small, medium and large sizes. Medium size requires for plaited set, ½ yard 40-inch organdy. Embroidery No. 11742, transfer, 15 cents. The chemisette is of embroidery, requiring 1¼ yard. The collar and cuff set at the foot of the page would be practical in piqué or linen. Medium size requires 1 yard 27-inch piqué Price, 10 cents.

No. 6115

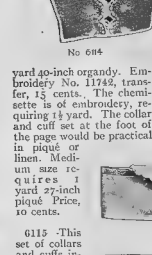


No. 6114

No. 6115

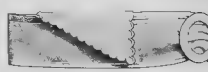
No. 6114

No. 6115

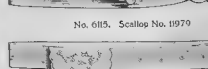


No. 6114

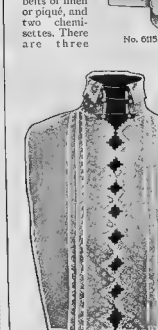
6115 -This set of collars and cuffs includes two belts of linen or piqué, and two chemisettes. There are three different styles of collars, and suspender straps. For ladies and misses, and in three sizes, small, medium and large. Plain chemisette requires ½ yard, tucked one ½ yard, any collar ½ yard 27-inch. The narrow belt requires ½ yard, and the wide belt ½ yard 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Scallop 11979, 15 cents. Scallop 11659, 15 cents. Embroidery 12127, price, 10 cents.



No. 6115. Scallop No. 11979



No. 6115. Scallop No. 11659. Embroidery No. 12127



No. 6115

No. 6114

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A Bargain at $10.00, —Our Price $6.99

C499—An exquisite wrap of stunning style. The new Peirce model made of All Wool White Wale Diagonal Cheviot. This beautiful cloth is very dressy, of substantial weight and durable quality and superbly tailored on distinctive fashionable lines. Collar outlines the curved seam that encircles the garment. The lower section is gracefully flared and the two folds in back are held in place by 6 ornamental buttons carrying out a panel effect. Tailored, shapely revers, roomy sleeves and dressy ratine collar and cuffs are trimmed with contrasting Rose Cloth with ornamental buttons. Unlined. In black, navy or Copenhagen. (Sizes 32 to 44 Bust and 42 inches long.) Splendid $10 coat.

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Any of These $2.00 Silk Waists $1.00

SWW1—The simply tailored shirtwaist is always in great demand and seems to be especially favored this Spring. That's why you'll be sure to appreciate this remarkable "half-price" offer. The lovely waist is carefully made of a serviceable, beautiful quality Tub Silk in pretty, stylish black-and-white or blue-and-white stripes. Practical button-front effect, made in becoming white pique collar and cuffs, embroidered in rich eyelet patterns. A tiny velvet tie finishes the neck. (Sizes 34 to 46 Bust.) Our "half-price," postpaid in the U. S. $1.00

SWW1—The military tendencies in waists are extremely prominent this Spring, and a tasteful, very charming effect is developed in this model. Beautifully made of Crystal Silk Crepe, a new, dressy material of durable quality and comes in white with smartly flowered black, blue or lavender stripes. Daintily trimmed with hemstitched white organdie and finished with black ribbon tie. (Collar may also be worn turned-down.) (Sizes, 34 to 46 Bust.) A particularly lovely $2.00 waist, postpaid in the U. S. $1.00

SWW1 Without doubt this is the best waist bargain we have ever seen. Never before was it possible to crowd so much quality and style into a garment priced so low. You, too, will be quick to recognize your opportunity. An entirely new waist model made of dainty Shadow Lace, exquisitely combined with Silk Crepe de Chine. (Lace and front made in similar effect as pictured.) The smart standing collar is typical of the prevailing fashions and the closing is affected in front. Comes in pink or light blue Crepe de Chine with sleeves of the lace to all [illegible] postpaid in the U. S. $1.00

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If you are not already enjoying the advantages of buying at the "Standard," begin right now.

Order the [illegible] these few bargains represent,—make comparisons with the prices other concerns ask and convince yourself of your savings. Remember that every dollar spent at the "Standard" is **guaranteed** to bring you the biggest possible value, in quality, style and becomingness.

The garments shown here were picked from the new **"Standard" Spring Bulletin**, and are typical of the wonderful offers that are crowded into its pages.

You really can't afford to miss this latest Spring issue. The money-saving opportunities [illegible] before you do any Spring shopping [illegible] address and we will send you the **"Standard" Bargain Bulletins**, beginning with this new Spring Bulletin, absolutely **FREE**.

The Standard Bulletins are issued every two months. They are small, very inexpensive, but they show you the latest, most beautiful [illegible] plain truth [illegible] pictures and hundreds of bewildering pages. And, the savings we make by getting out these quickly-issued, cheaply-printed bulletins are your **savings**, because no unnecessary [illegible] Compare the Standard Values American women are buying their own and Bargain Bulletins.

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Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back

Striped Gingham Dress $1.00 value 59c

DD59—Half-price offer. Women's and Misses' prettily styled dress for street and home wear. Made of good quality splendid-wearing Gingham in neat black or blue stripes. Bodice becomingly bloused, has the popular turned-down collar and is [illegible]

DD59

59c

postpaid in the U. S. 59c

New "Cascade" Model Embroidered Voile Dress $2.98 Good $5.00 value

[illegible] $2.98 postpaid in the U. S. $2.98

Special Corset Cover Offer!

D497

$3.98 Brocaded Tussah Silk

[illegible] front of embroidery flouncing, another has embroidery yoke and lace or embroidery edging trims the other two corset covers. (Sizes 32 to 44 Bust.) [illegible] postpaid in the U. S. 4 for 59c

Blue Serge Suits $1.39 Special

[illegible] double-breasted cut and with embroidered shield and sailor collar. Our bargain price, postpaid to the U. S. $1.29

Brocaded Tussah Silk Dress Stunning Tunic-Model and a bargain at $6.50. Special $3.98

[illegible] of dressy, serviceable Brocaded Tussah Silk in navy blue, dark green or Copenhagen blue. The bodice displays extremely [illegible] Has stylish, draped girdle and the attractively flared, long tunic is smartly bound with black velvet. Closes invisibly in front. Here, Madam, is an unusually charming silk dress [illegible] $3.98

Wool-Mixed Cheviot Suit FREE $3.00

[illegible] country Etrasordinary business con- [illegible] FREE

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3R19—Unmatchable 3-piece bargain. Little girls' charmingly modeled wash dresses, all very pretty and all of good, serviceable qualities. One dress is made with beautiful embroidery and laces another dress is of blue Linene, daintily embroidered and buttoned at shoulder. The third dress is of plaid Scotch Plaid. (Sizes 2 to 6 yrs.) Special, postpaid in the U. S. 3 for $1.19

Gingham Dress 59c

[illegible] postpaid in the U. S. 59c

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Plain Tailored Styles Are in Vogue for Spring

6075–6076—In the designing and making of plain tailored suits and coats, the United States stands unrivaled, supreme; and now that the European War has made the designing of Paris fashions such an uncertain question, American designers are taking up the matter of Spring styles, and are bringing out plain, but wonderfully smart tailored modes. Exactly what American women look their very best in. So we may look forward to a season of really tailored suits and coats. Plain, almost severe in line, untrimmed save for buttons and straps of self-material, but with an undeniable chic. These styles, though simple in effect, show with glaring fidelity, every little flaw. They call for clever designing, perfection of line and elegant fit. And therefore it is absolutely necessary to have perfect patterns from which to cut these tailored models. In no other make of patterns but PICTORIAL REVIEW can this perfection be obtained. PICTORIAL REVIEW patterns give the newest styles, many of them far in advance of other pattern companies, and cut exactly right, so that, with the patented Cutting and Construction Guides, even the amateur dressmaker can turn out creditable garments. The suit pictured here may be of serge, covert cloth, or gabardine, and the short, loose, high-waisted jacket is one of the smartest of the new season's designs. It is belted at the sides, and is finished at the neck with a neat notched collar. Just as smart is the skirt, a three-piece model with raised waistline, and an extension of the back gore is carried above the belt forming a pretty finish. An inverted plait at each side gives the fashionable width, and both regulation and shorter length are provided. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Jacket No. 6075, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6076, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6108–6076—A longer jacket is shown in this suit, combined with the skirt described above, for while the very short jackets are among the newest models, those in medium length are also in good style, and they are more becoming to mature women than the very short ones. So for women with a tendency toward fleshiness, models covering the hips are best. A back view is given of this jacket, but there is a small front view, and on page No. 59 it is illustrated again. It is cut with points in front, longer than the back, and may be belted all around or only at the sides. Three methods of closing are allowed for—high, with two styles of collars, or open with fronts rolled back to form revers. The pockets may be made with or without trimming straps. Jacket No. 6108, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material with nap. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6076, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material with or without nap. Price, 15 cents.

6078–6072—Here is a suit of white serge that shows two distinctly new models,—the short Eton effect jacket, shorter front and back than at the sides, and the "Apron" skirt. The jacket is quite simple, with the fulness below the bust arranged in two soft plaits drawn toward the underarm. Long plain sleeves and shorter flare sleeves are provided in the pattern. In two-piece style is the high-waisted skirt, with apron section front and back lengthened by a flounce section at each side that extends in an inverted plait up to the waistline. The lower-edge width is about 3½ yards. Jacket No. 6078, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material with nap. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6072, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4½ yards 44-inch or 54-inch material with or without nap. Price, 15 cents.

Top Coat 6028

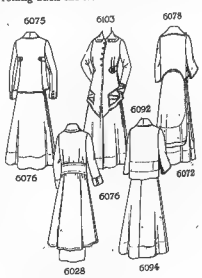
Jacket 6092
Skirt 6094

Jacket 6078
Apron Skirt 6072

Empire Jacket 6075
Skirt 6076

Jacket 6103
Skirt 6076

6028—With the full skirts in vogue, it is absolutely essential that the coats worn over them have a wide swing at the lower edge. The style is a becoming one to almost every type of figure, and carries a decided air of style. Black and white, or green and white check tweed, velours or cloaking would make a serviceable and good-looking coat for general wear. In stormy weather the coat may fasten up to the neck, while warmer weather permits of rolling back the fronts to form revers that may be faced with contrasting material. There is an applied round yoke that may be omitted, and the belt may be carried all around, or it may end at the sides as illustrated. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.



6092–6094 Typical of the new Spring fashions is this jaunty suit of gabardine, the jacket of which, short and loose according to prevailing modes, may be finished with a flare, shawl or notched collar as preferred, and may have long plain sleeves, or shorter length flaring sleeves. It may be cut in even length all around, or may be shortened at the front and back leaving the sides longer. Trim and neat is the four-piece skirt with the widely-popular flare at the foot, and to be made with or without bias trimming bands. The waistline is raised, and both regulation and shorter length are provided. Jacket No. 6092, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6094, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26, which is 2½ yards wide, requires with bands, 3½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

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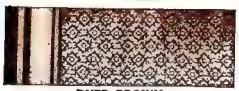
DYED GREEN



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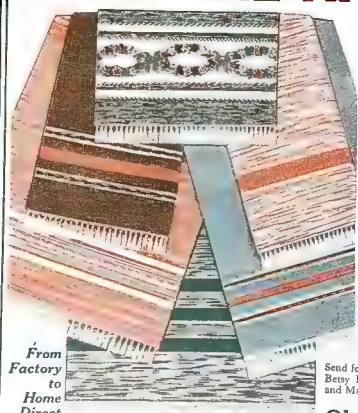

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Advance Models in Silk and Lingerie Gowns

6111—Nothing smarter in afternoon frocks has been presented this season than these picturesquely quaint high-waisted models, with rather snug-fitting waist, and guimpe of fine net, lace or chiffon. While they are being made up now in taffeta and charmeuse, they also make adorable Summer frocks in voile, dimity, swiss, or any of the lovely sheer cotton materials. The waist is cut low and round to show an underbody or guimpe gathered in front, and with long sleeves softly gathered at the wrist, but with perforations for shortening. The one-piece gathered skirt is cut with straight lower edge so that bordered fabrics or flouncing may be used if desired. The trimming bands are applied to the skirt with hemstitching. Either regulation or shorter length may be selected, and the lower-edge width is about 2½ yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6½ yards 36-inch material for dress, with 1¾ yards 40-inch net for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.

6026-6098—Combinations of satin or taffeta and lingerie fabrics make exquisite frocks for Summer wear, and this model shows the mode in delightful form. The waist in overblouse effect, has a kimono underbody with long or short sleeves, that may be of net, sheer batiste or chiffon, while the overblouse is of taffeta, buttoning at center-front, and with the fronts turned back to form tiny revers faced with contrasting satin. Besides the gathered overblouse shown, the pattern includes a plain one. The skirt is one of the widely-popular one-piece models, with the fulness held in by cord shirrings. It may be worn as pictured straight around, or open in front, or it may be shortened to form a tunic, as a three-piece foundation about 1½ yard wide is included in the pattern. The outer skirt is about 2½ yards wide. Waist No. 6026, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6098, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 2½ yards 40-inch net, ¾ yard 36-inch silk and 2¾ yards flouncing.

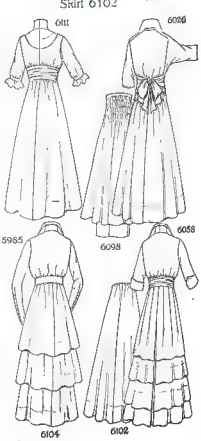
Guimpe Dress 6111

Dress Waist 6026
Shirred Skirt 6098

Dress Waist 5985
Skirt 6104

Dress Waist 6058
Skirt 6102

5985-6104—Charming for foulard or dotted chiffon voile is this model, with waist in the fashionable overblouse effect, mounted on a lining of net or China silk on which is arranged a gathered vest of net or chiffon. A choice is offered of plain or bishop sleeves, to be sewed into the armholes of the waist, or into the lining armholes, while the waist is perforated for large armholes to be finished with a facing or piping. The revers are cut in one with the waist, and are turned back and faced with satin matching the color of the dot. High and square neck are allowed for. The high-waisted skirt is in three-tier effect having three gathered flounces, the lowest attached to the bottom of a short three-piece foundation. At the foot, the skirt measures about 2½ yards. Waist No. 5985, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6104, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 7½ yards 36-inch material, 1¼ yard net or chiffon for vest and sleeves, 1¾ yard 36-inch satin for trimming.



6058-6102—Taffeta, charmeuse or crêpon would make up attractively in this gown. The waist may fasten up the side-front, or may be turned back as pictured, and the revers thus formed may be faced with chiffon or satin. There is a lining faced with shadow lace, and with high, round or square neck, and the long sleeves may be shortened. One of the new tucked skirts gathered at the top is combined to form the gown. It is high-waisted, in one piece, and is cut with straight lower edge. Above the hem are three tucks in graduated depth, but the skirt may be made without them. The width at lower edge is about 2½ yards. Waist No. 6058, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6102, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 8 yards 36-inch silk, ¼ yard chiffon. Embroidery No. 12140, on girdle. Transfer, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER, for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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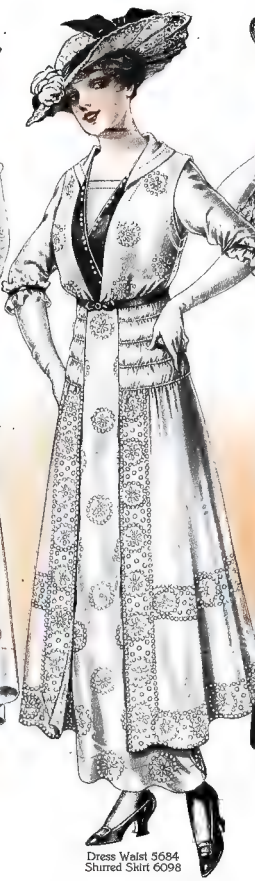
Gowns That Show the New Season's Silhouette

Underslip 5487 Girdle 5880
Chemise Overdress 6008

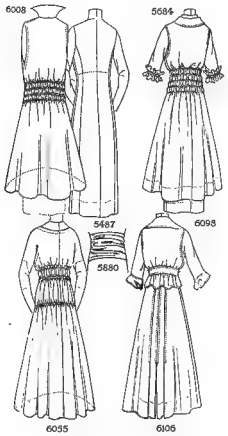


Dress Waist 5684
Shirred Skirt 6098

Costume 6055

6106—Oddly pretty and quaint is this costume of soft sand-color broadcloth, with its suggestion of an old-time Victorian basque in the overblouse or waistcoat section, which, belted around the sides and back at high waistline, flares just a little below. Under the waistcoat or overblouse is a surplice waist which may be worn as pictured with low neck, or by the addition of an adjustable shield may be made in high or round neck outline. A choice is offered of long plain sleeves perforated for short length, and long gathered sleeves, with a lengthwise tuck along the outside of the arm. Joined to the underwaist is a four-piece skirt in regulation or shorter length, and plaited front and back, while the sides are plain and flaring. The width at lower edge is about 3 yards with plaits drawn out. This is an admirable design for making over old frocks, or for utilizing short lengths of material, making skirt and overblouse of one fabric, and the waist of another. The armholes, and the front and lower edges may be bound with satin or with narrow silk braid. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch serge, for skirt and waistcoat or overblouse, and 1¾ yard 40-inch net or chiffon for waist. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 6106
in Overblouse Effect



6008–5487—By the subterfuge of a deep girdle, this wholly waistless gown wins for itself the title of long-waisted. The long lines of the chemise overdress are very becoming to women of every type of figure, and lend themselves admirably to the soft silken fabrics, and the diaphanous tissues that are so much in vogue. Waist and tunic are separate sections, joined with cord shirring, and the two-piece skirt is in regulation length, perforated for tunic length in round outline, or forming a point at each side. It is worn over a semi-fitting princess slip with high neck, or low neck in a number of different outlines, and with long or short sleeves or sleeveless. The girdle is one of three different styles. Slip No. 5487, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Overdress No. 6008, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880, sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size requires 1¼ yard 44-inch. Price, 10 cents.

5684–6098—A short wide tunic shirred in at the hips, and worn above a narrow underskirt gives snap to this frock of embroidered voile. The waist is mounted on an underbody of net, having one-piece sleeves, and an adjustable shield with high, round or square neck. The square neck outline is illustrated, and there is a smart crossover vest of soft faille silk. The front and back of the waist are cut in one, without shoulder seam, and the softly draped collar of white handkerchief linen makes a dainty finish for the neck. Many possibilities are expressed in the one-piece skirt which is shirred on cords, and may be full-length, or it may be in tunic length over a three-piece foundation. The tunic may extend all around, or it may be cut along the perforations for open front as pictured in this view. Waist No. 5684, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6098, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Medium size requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch embroidered voile, 4⅛ yards 40-inch plain voile, ⅛ yard chiffon for shield and collar, ⅛ yard silk, and 7⅛ yards banding

6055—Allegiance to the new fashions is shown by the slightly raised waistline of this charming gown of embroidered batiste, shirred in at the hips, only to flare at the foot above a band of black chiffon velvet. A graceful surplice model is the waist, cut in one with long sleeves that may be shortened. It is mounted on a sleeveless lining with high, round, low round or square neck, and the round collar is an extension of the revers. In one piece is the skirt, cut long enough to form the shirred girdle illustrated, and in regulation length, or shortened to form a tunic pointed at the sides. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch batiste, 2⅛ yards 45-inch embroidered batiste, 1½ yard narrow embroidery, 1⅛ yard 40-inch velvet. Price, 15 cents.

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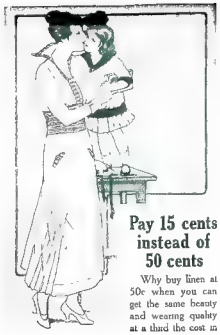

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The Spring Millinery Lesson

A Charming New Sailor Hat

By MAUDE ANDERSON

RIVALING the small hat that is mostly tilt is the new medium size sailor, a wonderfully effective style for the woman with full face, who cannot wear becomingly the diminutive "Glengarry" or the other piquant small shapes. These really call for youth, and a certain amount of good looks, or they lose style.

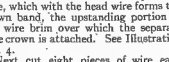
While the more conservative sailor shades and softens the contour of the face, and really lends it beauty. It is a very attractive hat for dress wear, and in the new combination of straw braid and silk, is at its best.

A particularly lovely model is shown in this lesson, becoming to almost every type, and easy to make. The under brim is of black crêpe de Chine shirred on a wire. This facing of silk lends softness to the face and is infinitely becoming. The top brim is of white straw with a band of the same or of black velvet around the side of the crown. For the top of the crown a soft tam of the crêpe de Chine is used, with a wreath of dull pink roses concealing the joining.

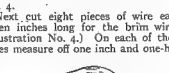
The materials required for making this hat are: eight yards of white straw braid about one inch wide, half-yard of 36-inch crêpe de Chine, twelve roses, half-yard of white crinoline to cover the top brim and side of crown, half-yard of black crinoline to cover the under brim and top of the crown, one piece of white frame wire, one yard and a half of heavy satin wire for the edge, one spool of white tie-wire, one pair of wire cutters and nippers combined to make the frame.

Start with the frame, always beginning with the head wire. For this cut a piece of wire thirty inches long, form it into a circle by lapping the ends until it measures twenty-four inches around, and fasten the overlapping ends with tie-wire. Cut another piece of wire twenty-nine inches long and form this, too, into a circle, lapping the ends until it measures twenty-three and one-half inches around, and fasten with tie-wire just as you did the other circle. This is the top crown wire, which with the head wire forms the crown band, the upstanding portion of the wire brim over which the separate wire crown is attached. See Illustration No. 4.

Next cut eight pieces of wire each seven inches long for the brim wires, (Illustration No. 4.) On each of these wires measure off one inch and one-half



No. 1—The Silk Crown May Be Trimmed with Straw Braid or Velvet



No. 2—Sewing Straw Braid on the Upper Side of Brim

from one end for the height of the crown band. With the nippers join these wires to the top crown wire by bending one end once around the crown wire. Then join each wire to the head wire in the same way, just where you have marked off the inch and a half. The half-inch is allowed for turning as the crown band should be just one inch high after the wires are attached. Be careful to place each brim wire in the right place, and exactly opposite each other and equal distances apart, and it helps to work with opposites. For instance, attach the center-front wire first, then the center-back one. Next place the wire at the left side, then the one directly opposite on the right side, and so on, until finished.

On wire (A) at the center-front measure from the head wire and mark off four inches for the brim, bending this portion out straight, and at right angles to the crown band, as the brim is to be perfectly flat. On the opposite wire (G), at the center-back, measure from the head wire and mark off four inches for the brim, bending it straight out at right angles to the crown band.

On the wire at the left side (D) measure and mark off from the head wire four and one-half inches for the brim bending this wire, too, straight out at

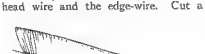
On the New Spring Hats the Flower Trimming Is Transposed from the Base to the Top of the Crown

right angles to the crown band. At the opposite wire (E) measure and mark off from the head wire three and three-quarter inches for the brim bending it straight out at right angles to the crown band.

On the wire at the left side-front (B) measure from the head wire and mark off four inches and one-quarter for the brim bending this straight out, at right angles to the crown band. Again at the opposite wire at the right side-back (F), measure from the head wire and mark off three inches and five-eighths for the brim, and this, too, must be bent straight out, at right angles to the crown band.

On the wire at the right side-front (C) measure and mark off from the head wire three inches and five-eighths for the brim also bending this straight out. On the wire opposite (H) measure and mark off from the head wire four inches and one-quarter for the brim, bending this straight out at right angles to the crown band.

The next step is to attach the edge wire to the brim. For this take a piece of the heavy satin wire measuring fifty-five inches long and form into a circle by lapping the ends until it measures forty-nine around, fastening the overlapping ends with tie-wire. With the lapped ends of the edge wire at the back, using the nippers, bend the free end of each of the brim wires over the edge wire once, at the point marked off. Clip off the superfluous wire at the ends and pinch the ends down flat to make a neat finish. It is only necessary to add one extra brace wire, around the brim, between the head wire and the edge-wire. Cut a



No. 3—Shirring the Facing on the Wire

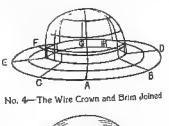
piece of frame wire forty-one inches long, form it into a circle and lap the ends until it measures thirty-six and one-half inches around. As the frame is already shaped it is easy to attach this intermediate wire by laying it on top of the brim wires in the center, and tie to each wire with the tie-wire, keeping the lapped ends at the back.

To make the separate wire crown cut four pieces of wire each fifteen inches long, and one piece thirty inches long. Join the last in a circle, lapping the ends until it measures twenty-six and one-half inches around. Secure the overlapping ends with tie-wire. This will be the base wire of the crown. To this, the four wires are fastened by bending with the nippers both ends of each wire once around the base wire at opposite points. I have allowed enough on each wire for turning over. Fasten the crown wires together on top at the point where they all cross, securing them with tie-wire. Measure from the base of each of these crown wires and mark off two and three-quarter inches and make a little bend. At the top of this bend fit a piece of frame wire around, and secure to the crown wires with tie-wire. This shapes the top of the crown. Also fasten a brace wire between this wire and the base wire of the crown, and one brace wire around the top of the crown.

Having completed the frame, the entire structure must be covered. Fit the white crinoline to the underside of brim, smoothing it and pinning it to position. Cut out the head size and make little slits in the crinoline up to the head wire, cut around the edge wire, but allow enough to turn over. Transfer this facing to the upper brim and sew around the head wire. Turn the outer edge over the edge wire and sew to position. Repeat the first part of these directions for undertacing the brim, but use the black crinoline for this. Cover the crown as smoothly as possible with the crinoline, laying it in plaits around the base of the crown wire.

The next step is to sew the straw braid on the top brim. Start at the center-back, allowing the edge of the braid to extend just a little out from the edge wire. Continue to sew the braid around the top brim lapping each row just enough to cover the edge of the last row. When you come to the base of the crown cut off the straw and make a neat finish.

Take a piece of the black crêpe de Chine and make a small tam for the top of the crown, running a shirring thread on the edge of the circle. Slip this over



No. 4—The Wire Crown and Brim Joined

No. 5—The Wire Frame Covered with Crinoline

the crinoline covered crown, draw up the thread, and sew to position around the wire above the brace wire around the side of the crown. Start at the base of the tam crown, at the back and sew the braid around to cover up the raw edge of the tam. Continue sewing the braid around the side of the crown, or cover with a band of black velvet.

To make the facing for the hat, cut two strips of the crêpe de Chine six and one-half inches wide, and two yards long, then cut a piece of the frame wire fifty inches long. Now take this wire and sew it on the edge of the strip of silk. As you go along pull the thread to shir on the wire. Starting at the back pin the edge to the edge wire with shirrings even, and sew to position, drawing in to fit the head size.

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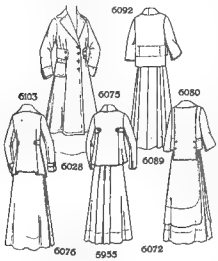
Short Loose Jackets and Wide Skirts Are Smart

Jacket 6103
Skirt 6076

Top Coat 6028

6103–6076—The very latest covert cloth suits eliminate all trimming, and depend for their chic on smartness of design, perfection of cut and elegant fit. Such a suit is possible with the combination of these two patterns, assuring a maximum of serviceability and style with a minimum of expense. The coat features the new and becoming Empire belt, that may be carried all around as illustrated, or may simply appear at the sides, leaving the front and back unbelted. The long pointed front is another new style note, as is the pocket at each side that may be made with or without a trimming strap. For the cool days that so often come in early Spring, the fronts may be fastened close up to the throat, but in pleasant weather they may be rolled back as illustrated forming revers. Completing the suit is one of the new short wide skirts accepted by fashionable women, with the modish side fulness attained by means of an inverted plait at each side. Very cute is the gathered section that appears above the belt at the back, which is simply an extension of the back gore. This skirt is a three-piece model with the popular raised waistline, in regulation or shorter length, and measuring about 2¼ yards at the foot. Jacket No. 6103, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6076, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.



6028—The very essence of smartness is this top coat, which is just the thing to wear over tailored frocks on raw Spring days. For despite all the poets' songs of "Lovely Spring" we certainly have chilly winds occasionally, when we need something a little heavier than a light Spring suit. This could be made of velours, cheviot, tweed, covert cloth, gabardine or serge, while for sports wear white, moss green, rose or sulphur-color corduroy would be chic. A round yoke is included in the pattern though it is not shown in this view, as it may be omitted at will. The collar is one of the clever convertible models that may close up to the neck, or be turned back in revers effect. If desired, the belt may be carried all around, or it may end each side of the center-front. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6075–5955—One of the noticeable tendencies in the Spring fashions is the raised waistline, not alone in dresses and skirts, but in jackets as well. It is shown attractively in this jaunty model of white serge, loosely belted at Empire line at each side. The jacket is short and loose, with diagonal closing, notched collar and long revers, and measures 24 inches at the center-back. It is combined with a three-piece skirt plaited at the back below a circular yoke. High waistline, regulation and shorter length, and a width at the foot of about 2½ yards are smart features. Serge, broadcloth, gabardine and covert cloth are all suitable fabrics for its reproduction. Jacket No. 6075, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5955, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3 yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6092–6089—Short and loose in the newest style is this jacket, fitted by a dart on the shoulders in front, and with shawl collar perforated for notched effect, or with flare collar. Allowance is made for two styles of sleeves—long plain sleeves, and shorter-length flare sleeves. If made its full length, the jacket measures 26½ inches at center-back; but it is perforated for shorter length all around, or for shorter length at front and back only while the sides are long. The accompanying skirt is a seven-gored plaited model with a yoke that may be straight all around, or cut with a tab extension each side of the center-front and back. The waistline is raised, and both regulation and shorter length are allowed. The width at lower edge is about 3½ yards. Jacket No. 6092, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6089, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6080–6072—A smart variation of the short loose jacket, that makes a strong appeal to the economical woman is this, as it permits the use of combinations of material in short lengths or remnants, and the same idea may be carried out in the skirt, which is known as the "Apron Skirt." Featured on the jacket are diagonal closing, with fronts extended around to the side-back forming a girdle, panel back, and inset side-front and side-back sections. There are two styles of sleeves, long plain one-piece sleeves, or shorter length two-seam flare sleeves. Length of jacket at center-back, 24 inches. A two-piece model is the skirt, with apron section front and back having edges cut straight or rounded, and lengthened by a flounce section extending in an inverted plait up each side to the waistline. Black and white check worsted combined with black satin would make a good-looking and inexpensive Spring suit. Jacket No. 6080, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6072, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume in medium size requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch check, and 3¼ yards 45-inch satin. Blue serge or dark brown gabardine could be substituted for the check material should a plain fabric be preferred with collar and cuffs of white satin.

Empire Jacket 6075,
Skirt 5955

Jacket 6092
Plaited Skirt 6089 with Yoke

Jacket 6080
Apron Skirt 6072

The new Spring silhouette shows the wide, short skirt, circular, plaited or gathered, and short loose jacket, with long, plain closefitting sleeves, or three-quarter length flaring ones; but no matter what type of sleeve, it is set plainly into a medium small armhole. Colors are brown, sand, putty, battleship gray, blue and green.

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Chic Tailored and Dressy Frocks for Spring

Costume 6109

6109—Here is one of the new "Robes Tailleur" or tailored frocks which are replacing tailored suits for the first warm days of early Spring. They are being made of covert cloth in every shade from the palest biscuit and tan down to the dark greenish and olive tones. Gabardine in sand and putty-color is also favored, as is the always popular blue serge. Both waist and skirt of this model are plaited, and the closing is arranged at the side-front. The waist is cut with the new neck line that is so fashionable, running straight across in front, but narrowing toward the back in a slanting line. If this is not desired though, a sleeveless guimpe with high or open neck is provided, which, made of net will fill up the space prettily. At high waistline is attached the six gored plaited skirt, in regulation or shorter length, and measuring about 3¼ yards at the foot. The double belt effect is very smart. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 54-inch material with ⅛ yard net for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.

6106—Very chic is this costume with its charming waistcoat or overblouse that may be of the same material as the dress, with sleeves of chiffon or satin. Under the waistcoat is a surplice waist with an adjustable chemisette providing high or round neck, and with long or short plain sleeves or long gathered sleeves. Attached at high waistline is the four-piece skirt plaited front and back, and measuring about 3 yards at the foot. Either regulation or shorter length may be chosen. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires, of one material, 4¼ yards 54 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

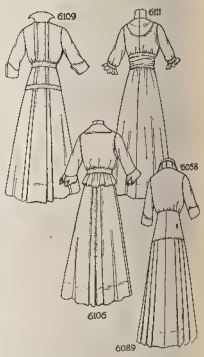
6058-6089—A dress like this, formed by combining a smart waist and skirt may be worn as a costume, or the waist and skirt may be made up of different fabrics for separate wear. Broadcloth, serge or gabardine in battleship gray, sand-color or dull old rose would be pretty enough for informal afternoon wear, and the waist which closes diagonally in front, may be rolled back on one side to form a revers, which is faced with silk or satin. When rolled back, a lining is disclosed, faced with lace or net, and cut with high, round or square neck in two depths. The fashionable long close-fitting set-in sleeves are provided, with perforations for shortening. To a smoothly fitting yoke the high-waisted seven-gored plaited skirt is adjusted. It may be in regulation or shorter length, and measures about 3¼ yards at the foot. Waist No. 6058, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch material, with ⅜ yard contrasting. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6089, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure Size 26 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6111—Delightfully quaint are these high-waisted frocks of taffeta, with low round neck, gathered guimpe, and short, wide, gathered skirt. The guimpe may be of net or point d'esprit, with long or short sleeves, and high or round neck. The attached one-piece skirt is 2½ yards wide. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6½ yards 36-inch taffeta, and 1¼ yard net for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 6106

Dress Waist 6058
Plaited Skirt 6089 with Yoke

Guimpe Dress 6111



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Dress Waists for Elderly Women, New Skirts and Waists

Dress Waist 6040

Dress Waist 5923

Waist 6083 Dress Waist 5945

Dress Waist 6096

6040—Here is a very attractive waist that may be worn by stout and elderly women just as becomingly as by their younger and more slender sisters. It is an excellent model to combine with separate skirts of satin or broadcloth, and may be fashioned of satin, crêpe, taffeta or crêpe de Chine, with collar of chiffon or fine lace, and trimming of embroidered net. The sleeves may be long or short, and the neck high or low. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch satin, and 1 yard embroidered net. Price, 15 cents.

5923—This is another smart waist for dressy wear that in chiffon, Brussels net, satin or crêpe de Chine may be worn with cloth or silk separate skirts. It is made over a lining that provides the possibility of high, round and square neck, and the full-length sleeves are perforated for shorter length. A smart touch is given by the Directoire collar of white organdy, but this may be omitted if desired. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material, ⅜ yard contrasting material for vest. Price, 15 cents.

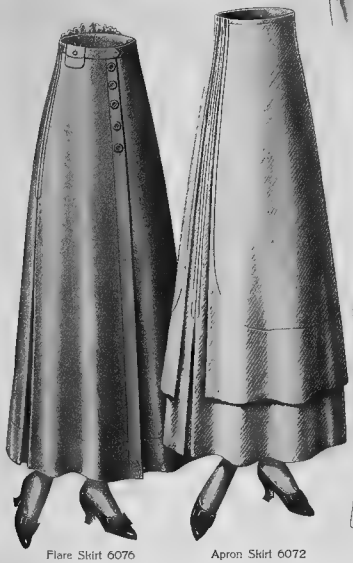
6083—One of the new convertible collars is shown on this shirtwaist that may fasten up to the top of the standing collar, or may be rolled back to form revers. The long one-piece sleeves extend up on the shoulder to the base of the collar, and are perforated for elbow length. This model is suitable for voile, batiste, linen or crêpe de Chine. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5945—Here is an attractive dress waist to be fashioned of satin, taffeta or crêpe de Chine, and worn with separate skirts. It is mounted on a lining with high, round or square neck, and the long revers are cut in one with the fronts. Allowance is made for a Directoire collar which may be rolled flat if preferred, and the long one-piece sleeves are perforated for short length. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

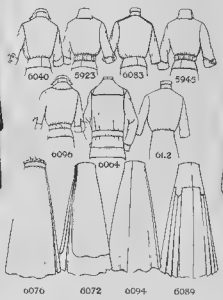
6096—Is an attractive model, which is particularly good for stout and elderly women, in satin, silk crêpe or taffeta. There is a lining with high, round or square neck, though it may be omitted. The cross-over vest, round and flare collar, and long sleeves gathered in at the wrist, are attractive features. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(Continued on Page 7).

Middy Blouse 6064 Shirtwaist 6112



Flare Skirt 6076 Apron Skirt 6072



Skirt 6094 Plaited Skirt 6089 with Yoke

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Simple and Dressy Gowns for Stout and Elderly Women

6084—As the season progresses, width and flare in skirts cease to be a novelty, and become an established fact, as is shown by the models on this page, all smart, yet not extreme, and all adapted to the Spring needs of stout and elderly women. In the first design, a simple morning and house dress is presented, that, in fact, can be fashioned of linen, gingham, chambray or percale. Though truth to tell there is an air of style to the dress, that, in more pretentious material, would make it quite good enough for Spring street wear, when the tailored suit feels too warm. Covert cloth, sand-color or dark blue serge or gabardine could be selected, with front-buttoning vest of white faille, and collar of organdy. At each side of the vest the waist is cut with a tiny extension at the bottom that fastens onto the girdle, and the long plain, set-in sleeves are perforated for shorter length. For women who do not care for the open neck illustrated, an adjustable shield is provided, with high or round neck, and the three-piece skirt, which may be in regulation or shorter length, is about 2¼ yards wide. The waistline is becomingly raised. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

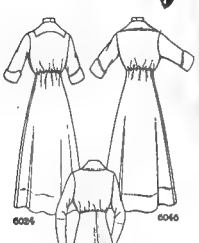
6046—A chic waistcoat effect gives charm to this simple frock of dotted challis, with vest and collar of white crêpe de Chine, and girdle of satin. Or less elaborate for morning wear would be dotted or figured lawn or percale, with vest of white piqué. The long revers are extensions of the waist fronts, and long sleeves may be substituted for the short ones pictured. An adjustable shield permits of high, round or square neck, and at high waistline, the four-piece skirt is attached. It may be in regulation or shorter length, and is about 2½ yards wide. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material, with ⅞ yard contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

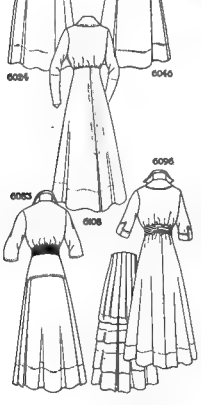
6108—A good-looking dress is this, suitable for either morning or afternoon wear according to the material chosen. There is a smart little vest buttoning at the center-front, and an adjustable shield is provided that may be closed to the neck or worn slightly open. Plain and gathered sleeves are included in the pattern, both perforated for shortening. The plain sleeves would harmonize better with a frock of wool or heavy cotton material, while in the softer cottons and silks the gathered sleeves would be pretty. At the center-front and back of the four-piece skirt an inverted plait is formed. It is joined at high waistline, gives the choice of regulation or shorter length, and measures about 2¾ yards at the foot. Size 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch material, ¾ yard contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

6083–6032—For afternoon wear, a very pretty dress could be made by combining this waist and skirt, fashioning them of black satin, or seal brown or battleship gray faille, or chiffon broadcloth of fine supple quality. A vest and tiny revers of white silk crêpe lighten up the front of the waist, with a standing and turnover collar across the back only. If preferred, the waist may be in more practical shirtwaist style, closing up the center-front to the top of the collar, which is carried all around. There is a group of tucks on the shoulders in front throwing a soft fulness over the bust that is becoming to thin and stout women alike. The sleeves which may be long or short, extend over the shoulders to the base of the collar somewhat in raglan effect. The fulness at the sides so prominent a feature in the Spring fashions is worked out in this skirt by means of plaits below a yoke. It is a four-piece high-waisted design, with the possibility of regulation or shorter length, and measures about 3¾ yards at the lower edge. Waist No. 6083, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material, ⅞ yard contrasting. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6032, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6096–6102—Just the thing for afternoon and informal evening wear is this dress, formed by combining an attractive waist with one of the new gathered skirts. The model is at its best in soft fabrics such as satin, voile, crêpe, or taffeta, with chemisette of filet lace, and vest of white chiffon. The surplice lines of the vest make this a becoming style for stout as well as elderly women, and the tuck on the shoulders helps to preserve a nice straight line. While a lining pattern is provided, its use is optional, and high, round or square neck may be selected. There are long plain and gathered sleeves, perforated for shorter length. In one piece is the skirt, with raised waistline, and straight lower edge. Tucks are provided in the skirt, but they may be omitted. Lower-edge width about 2¾ yards. Waist No. 6096, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6102, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 6024





Costume 6046

Costume 6108

Waist 6083
Plaited Skirt 6032 with Yoke

Dress Waist 6096
Skirt 6102

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Practical Cotton Dresses for Morning and Home Wear

6108—The wide skirts that dominate the Spring fashions are featured even in the simplest house dresses. The width is gained in this model by the flare of the four-piece skirt, and the plaited panel in front. Another attractive note is the convertible collar, which may be worn turned down as pictured with slightly open neck, or rolled up to form a high turnover collar close to the neck. There is a neat vest fastening at the center-front, and this may be of contrasting material if desired. Two styles of sleeves are provided in the pattern—plain and gathered, and both are perforated for shorter length. At high waistline the four-piece skirt, which may be in regulation or shorter length, is attached, and although not illustrated in this view, there is a shaped trimming band designed to end each side of the plaited panel. The lower-edge width is about 2¼ yards. For a plain dress like this the cotton fabrics seem best suited—gingham, dimity, chambray, percale, plain, dotted or striped, and the collar and vest may be of white piqué. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch material, with ½ yard 36-inch extra material for trimming band when used. Price, 15 cents.

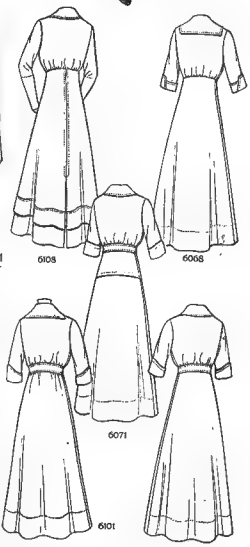
6101—Distinction, at small expense, is achieved in this frock of striped challis or linen, the deep U-shaped opening of the waist filled in with cunning crossover vest of plain material matching the color of the stripe. It is lightened by collar and cuffs of white organdy or batiste. No lining is needed, and a shield with standing collar may replace the open neck pictured, while short sleeves may be substituted for the long comfortably open without being low, and the sleeves though short in this illustration, are full-length in the pattern, with perforations for shortening. Waist and three-piece skirt are joined at high waistline, and either regulation or shorter length may be chosen. Skirts are being worn quite short, though it is not possible to make an arbitrary length that will suit every type of figure. Each woman must decide on a becoming length and wear it, keeping in mind the general fashion rule that skirts should be short. The lower-edge width is about 2½ yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires without yoke, 4¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 6108 Costume 6068 Costume 6071 Costume 6101 Costume 6071

6068—A piquant touch to relieve the severity of this thoroughly sensible frock is the extension tab on the front of the waist, in which a large buttonhole is worked. Below it is a frill of plaited net or embroidery, under which the waist fastens with snap fasteners. Striped gingham with a binding of plain chambray matching the color of the stripe, would make up attractively, a dainty finish provided in the collar and oddly-shaped cuffs of white mull or organdy, hemstitched. No lining is required, and the sleeves may be long or short. The raised waistline strikes the new Spring note, and the attached three-piece skirt may be in regulation or shorter length, featuring a fashionable width of 2¼ yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material, ½ yard embroidery, and ½ yard organdy. Price, 15 cents.

6071—Fashioned of a pretty check gingham, linen or ratiné, with collar, cuffs and belt of white piqué, this frock would be quite smart enough for morning street wear later in the season. As a house dress it is charming in its simplicity, yet there is an air of style that is quite fetching. The diagonal closing is an attractive feature, as is the prettily-shaped yoke on the skirt, which, though not illustrated in this view, is shown on the model at the top of the page in another development. The neck is ones. The front gore of the four-piece skirt is in panel effect, with the side gores lapping over onto it, and a trimming band extends around the sides and back ending at the front gore. Raised waistline, regulation or shorter length, and a width of 2½ yards are smart features of the skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material, with ½ yard contrasting for vest, and ½ yard for collar and cuffs. Price, 15 cents.

6071—In this view is presented another development of an attractive frock, showing the snappy yoke, and the full-length sleeves. While primarily designed for cotton fabrics, the dress is equally well adapted for serge, wool poplin, cashmere, challis and albatross. The diagonal closing line is continued on the skirt yoke, and the open neck is finished with a smart collar of organdy. The skirt shows the fashionable short length, but allowance is made in the pattern for a longer skirt, should this be preferred. White cotton crêpe figured in blue, with large blue buttons, blue or white suède belt and white mull or organdy collar, would make a charming dress for Summer morning wear. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material ⅞ yard organdy for collar. Price, 15 cents.



6108 6068 6071 6101 6071

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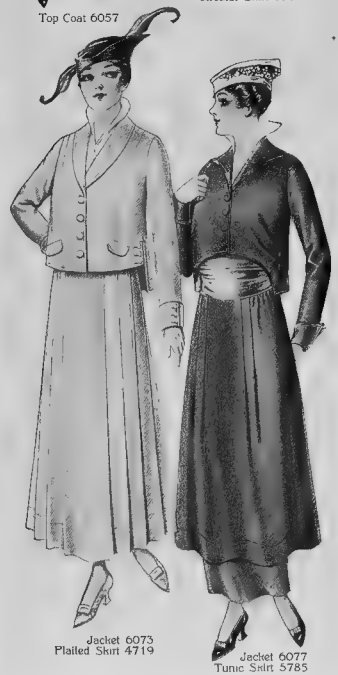


Jacket 6073
Plaited Skirt 4719

Jacket 6077
Tunic Skirt 5785

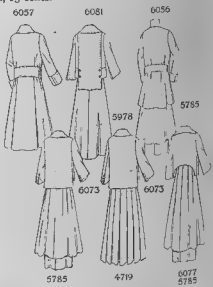
6057 -Complying with Fashion's instructions as to flare, this smart coat is belted snugly about the waist at sides and back, and below the belt the coat widens out delightfully. The open neck with turn-down collar and revers is comfortable for Spring wear, but in stormy weather the coat may be buttoned up to the throat. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6081 5978—Delightfully youthful and altogether charming are these short, loose jackets and flaring skirts, in covert cloth, sand and putty-color gabardine, and white serge. This jacket is good for a combination of materials, and is combined with a plain circular skirt in one or two-piece style, closing front or back. Jacket No. 6081, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5978, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents The suit requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch material, with 1⅛ yard 36-inch satin.

6056 5785 This is one of the most popular of the season's suits, the jacket closing to the throat as illustrated, or with fronts rolled back to form revers. Perforations permit of shortening the model. The tunic skirt is very smart, consisting of a three-piece foundation lengthened by a flounce section about 1½ yard wide, on which is mounted a one-piece tunic with straight lower edge. Jacket No. 6056, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 44 inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5785, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch material, 1¾ yard lining for top of foundation. Price, 15 cents.

6073–5785—Combined with the tunic skirt described above is one of the short loose jackets that are so adorably youthful and chic. The suit is illustrated in green and white check worsted, and the jacket may be shorter front and back than at the sides, or it may be an even length all around. Jacket No. 6073, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5785, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents.

6073-4719— In this view the jacket is shown with shawl instead of notched collar, and combined with a straight plaited skirt about 2⅝ yards wide. Jacket No. 6073, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4719, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.



6077–5785—This jacket is short and loose, and is cut with upward curving outline front and back. Jacket No. 6077, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 1½ yard 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No 5785, described above, 15 cents.

For a complete assortment of Misses' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER; for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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A STYLISH DRESS AND HAT

35P59. A Stunning Frock made of a beautiful silk-and-wool Poplin. This beautiful model is designed with waist fitted loosely over a lining of net, and sides of waist and long sleeves attached to lining. Front of waist is hand-embroidered in silk to match color of goods, and has the effect of a cestee. Waist trimmed with self-covered buttons front and back. Dress is shirred and corded at waist-line to give Empire effect. Waist is cut in a V at neck, finished with pleated net. Collar is of net and Poplin. Sleeves finished with ruffled cuffs of self-material. Skirt is gathered very full and hangs in graceful ripples. Dress fastens invisibly in the front. Colors: military blue, battleship gray, navy blue or the new and stylish sand color. Sizes 32 to 44 bust, also to fit small women 32 to 38 bust. **Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us..... $9.98**

6P60. Smart Hat of pressed Hemp Straw Braid, oval crown encircled with band of two-toned Ostrich, ending in wheel of ostrich, combined with velvet ribbon. Brim is bound with velvet, rolled up at left side, boujred with large velvet tailored bow. Can be furnished in all black; also in the new sand color with blue trimmings, and in navy blue with white Ostrich band and navy blue ribbon. **Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us..... $4.98**

A HANDSOME COSTUME FOR EASTER

35P57. New Empire Dress of all-silk Chiffon Taffeta, lining and has high Empire effect at the center of front and back. The Cestee is finished around edge with border of silk braid embroidery in self color, elaborated with motifs of hand embroidery in contrasting color. Long sleeves and front of cestee are trimmed with self-covered buttons, and flare turn-over collar is faced with white satin messaline. The high Empire style skirt attached to lining is one of the new circular flare models. Colors, black, military blue, navy blue or the new sand color. Sizes 32 to 44 bust, also to fit small women 32 to 38 bust. **Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us..... $12.98**

6P58. Handmade Hat of Silk and Hair Braid. Trimmed with cluster of ostrich tips and spray of French flowers. Velvet encircles crown and edges brim, and at right side is a knotted bow of velvet entwined with small French flowers. Hat can be furnished in solid navy blue; in the new sand color with rose color ribbon, in solid black, also in black with white feathers. **Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us..... $3.98**

6P58—HAT
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35P57—DRESS
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"The brown gown that the picture I am sending you shows was originally light brown. I thought that it looked a little bit too summery for winter wear, and so recolored it. This I found was very easy to do, and my chief regret is that I have not used DIAMOND DYES for years."

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Early Spring Frocks for the Young Girl

6090—A dominant fashion note for Spring is the flaring skirt with greater fulness at the sides than at the front or back. It is attractively depicted in this model of soft sand-color gabardine, the waist of which may close diagonally, or may have one front turned back as illustrated in revers effect and faced with contrasting material. The waistline is raised and an adjustable shield provides high, round and square neck possibilities. The fashionable long sleeves are illustrated, but are perforated for shorter length, should these be preferred. Attached at high waistline is a four-piece skirt plaited at the sides, and to be made with or without deep shaped girdle. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 44-inch material, with ⅛ yard 22-inch satin for revers facing. Price, 15 cents.

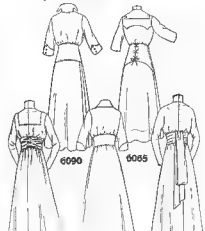
6060—In the newest mode is this chic frock of covert cloth, perfectly plain and simple, yet with undeniable style. Waist and skirt close all the way down the front, the skirt a three-piece model attached at high waistline under a deep shaped belt. This is one of the new tailored frocks that promise to have a tremendous vogue for early Spring wear, and the style is well adapted for linen and the heavy cotton materials later on. The sleeves may be long or short, and the skirt is about 2½ yards wide. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 54-inch material, ½ yard organdy. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 6090 Tailored Frock 6060 Sailor Dress 6065

Guimpe Dress 6105

6065—This is the newest version of the always popular and useful sailor dress, than which nothing is better for general utility wear for the young girl. The waistline is raised, and the neck may be worn open, or by means of an adjustable shield, high, round or square neck is possible. A shaped yoke is provided for the blouse, but this may be omitted. The skirt, which is attached at high waistline, is a two-piece model with yoke. Blue or black serge may be worn now, but for Summer wear, white or blue linen or galatea would be effective. Width of skirt at lower edge about 2 yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6105—A quaint little guimpe dress is pictured in this model, high-waisted, the guimpe gathered in front and with high or round neck, and long or short plain sleeves, or short gathered sleeves. The waist is cut in a deep square front and back and has large armholes. The attached one-piece gathered skirt is made with straight lower edge for the use of bordered materials or flouncing. The pattern makes provision for tucks above the hem, but the dress can be made without them if desired. Lower-edge width about 2¾ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards 36-inch material, with 1¼ yard 36-inch net for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.



6090 6065 6105 6060 6062

6062—That elusive delightful quality called youthfulness is daintily expressed in this frock of wool crêpe, the waist of which shows the new neck line and is cut in one with sleeves that may be long or short. Instead of this new line, high, round or square neck may be chosen. At high waistline the one-piece gathered skirt is joined. Sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20 years. Size 16. about 2½ yards wide, requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 6062

For a complete assortment of Misses' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER; for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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Lingerie, Afternoon and Dance Frocks

6068—In this charming little frock for the young girl is presented the very newest neck outline, cut straight across the base of the throat and narrowing up toward the back. The waist is very simple, with front, back and sleeves cut in one, and the fulness in front may be arranged in a soft box-plait or gathers. It is high-waisted as are all the smartest frocks for young women, and closes at the back. No lining is needed, and instead of the low neck illustrated, high, round or square neck may be selected, as the pattern makes provision for these outlines. The one-piece gathered skirt is cut with straight lower edge, so that it may be utilized for bordered materials or flouncing. Fashioned of one of the new soft taffetas with girdle of satin, this would make a dainty frock for afternoon and evening wear. It is a good model to keep in mind when making up the Summer cottons, as it would be charming in dimity, dotted or embroidered swiss, voile or crêpe. The sleeves may be long or short, and the skirt measures about 2½ yards at the lower edge. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 6062

Guimpe Dress 6105

6105—In the popular guimpe effect is this dainty, high-waisted frock. The underbody or guimpe is gathered in front, and can be made with high or round neck and long or short plain one-piece sleeves, or with the short gathered sleeves illustrated. The waist itself is cut with deep square neck front and back, large armholes, and is attached to a one-piece gathered skirt with straight lower edge, and to be made with or without graduated tucks above them. The tucks are illustrated in this view and give a very pretty touch to the sheer frock. For making this, point d'esprit, dotted swiss, chiffon cloth, net or fine voile may be chosen. The width around lower edge of skirt is about 2⅝ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires for waist and skirt, 6 yards 36-inch material, with 1⅛ yard 36-inch for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 6047

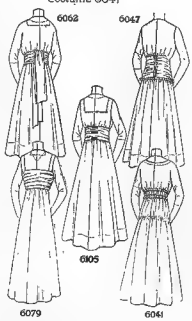
Costume 6041

6047—A delightfully girlish frock is pictured here of seal brown net and satin, with bands of embroidered net. Unlined, the back of the waist is carried over the shoulders to the front forming a prettily shaped yoke, below which the waist is softly gathered. Instead of the V-neck illustrated, high or round neck may be selected, and long or short plain sleeves may be substituted for the short puff sleeves pictured. The attached straight gathered skirt is made with a circular yoke to which it may be adjusted with a shirred heading, and over the yoke is draped a deep bias girdle. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch net, 2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for waist and girdle, 2⅝ yards wide banding and 5⅛ yards narrow. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 6079

6041—The cord shirring that is such a dominant feature in fashions for young girls is attractively pictured in this frock of heavily embroidered voile, with the high waistline that is so becoming to youthful figures. The surplice waist, which is cut in one with sleeves that may be long or short, is mounted on a sleeveless lining having high, round, low round or square neck. The attached one-piece skirt is made with straight lower edge, shirred in at the hips and is perforated to form a pointed tunic. Width of skirt at lower edge about 2½ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch plain voile for waist, 2½ yards 36-inch embroidered voile for skirt, and 1⅛ yard 36-inch satin. Price, 15 cents.

6079—Adorable in its charm is this dance frock of palest pink tulle over taffeta. It shows the new Empire waistline, and deep folded girdle that, with straps over the shoulders and tiny ruffle sleeves, forms the waist, although for afternoon wear a waist is provided with high, round, square or V-neck, and full-length or shorter sleeves. The one-piece gathered skirt is mounted on a two-piece foundation trimmed with narrow ruffles. Width of foundation skirt 2½ yards. Of outside skirt 3 yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch taffeta, 4⅛ yards 45-inch tulle. Price, 15 cents.



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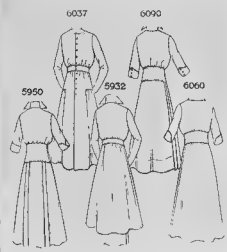
Fashion Sanctions One-Piece Frock for Spring

5950—A smart little tailored frock is this, that will make up charmingly in the new covert cloths, soft plaids or gabardine in Prussian blue, sand or putty-color. The waist, a simple surplice model with large armholes, is mounted on an underbody with high, round, square or V-shaped neck, and long or short sleeves. If desired, by making the sleeves of contrasting material such as lace, net or satin, the fashionable guimpe effect is gained. Plaited below a smoothly fitting yoke cut in one with the front gore, is the four piece skirt. It is high-waisted, and is about 2½ yards wide. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 44-inch material, with ½ yard organdy. Price, 15 cents.

6037—Of distinctive style is this cleverly designed frock, adapted for any of the soft wool fabrics, as well as cotton materials later on. Though the waist is illustrated with deep V-neck, the pattern provides the possibility of a new neck line—the line that cuts straight across the base of the throat. Another new note is the fulness at the sides of the skirt, to be disposed in plaits or gathers below a yoke, while the front and back are plain. High neck, as well as several styles of low neck, and long or short sleeves are among the possibilities of the pattern. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16, which is about 2½ yards wide, requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11751, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5932—A guimpe effect is given to this simple frock of black and white check worsted, by sewing in sleeves of white net instead of self-material. An adjustable shield may fill in the open neck if desired, and instead of the long gathered sleeves illustrated, long or short plain sleeves may be worn. Other possibilities are the use of a deep shaped girdle, instead of the narrow double belt effect, and of a three-piece tunic over a two-piece underskirt. In this view the tunic is lengthened to form the skirt, and the narrow underskirt is omitted. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch material if made as illustrated. Price, 15 cents

6090—Plaits at the sides give the fashionable width to the skirt of this frock of battleship gray serge. The waist may close diagonally, or one front may be rolled back to form a revers, faced with contrasting material. There is no lining, but an adjustable shield with high, round or square neck fills in the open space. The sleeves may be long or short, and at high waistline, the four-piece skirt which is about 2⅝ yards wide, is attached. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch serge, and ⅛ yard contrasting for revers. Price, 15 cents.



6060—This is one of the smart tailored frocks pocketed in true masculine fashion that are so chic for early Spring street wear in covert cloth, gabardine and white serge. Guiltless of trimming save for the pockets, the frock owes its distinctive style to clever cut and designing. Waist and skirt button the whole way down the center-front. Instead of the narrow belt illustrated, a deep belt provided in the pattern may be worn. The sleeves may be long or short, and the three-piece skirt slightly gathered at the top, and measuring about 2½ yards at the lower edge, is joined at high waistline. Plaids, soft and subdued in coloring as well as black and white checks make smart frocks. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents

For a complete assortment of Misses' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, SPRING NUMBER; for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York

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Children's Fashions for Practical and Dressy Wear

6067—In many of the newest coats for wee maids, the smart bell-shaped silhouette is noted, shoulders narrow, skirt section wide and flaring. It is featured in this model of Dutch blue broadcloth, which fastens slightly to the side-front, and is made with smart notched collar. The fronts are full length, but at the back, there is a waist joined to a plaited skirt section under a belt that may extend all the way around, or may end at the side-front as illustrated. Sizes, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6091—One of the guimpe dresses that are so smart, is illustrated here in a combination of cashmere and batiste, with white suède belt passed through slashes at low waistline. The one-piece frock slips on over the head and closes on the shoulders, and the V-shaped neck may be replaced by square outline. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material for dress, 1⅛ yard for guimpe. Price, 10 cents.

6070—This is another phase of the popular guimpe dress, with long waist joined to a straight side-plaited skirt. The dress slips on over the head, while the guimpe is buttoned in front. The revival of the guimpe dress is greeted with joy by mothers who realize how easy it is to smarten up the plainest frock with a fresh white guimpe. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch material for dress, 1⅛ yard for guimpe. Price, 15 cents. Scallop No. 11061, 6 yards and 4 corners, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

6069—Very cunning are these overalls for playtime wear, and with the guimpe provided in the pattern no suit nor dress need be worn underneath. The overalls close on the shoulders, while the guimpe buttons in front, and may have long or short sleeves. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅔ yard 36-inch material for overalls, 1⅛ yard for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.

(*Continued on Page 74*)

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See Page 2 for Important Announcement

Good-Looking Spring Models for Girls and Boys

6063—Gathered below a round yoke is this attractive frock of blue and white check worsted, with long waist and sleeves cut in one piece. The front-closing, the cunning tunic which is part of the waist, and the gathered skirt, plaited at the sides and back, are interesting features. Full-length sleeves are provided in the pattern, with perforations for shortening them as the illustration shows, finished with hemstitched cuffs to match the collar. Later on, this model would be charming fashioned of any of the dainty cotton fabrics, such as gingham, dimity, voile or lawn. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5852—Here is a cunning play or morning dress, combining dress and rompers, to be made of the same material. Light and dark blue, or tan and brown would combine well in chambray, gingham or galatea. The neck may be high or round, and the sleeves, which are in one with the front and back, may be long or short. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 4⅛ yard 36-inch material for dress, ⅝ yard contrasting. Price, 10 cents.

5836—A quaint little suit for the small man which would be very cunning in black or dark brown velvet with blouse of white China silk. Or brown serge could be combined with a blouse of fine white batiste. Besides the blouse the suit includes straight trousers, a vest and a jacket. The jacket is perforated for shorter length with rounded outline in front, and in the short length is intended to be worn without the vest. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 44-inch material for suit, with 1⅛ yard 36-inch for blouse. Price, 15 cents.

6084—Nothing smarter has been shown this season for little girls than these guimpe dresses, which with their possibilities for remodeling old frocks, make a strong appeal to economical mothers. The dress is in one from the shoulders to the lower edge, and is made with large armholes. The guimpe closes as does the dress, in front, and standing or round collar may form the neck finish. There are long one-piece sleeves perforated for shorter length. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yard 44-inch material for dress, 1⅛ yard 36-inch for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.

5901 Plain and plaid materials combine very effectively in models of this type, using plain for the long blouse, and plaid for the straight side-plaited skirt. The neck is finished with a round collar, and the sleeves may be long or short. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch white batiste for blouse, 1 yard 44-inch plaid for skirt. Price, 15 cents.

5816—Little women look smart in these cute one-piece frocks of blue serge, white linen or pique, belted at low waistline, and with a touch of contrast in collar and cuffs which may be made detachable, for convenience in laundering. High or square neck, as well as long or short sleeves are allowed for in the pattern. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

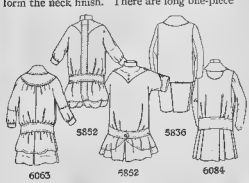
6093—The little lady's best frock would be exquisite made like this with cunning straight gathered skirt tucked above the hem. The waist is a surplice model cut in one with short sleeves that are seamed along the shoulders. This is a splendid frock for bordered fabrics and flouncing. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 years. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch suiting for skirt, 2¾ yards 18-inch embroidery for waist. Price, 15 cents.

6067 Like Mother's coat, this flares toward the bottom. Fashioned of covert cloth or chevoit, it would be smart and practical. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Dress 6063 Romper Dress 5852

Boys' Suit 5836

5901 5816 6093 6067



6063 5852 5836 6084

Guimpe Dress 6084 Dress 5901 Dress 5816 Dress 6093 Coat 6067

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Little Folks' Styles Showing New Guimpe Dresses

6097—Yokes are used on practically everything this season—coats as well as frocks. This coat of sand-color gabardine may have high or open neck, and is gathered and formed into a box-plait at each side, below a yoke cut in one with full-length sleeves. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5772—A smart simplicity marks this one-piece frock of white linen, absolutely untrimmed save for the hand-embroidery that is such a charming feature. At the fashionable low waistline is arranged a deep belt, embroidered, and finished with buttonholed scallops. Sizes 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11994, transfer 10 cents. Scallop No. 11979, transfer, 15 cents.

6091—In much modified form fashions for little folks follow those designed for their elders, and the vogue of guimpe and overblouse effects has brought back into favor guimpe dresses for little girls. This dress is a one-piece model, to be slipped on over the head. It is slashed at low waistline for the belt. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material for dress, 1⅛ yard for guimpe. Price, 10 cents.

6088—Picturesquely attractive are these bolero frocks, that are at their best in a combination of fabrics or colors. Soft rose and gray plaid was selected for this model, combined with white batiste. High and square neck, and long as well as short sleeves are provided. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch plaid, and 1⅛ yard batiste. Price, 15 cents.

6069 — For playtime nothing could be better than this set of overalls and guimpe, and wise mothers will lose no time in making several for vacation days. The overalls fasten on the shoulders, and the guimpe may have long or short sleeves. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch material for overalls, 1⅛ yard for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.

6070—Here is another attractive guimpe dress that would be very pretty fashioned of black and white or blue and white check, with guimpe of white batiste or crêpe de Chine. The dress is to be slipped on over the head, and the long waist is joined to a pleated skirt. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 44-inch material for dress, 1⅛ yard 36-inch for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.

6084—This guimpe dress differs from the preceding model in being cut in one from neck to lower edge. Guimpe and dress close at center-front, and perforations permit of shortening the long one-piece sleeves. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 2 yards 44-inch material for dress, 1⅛ yard 36-inch for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.

6086—A smart dress in the popular middy style which may be of one material, or the blouse may be of white galatea, and the plaited skirt of blue serge. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¼ yard 44-inch serge, 1⅛ yard 36-inch galatea. Price, 15 cents.

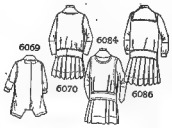
Coat 6097

Dress 5772

Dress 6088

5772 6088 6097 6091

Guimpe Dress 6091


6069 6084 6070 6086

Overalls and Guimpe 6069 Guimpe Dress 6070 Guimpe Dress 6084 Middy Dress 6086

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Riding Clothes in the Newest Mode

Riding Jacket 6113
Riding Skirt 6110

Shirtwaist 4512
Riding Skirt 6110

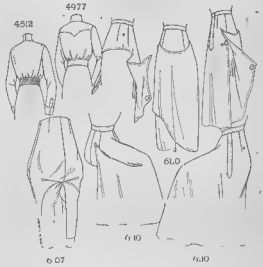
Riding Jacket 6113
Riding Skirt 6110

Shirtwaist 4977
Riding Breeches 6107

6113-6110 -Illustrated here is the newest and best riding skirt for side saddle riding. It was designed by the foremost authority on riding clothes in America, and is not only smart and good-looking, but is comfortable as well. The third figure on the page shows the back of the skirt as it looks when the wearer is off the horse, with the back section brought over to the side where it fastens with a button and strap. In riding though, this section is unfastened, and turned under, a strap and button holding it in position, leaving nothing but a yoke at the back, so that there are no surplus folds of material to cause discomfort when the rider is sitting on the horse. In the small views at the foot of the page, the center illustration in the top row shows the back section unfastened. Breeches and a smart jacket complete this good-looking riding habit of English Melton in dark, almost invisible gray. While the breeches are illustrated in a contrasting material, with a skirt like this, they should be of the same fabric and color. The jacket must be severely tailored as is this model, and though it may be either double or single-breasted, a single-breasted closing such as this shows is much more comfortable. The neck finish is generally a notched collar with revers, the length of which depend greatly on individual preference. The revers illustrated here are in good style, and are a correct medium length. As may be seen, the skirt section is quite full, and is long enough to reach half way to the knees when the rider is off the horse. The waistline is semi-fitted, with a slight graceful curve accomplished by means of a dart that extends from the bust to a little below the waist. Care must be taken not to have the waistline too low, as this causes a most ungraceful wrinkling when the rider is in the saddle. Inside the pattern envelope very explicit directions for making the skirt will be found. Riding Jacket No 6113 sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material, ¾ yard lining for pockets. Price, 15 cents. Riding Skirt No 6110, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 30 requires 2 yards 54-inch material cut on a lengthwise fold, or 2½ yards 45-inch material on a crosswise fold; ½ yard elastic, and ½ yard lining for pocket. Price, 15 cents.

4512-6110—The waist to be worn with a riding habit should be very plainly tailored like the rest of the costume. In Winter, washable flannel, plain or striped, is comfortable, while in warmer weather white linen, piqué and China silk are all appropriate. This waist may be made with or without box plait at center-front, and the neck finish may be a standing or high turn down collar. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36 inch material. Price, 15 cents. The skirt illustrated with this waist is the same model that is shown with the riding jacket, and is described above. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 waist. Price, 15 cents.

4977 6107 —A group of tucks in front relieves the absolute plainness of this shirtwaist without any loss of good style. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch material. Price, 15 cents. The breeches are the hardest part of a riding habit to make as a general thing. They must not be too full or they will make the skirt look clumsy, and yet they must be made full enough to be perfectly comfortable when riding. At the knee they must fit as snugly as possible, or they will twist and cause much discomfort. The bottom of these breeches are in cuff effect, which is an admirable feature as it prevents them from riding up out of place. Sometimes the upper part is of wool material, with leg facing of leather or buckskin, as illustrated on this page. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.



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Designs That Are Serviceable and Pretty

Corset Cover 6011 Petticoat 6074

Corset Cover 6087 Envelope Drawers 5994

6011 6074

6100

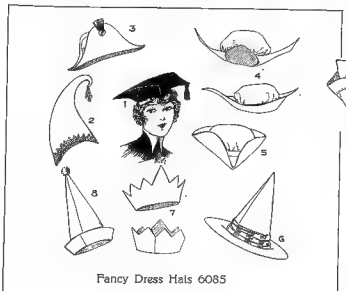
Négligée 6100

Envelope Combination 6061

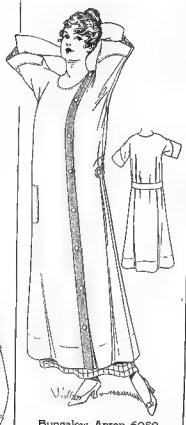
6061

6087 5994

Play Apron 6066



Fancy Dress Hats 6085



Bungalow Apron 6059

Envelope Chemise and Drawers 6095

Masquerade Costumes 6082

6082—For fancy dress parties and masquerade balls, a number of charming costumes may be made from this design. It is suitable for ladies and misses, and consists of a foundation dress having a kimono waist cut in one with sleeves, but perforated for sleeveless effect, and plaited or gathered one-piece skirt, with straight lower edge.

(Continued on Page 74)

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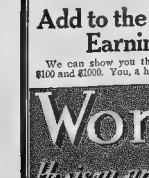

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Popular Spring Styles

(*Continued from Page 61*)

6064—This is one of the very newest phases of the middy blouse, to be slipped on over the head, and laced in front and at the underarm. There is a pretty shaped sailor collar outlining the V-neck, and for those who prefer high neck, an adjustable shield is provided. The full-length sleeves are perforated for shorter length. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6112—This pretty waist is adapted for stout and elderly women, and the fulness that is such an attractive feature makes it especially dainty in all sorts of soft materials, such as voile, crêpe, crêpe de Chine and dimity. It may be worn with open V-neck finished with a rolling collar, or as the small view shows, with high collar fastening right up the center-front to the top. The standing collar is finished with a little turn over. There are long plain and bishop sleeves both perforated for shorter length. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6076 A smart touch is given to this three piece skirt by the extension of the back gore above the belt, which is gathered to form a little trimming section. Another new feature is the tiny pocket on the left. The fashionable fulness at the sides is gained by the use of an inverted plait This is a good model for covert cloth, serge or gabardine, for separate wear with shirtwaists. The waistline is raised, and both regulation and shorter length are provided. Width around lower edge about 2¾ yards. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist. Size 26 requires 4⅜ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6072—This is known as the "Apron" skirt, as the front and back sections are cut in apron effect, lengthened by a flounce section which extends in an inverted plait, up the sides between the two apron sections to the waistline. This is a good model for combinations of fabrics, such as black and white check worsted or blue serge with black satin. The waistline is raised, and the apron sections may be square or round at the lower edge. Regulation and shorter length are provided, and the lower-edge width is about 3¼ yards. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4⅜ yards 44 inch or 54 inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6094—Very attractively is this four-piece skirt trimmed with bias bands, one much wider than the other, and they may be of self-material piped at each side with braid, or they may be of contrasting material. The waistline is raised, and either regulation or shorter length may be chosen. Width around lower edge about 2¾ yards. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6089—One of the new yokes extending into a tab each side, front and back is a smart feature of this seven-gored plaited skirt. It may be in regulation or shorter length, and is 2¾ yards wide at the foot. Sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist. Size 26 requires 3¼ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Continued from Page 69*)

6099—A dear little coat is this, simple and childish looking, yet with an air of style that is most alluring. There are some very attractive check woolens in soft tones of brown and green that would make up charmingly, with shawl collar of self material Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material with nap. Price, 15 cents.

6093—Simplicity, the attribute of all well-designed clothes for children is expressed in this adorable frock of white net over pale blue silk. The design is adapted to the use of embroidery flouncing and bordered fabrics, as the attached skirt is a straight gathered model. The kimono waist is mounted on a lining with high, round or square neck, and long or short sleeves. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6099—Another illustration of this coat is shown at the center of the page. In this view, the coat is featured without the belt, and with a collar of contrasting material. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material with nap. Price, 15 cents.

5844—Nothing could be easier to make than this one-piece frock which may have long or short sleeves and high, round, square or V-neck. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No 12027, transfer pattern, 10 cents.

6088—Quaintly pretty is this bolero frock of soft brown plaid with blouse of écru batiste or China silk. Like the bolero, the blouse closes in front, and is made with high or square neck, and long or short sleeves. It is joined to a straight box-plaited skirt. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch material for skirt and bolero, with 1⅛ yard for blouse. Price, 15 cents. Braiding No. 11347, transfer, 10 cents.

6086—Plain and check serge may be combined effectively in this trim-looking frock, with long-waisted blouse to be slipped on over the head, and a side-plaited skirt. An adjustable shield provides high, round or square neck and the sleeves are perforated for short length. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yard 44-inch check, 1⅛ yard 36-inch plain. Price, 15 cents.

(*Continued from Page 73*)

It is perforated for shorter length. Included is an apron, bodice, girdle, sash, and bolero. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards for dress, 1⅛ yard 27-inch velvet for bodice, ¼ yard for bolero, ⅛ yard satin for girdle. If costume is made in Dutch style size 36 requires 1 yard 36-inch material for waist, 3⅛ yards for skirt, 8 yard 32-inch flouncing for apron. Price, 15 cents.

6011–6074—A charming kimono corset cover that may close front or back, is combined with a short two-piece petticoat that may be fastened near the lower edge to form drawers. Corset cover No. 6011, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11808, transfer pattern, 15 cents. Petticoat No. 6074, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6100—Below a shaped yoke giving a pretty Empire line, this negligée may be tucked or gathered. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6061—Combination corset cover and envelope drawers or short petticoat. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

6087 5994—Very simple is this surplice corset cover which is caught together on the shoulders with ribbon The drawers are in envelope style, perforated for shorter length. Corset cover No. 6087, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11742, transfer, 15 cents. Drawers No. 5994, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch material, with 2⅛ yards embroidery. Price, 10 cents.

6066—Two aprons may be made from this pattern, a plain apron and one with a big pocket, decorated with cross-stitch embroidery. Sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch material for apron with pocket, ⅝ yard for plain apron. Price, 10 cents. Cross-stitch No. 11622, transfer, 10 cents.

6085—This pattern provides a number of attractive fancy dress hats for ladies and misses. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size hat No. 1 requires ⅝ yard 27-inch; No. 2, ⅝ yard 27-inch; No. 3, 1⅛ yard 27-inch; No. 4, 1 yard 27-inch; No. 5, 1 yard 27-inch; No. 6, 1⅛ yard 27-inch; No. 7, ½ yard 27-inch, and No. 8, ⅝ yard 27-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

6050—Deservedly popular are these practical bungalow aprons For ladies and misses, in small, medium and large sizes. Medium size requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

6095—Drawers and an envelope chemise are included in this pattern. Sizes 3, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 4 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch material for drawers, and 1⅜ yard for chemise. Price, 10 cents. Scallop No. 11689, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

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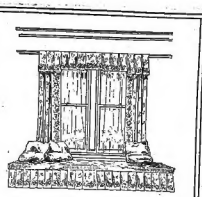

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The Story of Julia Page

(Continued from Page 37)

Rich," she added presently, "it's a strange thing to me that really my one dread is that he will come back. *I think* he means nothing to me; but if I saw him—I don't know! Sometimes I worry for fear that he might want Anna, and of course I wouldn't give her up if it meant a dozen divorces."

Richard sat staring into the fire for a few moments; then he roused himself to ask, smilingly:

"How'd we get started on this little heart-to-heart, anyway?"

"Well, I don't know," Julia said, smiling, too. "I couldn't talk of it for a long while, I can't now, to any one but you. But it all means less to me than it did. Jim never could hurt me now as he did then." She straightened up in her chair. "It's been a wonderful talk!" she said, with shining eyes. "And you're a friend in a million, Richie, dear! And now," very practically, "where are you going to sleep, my dear? Aunt Sanna has your room."

"This couch out here is made up!" Richard said, with a backward jerk of his head toward the room behind him.

"Ah, then you're all right!" Julia rose, and stopped behind his chair for a moment, to lay a light kiss on his hair. "Good night, Little Brother!" she said affectionately.

INSTANTLY one of the bony hands shot out, and Julia felt her wrist caught as in a vise. Richard swiftly twisted about and got on his own feet, and for a minute their eyes glittered not many inches apart, Julia tried to laugh, but she was breathing fast.

"*Richard!*" she said in a sharp whisper. "What is it?"

"Julia!" he choked, also whispering and panting violently.

For a long moment they remained motionless, staring at each other. Then Richard's grip on her wrists relaxed, and he sank into his chair, and dropped his elbow, on his knees, and put his hands over his face. Julia stood watching him for a second.

"Good night, Richie!" she said, almost inaudibly then.

"Good night!" he answered curtly. Julia slipped softly away, closing the door of her bedroom noiselessly behind her.

Anna was asleep, with the upper bed, lying flat on her back, with her lovely hair falling loosely about her flushed little face. The little cabin bedroom was as sweet as the surrounding woodland, wide-open windows admitted the fragrant coolness of the Spring night.

Julia's heart beat thickly and excitedly. Through her brain swept a confusion of thoughts, thoughts disconnected and chaotic. She tried to remember just what words on her part—on Richard's—had led to that strange mad moment of revelation, but the memory of the moment itself overleaped all those preceding it. Julia knelt, her elbows on the window-sill and felt merely that she never wanted to move again. She wanted just to kneel here, hugging to her heart the thrilling emotion of the moment, realizing afresh that life was not dead in her; youth and love were not dead in her; she could still tremble and laugh and cry in the exquisite joy of being beloved.

And it was Richie, so weak in body, so powerful in spirit; so humble in little things, so bold and sure in the things that are great; not rich in money, but rich in wisdom and goodness; Richie, who knew all her pitiful history now, and had long suspected it, who loved her! Julia knew even now that it was an ill-fated love, she knew that deep under this first strangely thrilling current of pride and joy ran the cold water of renunciation. But cool reason had little to do with this mood; she was as mad as any girl whose senses are suddenly blindly set free by a lover's first kiss.

After a while she began mechanically to undress, brushed her hair, moved about softly in the uncertain candle-light. And as she did so she became more and more unable to resist the temptation to say "Good night" to Richie again. Neither brain nor heart was deeply involved in this desire, but some influence stronger than either urged her irresistibly toward its fulfilment.

She would not do it, of course! Not that there was harm in it, what possible harm could there be in her putting her head into the sitting-room and simply saying "Good night?" Still, she would not do it.

A glance at herself in the dimly-lighted mirror set her pulses to leaping again. Surely candle-light had never fallen on a more exquisite face, framed in such shining and soft an aureole of bright hair. The long loose braid fell over her shoulder, a fine ruffle of thin lace set the round firm base of her throat. She was still young—still beautiful——

Anna stirred, sighed in her sleep. And instantly Julia had extinguished the candle, and was bending tenderly over the child.

"It's only Mother, Sweet! Are you warm enough, dear, dear, beautiful warm! Let Mother turn you over—so!"

"Is it morning, Mother?" murmured Anna.

"No, my heart! Mother's just going to bed." And ten minutes later Julia was asleep, her face as serene as the child's own.

(To be Continued)

This story began in the January issue and will end next month. In those four issues you have the equivalent of a $1.50 book. Back copies can be supplied by your newsdealer or direct from this office, but the supply is very limited, so order at once.

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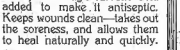

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The Babylonish One

(Continued from Page 45)

leaked out and the members of Big Bethel had mustered to resist any violation of their sacred edifice. Gavin knew, even without the testimony of their grim faces, that they would literally resist any such violation to the death. In the audience were all the elements for one of those disastrous conflagrations which had so often swept the mountain. A little friction would generate the fatal spark.

Yet it is the bold, not the timorous, hand which represses the riotous passions of the human breast; and Gavin, though still weak and wan from his recent sickness, was equal to the occasion. Advancing to the front of the platform he said, in a firm, full voice:

"We'll open the service to-night with hymn number forty-three—'There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood.' In the absence of our regular organist and any other member who can play, I'll ask Miss Cosybelle Huntress to preside at the instrument."

He paused, in a tense silence, and then added: "At the close of the hymn I'll ask Brother Early to lead us in prayer; and I'll take this present moment, out of the regular order somewhat, to announce that my topic for to-night is "Brotherly Love"; my text from I. John, 4, 21: 'If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?'" Again he paused. "It follers from the text that there is a lot of liars in the world. Let each of us examine his own heart."

Cosybelle, after a momentary hesitation, arose; and, though slightly pale, made her way with a firm step to the organ. It was a crucial moment in the pastor's little maneuver, for many present doubtless believed her a bad woman. Nevertheless, the hymn was sung with thunderous fervor. Deacon Early, catching the spirit, offered such a prayer as he had never offered before; then, Gavin Link, after another hymn, began his sermon.

It was a sermon destined to find a place in the traditions of Little Thunder. He finished it as well as when he laid Butch Disbald upon the bed after carrying him down the Side, and sank back into his chair exhausted. At the same instant Deacon Early rose to his feet and began to speak.

"Friends, I want to thank our pastor for his powerful message to-night, when by his looks he ought to be to home in bed. I hope the sperit of his words will sink deep into all of us, and that any hard feelin's, account of certain happenin's I needn't mention, will be laid aside. Also, I want to thank the outsiders for their presence hyer to-night, and give 'em an invite to come agin—the sooner the better."

"Ameni amen!" shouted a graybeard.

As Cosybelle left the organ box after the benediction, Gavin beckoned her nearer. "Tarry a bit till I can get free. I want to walk home with you."

As they strolled along, leading the mule behind them, she said: "I'm afraid this will undo it all."

"Nary a bit. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot."

She lifted her eyes questioningly, then dropped them again—rather quickly. He smiled and slipped his arm through hers and continued:

"My first strike was askin' you to play the organ; my sermon was the second; this is the third. When you walk into the choir-box to-night I reckon some of my members were expectin' the Lord to slay you for sacrilege. I want to learn them that His opinion of you is better than theirs, and that their pastor won't suffer any contamination from you."

THEY paused at the horse-block, listening for a moment to the weird whippoorwill chorus in the hillside thicket.

"You remember what you told me the last time we set there?" he asked, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"Yes—that I intended to marry Butch Disbald," she answered whimsically.

"Speaking in anger, however. You told me something else—something that entitles me to—"

She bent her head slightly to meet his lips, and their hands came together.

"God is good to us always. If we just wait the fulness of time," he murmured devoutly.

Then tucking his Bible under his arm he mounted his mule and rode off into the starlit night.

The Mistress of Magic

(Continued from Page 21)

swiftly they flew away after Manus.

Swift and very swift was their flight, and close and close the chase; till at long and at last the white pigeon tired and weakened and must soon give up. And the hawks were fast closing on it. A castle was near at hand towards which the white pigeon, in extremity flew. Just as it came to the castle, the ballroom window was thrown open, and a beautiful lady appeared at it and waved on the white pigeon to come that way. And this beautiful lady was none other than the Princess herself who had flown there before him. For this was the castle of her mother's brother.

In at the window flew the white pigeon, turned itself into a ring and went upon the Princess's finger.

In this great room was a party of ladies and gentlemen dancing and feasting. The twelve bawks when they arrived, changed themselves into six fiddlers and six pipers, came under the ballroom window, and began to play the most enchanting airs ever heard, so that all the assembled lords and ladies flocked to the window to look and to listen. And when they had finished playing, the King of the castle was so grateful to them that he bade them ask any reward they wished, and they should have it.

"We only ask," said the leader of them, "the ring upon that fair lady's finger."

"You shall surely have that," said the King.

But the Princess took the ring from her finger, and threw it into the heart of the blazing fire.

That minute they turned themselves into six bellows, and six bellows blowers, and blew till they blew the ring out upon the floor. Into six blacksmiths and six sledges they then transformed themselves, and began to batter and beat at the ring. The ring went up in a burst of sparks and the sparks fell over the room in a shower of heat. And into twelve geese they then changed, and began to eat the wheat, when the wheat turned into a fox, and took the heads off the twelve geese.

Then the fox changed itself into Manus in his own form again. And he and the Princess embraced and kissed each other. And when the King and the lords and ladies heard the whole story it is surprised and delighted they were.

It was agreed that they should be married within a week. All who were there were bidden to the wedding—and ten who weren't there for the one that was. Manus found his father and brought him there. Their wedding lasted nine days and nine nights—and the last day and night was better and merrier than the first.

After the wedding the three of them went to the castle of the Prince of the East, which Manus and his wife now heired and owned, and there they lived happy ever after.

If This Be Life and Death

By RICHARD WIGHTMAN

A little itching of the soul;
The briefest glimpse of a distant goal;
A fall—full-face—in the cutting sand;
A gasp, a pallor, an icy hand—
If this be life and death, I say
Then let me die, and die to-day.

But if life be the surge I feel
Bearing me on through endless weal
'Neath faithful suns and smiling stars,
O'er soundless depths and gleaming bars,
Through storms that threaten, calms that lull,
Drunk with the silence wonderful,
Or keen to take the lore that lies
In Nature's fine immensities;
If life with all its pain and stress
Is but a lure to onwardness;
If death reveal an ampler life
With greater love and vision rife,
If such be life and death, I say
Then let me live, and die alway!

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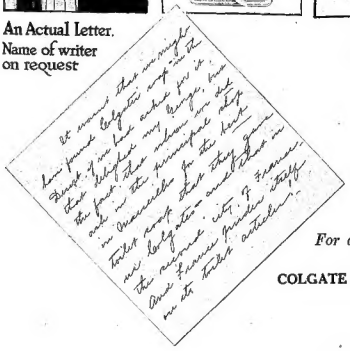

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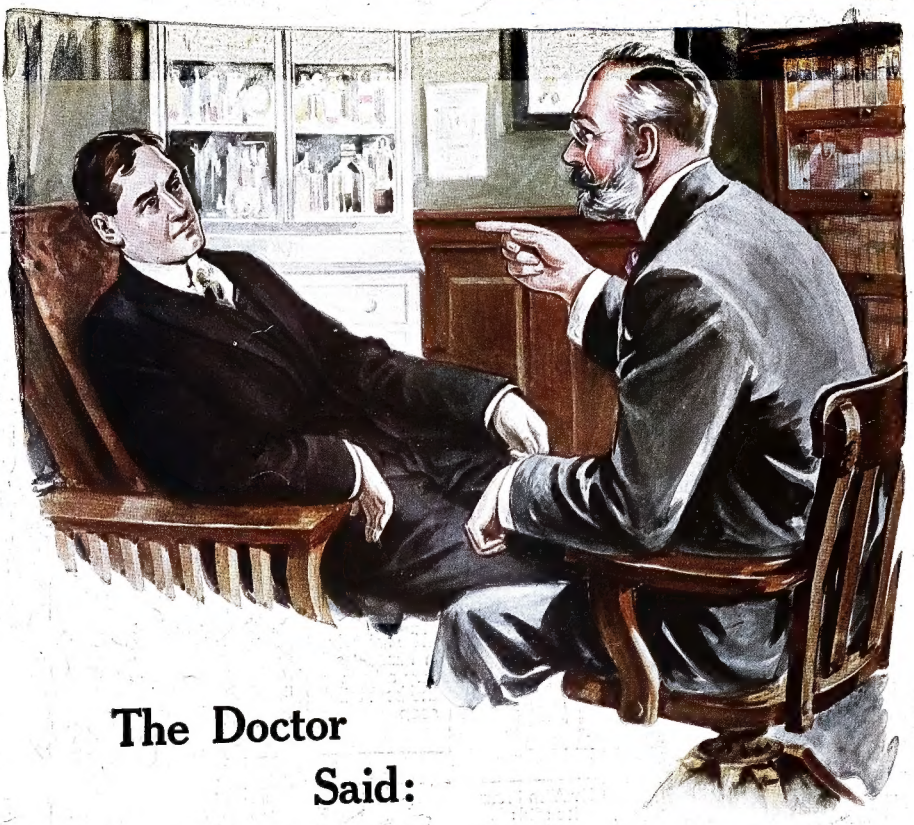

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